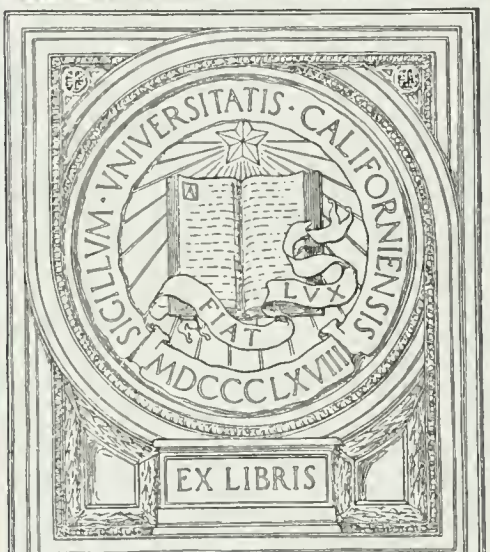

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BOMBAY

AND

WESTERN INDIA

A SERIES OF STRAY PAPERS

BY

JAMES DOUGLAS

"THE CITY WHICH BY GOD'S ASSISTANCE IS INTENDED TO BE BUILT."
—*G. Aungier*, 1671.

VOLUME II.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY,
LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1893

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS

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BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Forgotten Governor of Bombay.

It is not easy to write a sketch of an undistinguished man—or of one who seldom, if ever, rises above mediocrity, who passes through life without one brilliant episode, whose name exists in no biographical dictionary, and to whom no niche has been assigned in the temple of fame.* It is not thus with him of Plassey or the hero of Assaye, or even his viceregal brother the Marquis of Wellesley, of whom men spoke on his death in this magniloquent language:—

> "Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
> Invincible in war thy deathless fame."

Though General Sir William Medows served his king and country well in Europe, Asia and America, there is not one vestige to recall his memory, except that well-known thoroughfare in Bombay which bears the name of Medows Street, and even it is supposed by many people to have some reference to the green fields which once surrounded the Castle and Fort of Bombay. That he did good work seems evident enough, for work may be good though it is not conspicuous. Here is an instance. One day in 1788† as Medows was sauntering

* The interest of this sketch is enhanced by the fact that Lord Harris, great-grandson of the first of the name, came out to Bombay as its Governor in 1890.

† "Downing Street, *Aug.* 17, 1787.

"Gentlemen,—In our conversation a few days ago, I thought it my duty to suggest to you the great importance (as it appears to me on a variety of

leisurely down St. James' Street he met by the merest accident an officer who had served under him in America. That officer was in very low spirits, as officers sometimes are, and he had sold his commission. "Have you actually received the money?" "No," was the reply, "there is a delay of one day owing to the death of the Princess Amelia." "Then," said Medows, "you go and stop the sale, and come with me as my Secretary and Aide-de-camp, for I am appointed Governor of Bombay." The sale was stopped, and Medows, in conjunction with his brother Earl Manvers, insured the dejected man's life for £4000 for the benefit of his wife and family, and they came out to Bombay in the same ship, all which facts are set down duly in the life of General Lord Harris.

The incident constitutes a notable link in a chain of unforeseen causes, for without the touch of Medows, we are safe in saying Harris would never have become Lord of Seringapatam. But more than this, and which fact our readers will do well to bear in mind, it was Harris who, at the same great siege, gave Arthur Wellesley his first command, and which was virtually the commencement of that long career of glory which surrounds the name of the Duke of Wellington. Harris waited for one day, but—

> "A day may be a destiny, for life lives in but little,
> And that little teems with some one jot, the balance of all time."

The eighteen months of Medows' Governorship of Bombay were uneventful.

The Bombay of 1789 contained about 160,000 inhabitants; the great native town was only beginning to spread over the space it now covers, nor did Malabar Hill or Breach Candy

accounts) of sending some person of eminence and particularly a military man as Governor and Commander-in-Chief to Bombay, and I was induced particularly to call your attention to General Medows, whose character and services seem peculiarly to qualify him for that most important post. As you expressed a wish to have those sentiments in writing, I have no hesitation in stating them to you, leaving it to you to make what use of them you think proper . . . I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your most obedient, faithful Servant,

"W. Pitt."

"Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of The East India Company."

exist as places of residence. The Governor lived at Parel, and sometimes at the Government House in Apollo Street. His income was Rs. 10,000 sicca per month, for, though the salaries of every European official and non-official in Western India have been trebled or quadrupled since that time, no change has been made in the emoluments of this high office, which remain as they did one hundred years ago. The rise in the wages of labour and the price of subsistence have not enhanced in any degree the silver money value of this appointment. There is a story told by Mr. Lushington, Lord Harris's Private Secretary, and afterwards Governor of Madras, for the authenticity of which he vouches. Sir William Medows arrived in Bombay in the end of 1788, and in 1790 assumed the Governorship of Madras, from which he finally retired in August 1792,* completing less than four years service in India. Major Harris, who in addition to his duties as Secretary and Aide-de-camp, managed the Governor's money matters both in Bombay and Madras, then handed him over, after settling every liability, the sum of £40,000. On some one expressing surprise at the amount, the Governor replied, "Harris knows how he scraped it together, I don't." Neither do we. The money was no doubt honestly come by. It only shows what lucrative appointments there were in those days with perquisites attached to them, for considering its purchasing power of almost every commodity that would be named by the political economist, the value of £40,000 then was equal to £100,000 of our money now.

When Major Harris came out to Bombay he brought with him a valet by name John Best, or as Medows called him the "best of Johns." John was something of a hero, for he was one of (and though bowled over by an accident, cheered on,) the forlorn hope at the great siege of Seringapatam in 1798, and when Medows died in 1813, he bequeathed a sword to this old and trusty servant. It illustrates the manner of the time that Mrs. Harris, who remained in England, fearing that her husband might not find time to write by every opportunity, commissioned John to drop her a few lines occasionally. One of these letters has been preserved, and we give our readers the

* For some account of Medows, see *Memoirs of a Field-Officer*.—B.

benefit of it,* as it lets in a stream of daylight on the mode of life at Parel, and the gay doings there, which we will seek for in vain in the larger histories of the time. No man is a hero to his valet, but our readers will see from this naive Bombay production of 1789, that Major Harris was an exception to the proverb. We may fancy John Best and possibly his master taking a stroll along the shores of Backbay, some Sunday afternoon in the December of 1788, and scrutinising those grave stones, which have been recently exhumed in the Marine Lines, before the sea sand had shut them out from the light of day, and possibly also like ourselves reading the inscription

* "Bombay, *January* 9, 1789.

"Madam,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you, by the ship 'Prince William Henry,' which is thought to be the first ship to London from this coast, and I am glad to inform you that my master is in perfect good health, and in a very comfortable healthy situation at present, and I hope you will receive this in good health and prosperity. And ever since we left London, Madam, there has been a great many pleasant affairs past, which did give me the greatest comfort in the world; for to see concerning my master on board the 'Winterton'—we had not been long on board before they all see'd, from my master's good pleasant looks and civil behaviour, that he was the sensiblest man on board, and in a short time they all became so very much pleased with him, that they did ask his advice at all times, for he perfectly at last gained all their favours; and if he had wanted any favour, or asked the captain to forgive any man when he was angry, it was always granted. And when we landed at Bombay, in two days all was ready to entertain the gentlemen when they came to dine with the Governor, for every day there is twelve or twenty different men at least every day, and they do make very free and pass the time cheerfully, which is very pleasant to see; for I have often thought in my breast, if you did see how my master makes all the gentlemen so happy, it wou'd in the first place, it would surprise any person for to see, it is so well carried on. And my master sits at the head of the table, and the General at the side, for he gives all the care to my master, and he gives the gentlemen many broad hints that it is all Col. Harris's, which makes it appear very pleasant to me for to see them at all times like two brothers. The Governor very often tells the gentlemen some good story concerning Col. Harris, and they both agree in the same in such good nature, that it makes it very pleasant; and my master always drinks a glass of wine with every strange gentleman at table, and sometimes a great many, to the great pleasure of all the people at table; it looks so well, that when any strange gentleman comes to dine the first time, they seem quite surprised, and all the time keep their eyes fixed upon my master; so, I think, the best comparison I can make is, they look as if they were all his own children. But I am sorry to see the gentlemen live so fast; but, to my great comfort, my master is as careful as ever he was at home, and in every particular careful of his self. And this wine, you must know, that he drinks, is three parts water. If you will put two glasses of water and one of madeira, and then a little claret, you will not perceive any difference, and the claret, one

"Bell Carlton, Senior Merchant," * and asking inwardly, Who was he?

Medows, Harris, and perhaps John Best were very likely the most notable men in Bombay in the year 1789. They were all



LORD CORNWALLIS.

Bombay men in this sense, though their constant residence did not extend over a period of eighteen months.

Medows must have been a man of ability, or he could never

glass of water to one glass of claret. This I always mind myself, and give him, when he calls for madeira or claret. I hope, Madam, you will forgive me for giving myself the great honour of writing to you.

"I am with respect, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN BEST."

This letter, in its original spelling, would have been more amusing and natural, but the copy in Mrs. Dyer's handwriting is alone forthcoming.

Men lived very fast in those days, as is sufficiently evident from this and the note on p. 6. John knew what would please his mistress, so he dashes the claret with a good deal of water.

* Bell Carlton, a civilian, arrived in India, 1769.

have held the appointments which he did. It is quite true that Lord Cornwallis superseded him in the first Mysore War, but it was the same Lord Cornwallis, who, on resigning the viceroyalty of Ireland in 1801, appointed Medows Commander-in-Chief of the forces there at one of the most important junctures in Irish history, an office which he held for two years.

Men do not—cannot—always succeed and, though General Medows took the wrong side of a hedge at the first siege of Seringapatam and exposed Cornwallis to imminent jeopardy in the darkness of the night, his superior officer did not set it down as an unpardonable sin, that could never be atoned for by any gallant act past or future. No man felt the wound of an unsuccessful exploit more than Medows, for even the incident to which we allude made him lose his head. When the salute was being fired on the capitulation of Seringapatam he was so stung to the quick that he very nearly put an end to his existence!* Was he brave? As brave as any soldier that ever lived. In the American war he was knocked off his horse, the ball passing through his back, and he did not shrink from exposing himself to the hottest fire, and could not see danger, until some friend would jump up beside him with a "If you, sir, think it right to remain here, it is my duty to stand by you," and he would then descend somewhat reluctantly from his perilous position. Was he a good man? All I know is that General Harris was one of the best of men, and if Medows had not been a man of worth, he would never have been his bosom friend. The friendship which subsisted between Medows and Harris is one of the most remarkable in military history, or in any history. It is strange that so few novelists have treated of such attachments, for surely the story of a fast friendship such as this has abundant materials to rouse the imagination of the writer and engage the attention of the reader. Of love and murder nowa-

* "When Cornwallis saw him in the morning he said to him in a sharp interrogatory, 'Where had General Medows been disposing of himself?' This stung him to the heart, and shortly after he fired a pistol at himself and lodged three slugs in his body which were extracted. He expressed himself sincerely penitent, and afterwards could be even facetious on the event. 'Mr. Medows had had a misunderstanding with General Medows that had terminated in a duel in which matters had been adjusted.'"—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

days we have in all conscience more than enough, aye, *usque ad nauseam*. Why don't they change and give us something "passing the love of women"—not our love for them but their love for us? A friendship of fifty years in many lands and under varied circumstances is not an everyday occurrence.

It is not always that men remember to speak well of their early patrons. Change of affection, interest or position, the violence of party or political hate, the pronunciamento of some religious doctrine by the one not held by the other, these are some of the thousand and one causes which lead on to estrangement and inevitable alienation never to be recalled. It was not thus with Harris and Medows. Distance could not impair it nor time wither it, nor altered position—the breath of envy—the voice of calumny could not sully a friendship so pure and disinterested.

It began when Harris was seventeen and Medows twenty-four, some boyish duel that Harris had with a friend of Medows bringing them together. This was in 1762, and until 1793 they seemed to have been constantly together. They had fought the Americans on the Delaware and drove them into their works,—on Long Island,—they tumbled over a gateway, littered it with straw and slept together within the eighth milestone from New York.

They fought and beat the French at the Vigie in the West Indies, as you may still read in military annals, and together in the East Indies they stormed Bangalor and Seringapatam.

Fanny was the wife of Medows, and Harris rejoiced in his Nancy, and when wounded and unable to stretch a hand or move a limb, "It's lucky that Fanny does not know this," or "I wish I were with Nancy," were the only words that escaped from their lips. And here they are at Parel,* on this Christmas day of 1788, as John Best hath it, "like two brothers," the Secretary in the seat of honour at the head of the table and the Governor at the side more honourable than ever. The dinner is good. "Yes, but it's all Harris," says the President, and so the joke goes round, and as the night advances, mirth loud

* High up, outside the dining-room, and which was the chapel when Parel belonged to the Jesuits, is a plaque on which is printed—
"Built by Honourable Hornby, 1771." (Copied, Nov. 2, 1887.)

enough to shake the walls of the old convent—you might hear it at Belvidere. I do not wonder that Medows exercised a great dominion over Harris.

Kaye may tell me that Medows was not the accomplished General, another that he was careless of his affairs, and a third that he was idle and incompetent, but he must have had a soul of goodness in him, and I cease to marvel that Harris yielded up his heart—surrendered at discretion, would have gone between him and a cannon ball, as he said himself, if he only knew it was coming. Good man Medows, when you were Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, if all stories are true, you visited the sick soldier, and saw that his food and bedding were as they ought to be. And so, reader, it came to pass that the man whose name is not to be found in the dictionary of biography was never forgotten by the Lord Harris of Belmont and the Mysore in the Peerage of England, nay even after his praises had been sounded by the Duke of Wellington, for at the age of three score years and ten, in a document intended for the eyes of posterity, Harris wrote down, "I owe all my fame and fortune to Medows." No sketch of the one can be written without reference to the other; if you wish Medows you must go to Harris, for they were linked together in the bonds of an indissoluble friendship that moulded the framework of their lives. Brethren in arms! In arms did we say? Yea, in everything comprehended in the holy name of brotherhood, compared with which the proudest honours in the roll of fame, or the diamonds in his coronet, were as the small dust in the balance. Their love was like that of David and Jonathan, and the words of Burns on his early patron express the affection which Harris bore to this now forgotten Governor of Bombay:—

> "But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And a' that thou hast done for me."*

* For several details in this sketch we are indebted to Colonel Norman, C.B., whose familiarity with every detail of Bombay history is beyond all praise, and all the more creditable, as his long service has been in the North or North-West of India. Now General Norman, in command of the Bengal contingent in Burma.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Duke of Wellington in Bombay.

"I am *nimmukwalla*, as we say in the East, that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness when or wherever the King or his Government may think proper to employ me."—*Reply of the Duke of Wellington, on a friend remarking to him that he had been reduced from his high rank to the command of a brigade of infantry. Hastings, September*, 1805.

"I was feasted out of Bombay, and I was feasted into it."

Duke of Wellington's Despatches.

A LOVE-PASSAGE.

"I THANK you for the picture, of which, however, I must observe, with my friends here, that the two or three glances which you mention made very little impression on the fair artist, as the picture is as like anybody else, as it is of the person for whom it is intended. I shall write to her, nevertheless, and I propose to tell her that I am glad that those few glances made an impression upon her memory so exceedingly favourable; and I have employed a gentleman here to draw the picture of a damsel in the character of a shepherdess, which I shall also present as the effect of the impression made upon my memory by the fair artist.

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

"Seringapatam, Nov. 6th, 1801."

This passage is crystallized in one of the Duke's despatches—shall we say like a gem in a lot of rubbish? It is addressed to Jonathan Duncan, Governor of Bombay, and tells the old, old story of romance, love, and flirtation. Poor girl!

When the Duke was a gay young aide-de-camp at the Irish Court he was engaged to Lady Catherine Pakenham. While

he was in India she had been attacked by small-pox, and shortly after he left England she wrote to tell him her beauty was gone, and that he was a free man.*

How could a young lady, living in Bombay, be expected to know all this in those days, when betrothals were not proclaimed from the house-tops?

The Duke was thirty-two and an uncommonly handsome man, and we do not need his portrait by Lawrence to tell us this. He is described by Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his Bombay and Poona days, as almost at times boyish in his manners. We need not therefore wonder that a Bombay young lady fell in love with the Duke of Wellington. There were dozens more no doubt.

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t' other dear charmer away!"

The wonder to us is that the Duke ever got out of the place. Who this lady was we shall never know. Mrs. Hough,† who was with us until the other day, could have told us all about it. There were some good sketchers among the Bombay ladies of this period, and Mrs. Ashburner, the friend of Sir James Mackintosh and Amelia Opie, has left us a beautiful vignette in Basil Hall's travels. But, painter or lover, there is nothing to be ashamed of. It was a pure, a tender, and a lofty passion on her part.

> "As in the bosom of the stream
> The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
> So trembling pure was tender love
> Within the breast o' bonny Jean."

And we may well believe that she never told her love except on this occasion, when she confided the great secret to that

* But he returned to claim her hand, and her hand was freely given, April 10th, 1806.

† "Mrs. Hough died on June 24th, 1873, aged eighty-eight, and had danced with the Duke in Bombay. Widow of the late Col. R. H. Hough, Military Auditor-General, Bombay. Mrs. Hough was married in Calcutta in 1800. In 1869 she mounted to the top of the Sanitary Commissioner's Office in Dhobi Talao, five stories up."—Dr. Hewlett, Nov. 1, 1887.

"Brahmanised Scotsman,"* Jonathan Duncan. His ear was never deaf to the cry of suffering humanity, as we may still see from the bas-reliefs on his tomb in the Bombay Cathedral. "Infanticide abolished in Benares and Kattywar," in capital letters, proclaims him the great law-giver, full of mercy as well as justice. What wonder, then, if he turned away his attention from the contemplation of the sickening land tenures of Salsette to the bright eyes and tenures that bound him to the softer sex? And the Duke—

> "Ave Maria, maiden mild,
> Listen to a maiden's prayer."

The Genius of Flirtation came to his aid in this great extremity.

> "I cannot all day be neglecting Madras,
> Or slighting Bombay, for the sake of a lass."†

Happy thought. "I shall write to her, nevertheless." Reciprocate her affection? No, not exactly; pay her back in her own coin; do to her as she hath done to me, send her her own portrait as she hath sent me mine. O thou Iron Duke!

A glorious picture this! Old bachelor‡ acting *black-foot*§ to a distressed damsel, and the hero to be of a "hundred fights" with one more fyghte added to the number.

The Duke indicates that the picture was that of "anybody." There was one distinguishing feature in the Duke's physiognomy that made him differ from most men. I wonder she did not manage to paint his nose. I have half a doubt that the Duke eliminated this portion of his features in his hasty estimate of the portrait, and that at that particular moment the *genius loci*, *à la* Pepper's ghost in the shape of Lady Pakenham, was looking over his right shoulder.

There is a bungalow at Khandala, erected by Mountstuart Elphinstone (Governor, 1819–27), where he very often resided. It is situated on a knoll overhanging a great precipice, down

* Mackintosh thus designates him.
† Lord Macaulay.
‡ Ætat. 45.
§ Go-between in match-making.

which a water-fall tumbles 1200 feet in four successive falls. What if, when the snows of age had descended on the fair shepherdess, at some point near this, she drew from her album the picture which Wellesley had sent her ere his brow had been laurelled by one single victory? You may rest assured that it was brought forth from its hiding-place neither in pain, nor in sorrow, nor in anger, but to a delighted family and friends, herself more delighted than all the rest. And then there was

THE DUKE'S NOSE.

If he never saw his own nose nor the nose in the picture which was gifted to him in 1801, nor any of the hundred duke's noses scattered over the world, it is certain—and who can paint like Nature?—that he saw this one, near Khandala.

The Duke was very reticent on the subject of the ladies of Bombay or the Dekhan. In all the volumes of his Indian despatches, one and only one, comes in for a share of panegyric. Of one he says: "She is very fair and very handsome, and well deserves to be the object of a treaty." He wrote this at Panwel The lady was a widow, but the treaty alluded to had nothing to do with matrimony. I think it was *tout au contraire*—to give the lady a Government pension of Rs. 1200 per mensem if she did not marry.*

THE DUKE IN INDIA.

The Duke of Wellington was about eight years in India (1797 to 1805). He resided in Bombay in March and April, 1801, when he came to hurry off Sir David Baird's expedition to Egypt to meet the Great Napoleon; and again from March to May, 1804, after the battle of Assaye.† But from March, 1803,

* The widow of Nana Fadnavis.

† Leyden's lines on Assaye may be given here:—

"Shout, Britons, for the battle of Assaye,
For that was a day
When we stood in our array,
Like the Lion's might at bay;
And our battle-word was Conquer or Die.

to July, 1804, he was in or about the Bombay Presidency, and his two great victories of Assaye and Argaum * were gained in our neighbourhood, within 200 miles of Bombay.† Bombay may therefore claim to have some part in the military education of this illustrious hero, for Assaye and Argaum are the first in the long roll of his conquests which history records, and it was on the burning plains of the Dekhan that Arthur Wellesley first tried his 'prentice hand at the art of war.

THE BOMBAY OF HIS PERIOD

was not like the Bombay of to-day, except in its topographical surroundings, and even these have been modified by land reclamation from the sea. It was "a city fortified," and its walls enclosed a population of about 100,000, with as many outside.

Rouse, rouse the cruel leopard from his lair,
With his yell the mountain rings;
And his red eye round he flings,
As arrow-like he springs,
And spreads his clutching paw to rend and tear.

There first arrayed in battle we saw,
Far as the eye could glance,
The Mahratta banners dance,
O'er the desolate expanse,
And their standard was the leopard of Malwa.

But when we first encountered, man to man.
Such odds came never on
Against Greece at Marathon
When they shook the Persian throne,
'Mid the old barbaric pomp of Ispahan.

No number'd might of living men could tame
Our gallant band that broke
Through the bursting clouds of smoke,
When the vollied thunder spoke,
From a thousand (s)mouldering mouths of lurid flame.
* * * * *

Shout, Britons, for the battle of Assaye;
Ye who perished in your prime,
Your hallowed names sublime,
Shall live to ceaseless time,
Your heroic worth and fame shall never die."
—Norton's *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, vol. i., p. 8.

* Assaye, September 23rd, 1803; Argaum, November 28th, 1803.

† "Your victories have taken place in our neighbourhood."– *Bombay Address*, 1804.

The walls were then in as great a state of perfection as they ever had been. For a hundred years men had been stumbling over half-hewn stones and heaps of unslaked lime. There were no houses on Malabar Hill. Our venerable * citizen, Mr. Manakjee Cursetjee,† has pointed out to us the site of the house where the Duke resided. The walls of the stable only now remain, and the site is on your right opposite the wood-wharf as you ascend the steep Siri road, now much availed of by foot-passengers as a short cut to Malabar Hill and the Ladies' Gymkhana.

There is

A GREAT DEARTH OF MATERIALS

out of which to frame the story of the Duke in Bombay The fluctuating nature of the English population here forbids anything like continuous tradition handed down from age to age, as we have in Europe. Moreover, our subject was just then emerging into fame. Somebody said lately that it was a pity Mrs. Hough burned her diary. Perhaps. There are diaries and diaries. We are certain, however, of this, that it is a real calamity that the diary of Sir James Mackintosh covers none of Wellington's history in Bombay, nor, indeed, in this presidency. Strange to say, the Duke had left a week before he arrived, and was already writing multitudinous despatches under the shadow of that great battlement of trap and laterite which we now call Chauk Point when Mackintosh was sailing over the Fifty Fathom Flat within sight of the promised land of Hindustan. Had it been otherwise we should certainly have had many notes from a profound observer and most accomplished scholar on Arthur Wellesley. All memory of the man has now died out, and we venture to state that there is not a single man alive who recollects the Duke of Wellington in India. Even His Highness Aga Khan Mehilati, the descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain, the hereditary chief and unrevealed Imam of the Ismailis, upon whom sat so lightly the burden of four score monsoons, remembered him not;‡—so is it with the

* Mr. Manakjee possessed a gold locket with the Duke's hair in it, and a letter from the present Duke, authenticating the same.

† Died December 6th, 1887, in the 81st year of his age.

‡ H. H. Aga Khan died in Bombay on the night of the 12th April, 1881.

Honourable Nusserwanjee Framjee, the Nestor of the Parsis.* Ten years ago the case was different, but the "Blind Fury with the abhorred shears" has cut the last link. Jadavrao, of Malegaonw, came to Sir Bartle Frere in 1867, and pointing to the battlefield of Khirki, said, "The place is much changed since I was here fifty years ago." He bore arms when the Duke was in Poona, in 1803. There is thus no option to us except to deliver ourselves over to conjecture, or be content with such things as we have, in the shape of the miscellaneous scraps which are furnished to us by the despatches and letters of the Duke of Wellington.

THE DUKE'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BOMBAY.

Be it known, then, that the Duke of Wellington, otherwise Major-General Wellesley, entered Bombay on the 13th March, 1804. He came fresh from the victories of Assaye and Argaum, and Bombay did him all honour. The route by which he entered the city is still visible to us, and very much the same as it was then, except that a structure here and there—

> "Battered and decayed
> Lets in new light through chinks which Time has made."

It stretched from the Dock-gate opposite the old Court House to the old Secretariat, then known as Government House. The course of the procession was thus the Dock-head to Apollo Street, which was lined from end to end by all the troops then in the garrison, and packed by a dense mass of human beings, a sea of turbans, with a sprinkling of European and Parsi *topis*, far as the eye could reach, until it terminated at the Cathedral and Bombay Green. The old Court House † had once (1776–84) been the residence of Governor Hornby, and was for its time a palatial-looking building. The porch is a lofty colonnade surmounted by a balcony, which afforded a splendid coign of vantage, as it directly faced the Dock archway, and enabled itt

* Seth Nasirwanji Framji Patil, died 21st March, 1892, aged 88 years; *ante*, Vol. I., pp. 218, 246.

† Now the "Great Western Hotel," *ante*, Vol. I., p. 136; and *infra*, p. 12.

occupants to catch, as he emerged, a first glimpse of the illustrious stranger, the hero of Assaye. We need scarcely ask if this verandah, on a day such as this, was chockfull of the youth, beauty, and fair hair of England. So, he looking at them and



OLD COURT HOUSE, BOMBAY.

they at him, the Duke, amid the roar of cannon and the blare of trumpets, made his way to Government House.

Great preparations had been made for his reception, for it had been known for days that he was to arrive from Panwel in the

Governor's yacht. The Chamber of Commerce was then inchoate, and the Town Council and Corporation without form and void. Nevertheless a Mr. Henshaw * was voted to the chair, and commissioned to present an address signed by 123 non-official Englishmen, we presume. The last tableaux are the Duke, Jonathan Duncan, and Mr. Henshaw, each rising in succession to speak on the great question of the day, all very hot, and though enjoying themselves, glad when the whole business was terminated and gave way to a series of dinners, balls, and theatrical representations. We may here observe that the Duke was a close-shaven man, as were all his contemporaries, Nelson, Lake, Abercromby, Mackintosh, and Malcolm.† The reign of the long-haired savages came in with Sir Charles Napier, "the bearded vision of Sind."

It was a big day—a *bara-dín*. Bombay, with one bound, seemed to burst away from the clouds of misfortune which had enveloped her; and it was no wonder she sought relief, for storm and fire and famine had done their worst, and her cup of misery had been well-nigh filled to the brim. Five years had passed—and such five years. The elements of nature seemed to conspire with the violence of man, and the century had dawned amid gloom and disaster to the settlement. There had been a great storm at the close of the monsoon of 1799, in which H.M.S. "Resolution," 1000 native craft, and 400 lives were lost in the harbour. Then a fire broke out in 1803, which destroyed three-fourths of the Bazaar, Barracks, Custom House, and many public buildings. In 1802–3, the clouds having refused to give their rain, a famine raged ‡ only equalled in intensity by that of 1812, and in 1802 a domestic incident threw the whole colony into mourning, the Persian ambassador having been shot dead by one of our own sepoys in the public streets.§

* Landed in India, 1764.

† Munro also as well as Sir Barry Close and General Lawrence of a former generation.—*Vide Portraits in Historical Records 1st Madras European Regiment*, 1843.

‡ "Rice was imported into Bombay to the value of 50 lakhs, by which there is no doubt that the lives of 50,000 human beings were saved."—Mackintosh.

§ "They patched up such affairs easily in these days. One lakh in presents, Rs. 50,000 in pensions, and the body sent in a ship of war to Kerbela. It

The period had been thus one of intensest anxiety, fears within and fightings without. Had not Nelson written Governor Duncan that if Napoleon was successful in Egypt, Bombay would come next? As each day dawned the flagstaff on Malabar Point was narrowly watched and the horizon seawards eagerly scanned. It will be remembered that Thana was then the outpost of British dominion, and the outlook across the creek was black and dismal, and blacker and dismaller on the great plains of the Dekhan beyond the Western Ghats. The farther you went the worse it became. There was a court at Poona and a court at Haidarabad. Baji Rao sits on the verandah of the Somwar Palace and hears with delight the yells of the brother of Holkar as he is being trampled to death by an elephant,* and Holkar's vicegerent, Amritrao, by way of reprisal, threatens to give over Poona to plunder and burn it to ashes.

Sydenham, the Resident at the court of the Nizam, considers it as "a sort of experiment to determine with how little morality men can associate together, and seems to think that the most atrocious ruffians from the brothels and massacres of Paris might here be teachers, and even models, of virtue. Holkar had become so besotted a drunkard as almost to have lost his senses; after an excessive dose of cherry-brandy he plucks the turbans from the heads of his chiefs and beats them like the lowest slaves;" † and Sindia was so bad that the Duke of Wellington, on 31st January, 1804, almost driven to desperation by his conduct, wrote Malcolm, then at his camp, "It will not be a bad plan to bribe the prince as well as his ministers."

This represents the rulers of the wide area of Maratha dominion, but Peshwah, Sindia, Holkar, and Nizam, it was all the same. But we must not ignore

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

And our witnesses shall be two men of European reputation who had singular opportunities of extending their observations

was afterwards remarked in the Shiraz bazar that we might have ten ambassadors if we paid for them at the same price."—Malcolm.

* 1801. † Mackintosh.

in the Dekhan and Konkan at this period. We premise that their report will not be a one-sided one, neither biassed by senseless prejudice nor overweening indulgence. Neither of them disliked the natives of this country. When Hormasjee gave a masque ball, Mackintosh was among the revellers. When Dady was dying, he handed over to Mackintosh the care of his two sons, who afterwards became merchants in Bombay. "I have offered you peace, and you have chosen war," said the great Duke, and the words were uttered by the same man who, on the field of Assaye, sent for a havildar of the 4th Cavalry, who had dashed among the enemy's horse and bore away the standard, and then with a gentle pat on the back said, *achha, havildar-jamadar*. And a jamadar he was made. There was no collusion, as Wellington and Mackintosh never met nor corresponded in India. Indeed, they were political opponents during their lives.

The Duke of Wellington did not disguise from himself or the public the means he had acquired, or the capacity with which he was gifted, for writing on the condition of the people of Western India.

"No man," he says, "has ever had so many opportunities of contemplating the subject in all its parts, and possibly no man has ever adverted to it.

"There is not one of them that can be implicitly trusted.

"Famine rages in the Dekhan. Habits of industry are out of the question, and men must plunder for subsistence, be destroyed, or starve; no law, no Civil Government, and no army to keep plunderers in order—and no revenue can be collected; indeed, no inhabitant can or will remain to cultivate, unless he is protected by an armed force stationed in his village.

"Five miles from Poona, a dreary waste overrun by thieves.

"The only system of the Peshwah's Government is that of a robber.

"The Peshwah is callous to everything, but money and revenge."

And on the march to Poona,—"except in one village, not a human being was left for a distance of 125 miles from Miraj to Poona."

So much for Wellington: now for Mackintosh. "No police, no administration of justice, except such as the village system of India supplies. It would be difficult to say for what tax is paid, except it be to bribe the sovereign not to murder or rob the inhabitants.

"Carli to Tulligaum. The country is bare and little cultivated, the road is lonely, and the whole district seems unpeopled.

"Jelliall to Bejapore. For fourteen miles the only living creatures that we saw were some pretty parroquets, a partridge, a hare, and a herd of deer. Yet our road was through a country that had been universally cultivated, and within a few miles of what had been once one of the most superb capitals of the East.

"The number of women enslaved and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in such loathsome dungeons, without occupation or amusement, without knowledge or accomplishment, without the possibility of a good quality which could rise so high as to deserve the name of virtue, is, perhaps, the strongest instance of low or depraved tyranny that the world exhibits.

"The insecurity of this country is not occasional or temporary, but its usual and probably perpetual state.

"In the dominions of the Peshwah, Nizam, &c., they in reality exercise no functions of Government except that of collecting the revenue. In every other respect they throw the reins on the horse's neck. In their dominions there is no police, no administration of justice; sovereignty is to them a perfect sinecure."*

This is what the people and country had come to. The question now arises, why did we not leave these besotted

* "The Mahratta Government from its foundation has been one of the most destructive that ever existed in India. It never relinquished the predatory spirit of its founder Shivajee. That spirit grew with its power, and when its empire extended from the Ganges to the Kaveri, this nation was little better than a horde of imperial thieves. All other Hindu tribes took a pride in the improvement of the country and in the construction of temples, ponds, canals, and other public works. The Mahrattas have done nothing of this kind; their work has been chiefly desolation. They did not seek their revenue in the improvement of the country, but in the exaction of an estab-

Governments to work out their own destruction? And this brings us to a second question,

WHY WAS ARTHUR WELLESLEY HERE?

The answer is easy enough to both these questions. The holders of the *masnads* of Western India were at this time brewing a sharp poison for us to drink. When the treaty of Bassein, restoring the Peshwah to Poona, in 1802, was signed, Holkar held up his hands and said, "You have taken away my turban." It was to prevent probable combinations among the Maratha powers, the end of which would have been to have driven the English into the sea. That was the reason why the Duke was here and that Bombay was filled with joy and rejoicing in March 1804. The answer to the first question is that we did not arrest the decay of these Governments: they literally died from the contempt of the native populations. Conceive any man wishing to get back to such times! The Duke, in February, 1803, was told by the Viceroy that his presence was wanted at Poona. This brings us to

HIS CELEBRATED MARCH TO POONA.*

And the Duke shall be his own historian. "We marched to

lished tribute from their neighbours, and in predatory excursions to levy more tribute. Though now fortunately obliged to relinquish their claims, the wish to revive them will never cease, but with the extinction of their power. A government so hostile in its principles to improvement and tranquillity ought, if possible, to be completely overthrown."—*Sir Thomas Munro to Governor-General, 28th November*, 1817.

* We are indebted to an eminent Bombay civilian for the following, which clears up the topography of the Duke of Wellington's famous march of 60 miles in 32 hours, from Baramati to Poona, on 19th–20th April, 1803. With a force of 10,617 men, of whom 1709 were cavalry, he left General Stuart's Headquarters at Harihar on 9th March, and crossed the Tungabhadra on 12th March. He reached Miraj on 3rd April, and *appears* to have marched steadily thence towards Poona. Hearing on the 19th that Amrit Rao was still near Poona, and that he was supposed to be about to burn the town, he marched on with his cavalry—112 Europeans and 1297 natives. The infantry followed, reaching Poona on 22nd. The route was by the "Little Bor Ghat," a route often mentioned in the annals of 1800 to 1820. The Ghat is near the eastern end of the chain which runs eastward from Singarh and Boleshwar, and before the construction of the Dewa Bapdev and Katraj Ghat was the only practicable road across that range of hills. Though superseded by the Bapdev and Dewa Ghats for traffic to Poona by road the Ghat is still kept up, as it is on the line of communication between the Uroti railway station and Saswad, Jejuri, and other places on the line of the old Satara road.

Poona from Seringapatam, the distance being nearly six hundred miles, in the worst season of the year, through a country which had been destroyed by Holkar's army, and with heavy guns at the rate, upon an average, of thirteen-and-a-half miles a day; and halting twelve days for orders, we arrived at Poona in two months from the time we marched. On this march we lost no draught cattle. I remained in the neighbourhood of Poona, in a country which deserves the name of a desert, for six weeks, and then marched with the train in the same state. . . It has frequently been necessary for the troops to march, for many days together, a distance of fifteen to twenty miles daily. The heavy artillery always accompanied them. Upon one occasion I found it necessary to march a detachment sixty miles in thirty hours, and the ordnance and provision carriages, drawn by the Company's bullocks, accompanied them. . .* The number of

* *Great Marches*:—"I once marched in India seventy miles in what I may call one march; it was after Assaye to the borders of the Nizam's territory against a body of predatory natives, whom by this extraordinary march I surprised in their camp. I moved one morning about four o'clock and marched till noon, when I had a rest till about eight in the evening, when I set out and did not stop till about twelve mid-day—seventy miles from my first point. I had before Assaye made another forced march which saved Poona, but it was not so far, hardly sixty miles, and I took more time to do it, but it was a surprising march."—H. W. Croker's *Papers*, 1884, Duke of Wellington *loquitur*.

The Russian march of about a month from Kinderley on the Caspian to the Sea of Aral, April-May, 1873, was "one of the most remarkable made by any army in any time. The distance was great; the road lay through a desolate desert in which there was scarcely a well, and the means of transport were utterly disproportionate."—M'Gahan, *Campaigning on the Oxus*, 1874.

"Henry V.'s march to Agincourt, 6th to 24th October, 1415. Three hundred and twenty miles in eighteen days, a rate surpassing any *continuous* marching recorded of late years."—*The Art of War in the Middle Ages*, by C. W. C. Oman, 1885.

"In 1809, the troops under General Robt. Crawford marched to Talavera, a distance of sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight. 'Had the historian Gibbon known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."—*Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula*, by Sir William Napier, K.C.B., 1855.

The Corps of Guides:—"'I am making,' said Henry Daly, then Commander, as he started with alacrity on his honourable mission, 'a dash I intend to make the best march that has been heard of in India.' And he was as good as his word. In twenty-two days at the very hottest season of the year

cattle which have died are really not greater than it would have been at the grazing ground."

He is now on the march to Ahmadnagar, Assaye, and Argaum, with the *carte blanche* which was given to him by his brother,

he made a forced march of five hundred and eighty miles, from Peshawar to Dehli, and his men came into camp, as they were described by an eye-witness, 'as firm and light of step as if they had marched only a mile.'"

"It was on the morning of June 9, 1857, that the Guides arrived before Dehli. They had accomplished a distance of five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days, and that too at the very hottest season of the year. There had been but three halts during the whole march, and those only by special order. It was a march hitherto unequalled in India, and in point of speed—an average of twenty-seven miles a day—it is, I believe, unequalled still."—Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1883.

1757.—"After Plassey, Coote with troops from Ragamahol to Patna, eleven days and a half, measured by a perambulator two hundred and one miles in July."—Orme's *History*, vol. ii., 192.

"In Primsep's *Ameer Khan* Lord Luke is said to have marched sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Orme, I think, calls the twenty-four hours' walk, including pursuit, seventy-two miles."—*Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1884.

Through Masai Land, p. 104, 1887. Joseph Thomson did forty-five geographical miles in a straight line, i.e., fifty-three English miles—in serpentine course seventy miles walk—in twenty-two hours.

With reference to the allusion made by the Viceroy in his speech at the luncheon on his visit to the Contingent Mess at Bolaram, to one of its cavalry regiments having performed one of the most remarkable achievements recorded, he believed, in military history, in covering nearly six hundred miles in thirty-one days, and which has been received with a great deal of scepticism, the following extract from the Field Services of the Haidarabad Contingent shows that his Excellency was well within the bounds of historical record :—

"The head-quarters, 4th Cavalry, under command of Captain Byam, marched from Bolaram on the 5th October, 1836, in the direction of Gumsur, for the purpose of co-operating with the Company's troops in suppressing the rebellion in that district, and in order to join the force before the commencement of hostilities, Captain Byam marched to Gumsur, a distance of five hundred and eighty-eight miles, in thirty-one days, and brought in his horses fresh for action. This officer received the favourable notice of the Madras Government (*vide Proceedings*, dated 29th November, 1836).

On the arrival of this detachment at Bolaram on the 20th March, 1837, the Resident was pleased to re-publish the following extract from general orders by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council, dated Fort Saint George, the 4th March, 1837 :—

"The party of His Highness the Nizam's Horse under Captain Byam likewise merits special notice. In order that he might be in time to join before the commencement of hostilities, Captain Byam made a march of five hundred and eighty-eight miles in thirty-one days, and brought his men and horses to the frontier of Gumsur fresh and perfectly efficient; his services and theirs were, during the time they were employed, fatiguing and incessant, but were performed with unwearied zeal and alacrity, greatly to their own credit and to the benefit of the public interests."

the Viceroy, to do, in fact, anything he pleased, either offensive or defensive, the how and when being left entirely to himself. Would any of these victories have been won if the telegraph had then been in operation? We may be certain that more cattle would have died.

DUEL; DISCIPLINE AT NAGAR.

Wellington was glad to take the 78th Regiment of Highlanders with him. Malcolm's feeling was that their Gaelic dress would have an excellent effect on the enemy! Our readers will recollect that this was the regiment whose pipers enlivened Poona in 1879, and we may add also the Scots dinner of that year. The following incident occurred before the storm and capture of Ahmadnagar on 12th August, 1803. Captain Grant, a young officer of the 78th, gave a party to his friends in camp, and asked Captain Brown's piper to amuse them, so that they might listen to the pibrochs and dance to the reels. Captain Brown was an old man and an Englishman, and it would have been no compliment to have asked him. Nevertheless, his piper having been asked without his knowledge, he took umbrage at this, and at evening parade addressed Grant. Grant replied that he would send for the piper as often as he pleased. "Sir, you are but a boy, and nobody but a boy would tell me so." Then came the *dénouement*. A friend was called in, who recommended a challenge, which was accepted, and in the duel Brown fell dead. General Wellesley turned the friend out of camp, "that such a wretch might not have the opportunity of sharing in the honours of an army which he had thus dis-

This was followed by a letter from the Governor-General in Council, expressing satisfaction at the testimony borne to the efficiency of the detachment, and remarking that "the conduct of the body recently employed in Gumsur reflects great credit upon themselves and their commanding officer, Captain Byam, to whom the Resident was requested to communicate the approbation of his lordship in Council."

A correspondent writes:—"The Haidarabad Contingent's famous march of over forty years ago, alluded to by the Viceroy, is nothing as compared with the march of the 2nd Cavalry H. C. from Mominabad to Aurangabad, a distance of one hundred and seventeen miles in two days, in 1857, under Captain, now General, Abbott."

graced." * Poor Grant was in a terrible state at the storm, and under arrest as he was, and unarmed, he rushed off—the first man at the top of the ladder, from which he fell a corpse. †

NATIVE OPINION OF THE DUKE.

Gokhla, a Maratha residing in camp with a body of horse, wrote thus to his friends :—

"These English are a strange people and their General a wonderful man; they came here in the morning, looked at the Peta wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. What can withstand them?"

TRAITS.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Duke of Wellington in Western India was the soldier only, or that he merely changed the soldier's garb for that of the diplomatist to write on mighty themes. We have seen that the condition-of-the-people question was not beneath his notice. He, possibly, was the first man who wrote on the philosophy of an Indian famine; and it would astonish some of our administrators nowadays to find that their pet schemes and original ideas have been anticipated by him. He contributed something to banking by his celebrated saying that "high interest means bad security." We have no comments of his on foreign exchange, and we suspect that trade in Bombay during these years was so harried that sterling bills were driven out of sight. But no cambist or inland banker in the matter of coins or *hundis* could catch him asleep. An unfortunate military man in Poona, relegated to conduct the finances, received such a castigation that he must have remembered it to the day of his death. "It is useless to write any more on the subject. Should bills be again drawn at Poona, the Government of Bombay will furnish you

* "The Duke of Wellington fought a duel with the Earl of Winchilsea in 1829."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 20th, 1888.

† Abridged from Maxwell's *Wellington*.

with an account of the rates of exchange at which they draw their bills and you can regulate your rates accordingly." On the receipt of this the Poona *saukars* became *chup* and their countenances fell. He could thus be pleasant and unpleasant; "lofty and sour to those who loved him not, to those that loved him sweet as summer." But not always.

"When in Bombay I had much conversation with mercantile gentlemen there." Yes, he did not think this beneath him; not a ceremonious or "how d'ye do" acquaintance, but redolent, as in Charles Forbes's case, with much talk about money, wine, and horses. He had a great regard for Forbes. The house had been established some twenty years previously. "Forbes," he says, "is a bad judge of horses." But Forbes had money, and this was what the Government at this particular time stood in much need of. The Government had sandalwood in a growing state, trees we mean; in fact, what Charles II. roughly termed "an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts," which was evidently the view taken of them by the Government. Forbes could pay the money now—five lakhs, ten lakhs,—it was all the same to him—and he did pay it, and cut the wood on the Mangalor coast afterwards. So we find in the last letter which the Duke wrote to Jonathan Duncan, Governor of Bombay, before leaving India, the very words we were prepared to expect: "27th February, 1805. Mr. Forbes's sandalwood business will be settled to his satisfaction." He had time to note when in Bombay that it excelled all other places in India for making cartwheels, to which the late Qandahar campaign bore witness. He had time to attend a garden-party at Manakjee Cursetjee's father's house, which you can still see. He had time to groan over his lumbago, and fear that he "would walk like old Pomeroy during the remainder of my life." He went into convulsions over the jokes, written, spoken, or practical, of "mad Malcolm;" and we can solemnly aver that there is a tamarind-tree at the foot of the Siri road under which he cursed the Bombay Government, for doing which he feared he might be burned in effigy on the Bombay Green. We are bound to believe that he clomb the *Siri* (ladder) and gave an obolus to the Jogi, *imago mortis*, and was rewarded by a glorious view from Malabar Hill, minus steamers,

cotton-mills, and all that sort of thing. Such was Wellington in all his phases.* To one he writes, "Give him a hint that I am in the habit of hanging." To another, "I shall send to Mrs. Stevenson in two days some cabbages and celery-plants, and in about a week her rose-trees."

"So various he,
In all his parts the world's epitome."

HERE ARE TWO NOTABILIA.

"I know but one receipt for good health in this country, and that is to live moderately, to drink little or no wine, to use exercise, to keep the mind employed, and, if possible, to keep in good humour with the world;" and he adds, "the last is the most difficult, for, as you have often observed, there is scarcely a good-tempered man in India."

When the clouds of the monsoon of 1804 were beginning to form he found that 5000 of the soldiers would be in rags during the monsoon. He solved the difficulty by giving every man his piece of cloth and making each his own tailor.

* The late Sir Joseph Arnould, (b. 1815, d. at Naples, 1888), Judge of Bombay High Court, 1859 to 1869. Croker thus notices young Arnould's appearance at Oxford when the Duke of Wellington was installed Chancellor of the University, June 11, 1834:—"Then began imitations, Greek, Latin, and English. A Mr. Arnould (scholar of Wadham College) repeated some very good verses on the *Hospice of St. Bernard*; and after alluding to Buonaparte's passage of the Alps, and praising his genius, &c., and recounting all his triumphs, he suddenly apostrophised the Duke and said something equivalent to—invincible till he met *you*. At that word began a scene of enthusiasm such as I never saw; some people appeared to me to go out of their senses—literally to go mad. The whole assembly started up, and the ladies and the grave semi-circle of doctors became as much excited as the boys in the gallery and the men in the pit. Such peals of shouts I never heard; such waving of hats, handkerchiefs and caps I never saw; such extravagant stamping and clapping, so that at last the air became clouded with dust. During all this the Duke sat like a statue; at last he took some notice, took off his cap lightly, and pointed to the *reciter* to go on: but this only increased the enthusiasm, and at last it ended only from the mere exhaustion of our animal powers."—*Croker's Papers*, vol. ii., p. 228.

WAS THE DUKE AT MATHERAN?

We are afraid not; at his "camp at Chowke" he devoured much foolscap, and several lengthy despatches of great moment are thus dated.

The question becomes this—whether a man in full power of body and mind, and embued with a strong love of scenery such as Killarney, could have resisted paying it a visit when it was, as it were, at his very elbow. It can be argued on both sides. It was the month of May: that was bad or good; a stiffer pull then than in any other month, but Matheran has then a cooler climate and offers a greater contrast to the heated plains below. One of two things is certain: if he went, he destroyed a pair of Wellington boots; if he remained at Chauk, he had a hot night of it on 18th May. We could forgive his staying away if he had only squelched the maternal progenitor of that scoundrel at the mention of whose name the world still grows pale, and who must have in 1804 been making mud pies somewhere about Chauk.*

There was no want of roads. There was the old Chauk road, up which fifty years afterwards an elephant carried Lord Elphinstone from the Rambagh to the summit, and there was the breakneck ascent at One Tree Hill, where he could have stuck his feet into the notches cut out of the rock (he was not a stout party) and been rewarded by a glorious view from the summit.

He would have seen a plain as big as Esdraelon, bounded by the Ghats, and at his feet the innumerable tents of which his camp consisted, outside one of which were picquetted his two horses, Pat and Diomed† quietly munching their gram. He would have heard the bulbul and the golden oriole, and seen the so-called bird of paradise with its long tail, flitting like a gleam of sunlight from glade to glade. And he would have drunk from those perennial fountains that bubble up from the stony valley of the *Band*. He would have seen the Dhangar wending his way slowly into umbrageous depths to sacrifice a

* Nana Sahib.

† Diomed "kicked" at Assaye, but Malcolm fell in with him afterwards and bought him for the Duke at Rs. 250.

cock at the black stone which he believes came down from heaven.*

> In vain with lavish kindness
> The gifts of God are strewn,
> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone—

Yesterday, to-day, but not for ever. And if he had remained long enough, he might have bid a final adieu to the lumbago in his back and Dr. Inverarity.

NOTE ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BOMBAY RESIDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Gazette."

Sir,—The writer of a note in your issue of Saturday anent the site of the house in which the illustrious Duke of Wellington resided while in Bombay has awakened in me some dormant memories of bygone days.

Upwards of six-and-thirty years ago I had the honour of being an occupant of the same house. My landlord was Mr. Cursetjee Manakjee, now long deceased, who was the father of our worthy townsman, Mr. Manekji Kharsedji. (You will please note that, in compliance with the requirements of modern scientific literature, I am compelled to spell the son's name *secundum artem*.)

For the benefit of the curious in such matters and historians in general, permit me further to relate that the house, which was called Surrey Cottage, stood at about half-way up the now non-existent eastern brow of Malabar Hill. The excavated *débris* of that part of the hill, as many of your readers are aware, was utilized some years ago for the purposes of the Back Bay reclamation. The house comprised a somewhat spacious and lofty hall, with wings and long verandahs at the sides and back part. In front there was a porch, to which led two carriage-ways from different directions of the large compound. One of them passed by the still-existing stable near the *Siri*. Your correspondent remarks that its walls are standing. He might have added that it has a roof, and that it continues to be used as a stable.

The hall commanded a nice view of Back Bay and a portion of Girgaum, also the Esplanade and the Fort. The Duke, with his eagle eye, must have more than once, I presume, scanned the scene with some interest. Of an evening one of the most striking sights that met the eyes of myself and my friends, as we sat on the landing of the tall flight of stone steps which led up

* Dr. Wilson used to remark that there were some grounds for their belief. His opinion was that both this and the Black Stone of Mecca were originally meteoric stones.

to the hall from the porch, was the long line of lugubrious flaring fires which burned at the Hindu cremation-ground, then not screened, as now, by the high wall on the west, or sea face.

Cholera was frequently rampant in those times . . . A good many years had to elapse before he (Arthur Crawford) and his sanitary army invaded the quondam stinking lanes and alleys and bazars of this city, and cleared away the feculent accumulations of ages, thus removing the fertile sources of manifold dire diseases.

Mr. Cursetjee Manakjee knew the Duke personally, and had supplied his army with provisions—principally rice, if I am not oblivious of what he told me. He always spoke to me most enthusiastically of the Duke, whom he regarded as a perfect hero. But poor old Cursetjee had his troubles, and they were multitudinous. Out of his transactions with the Indian Government there arose a mighty lawsuit brought by him against the Honourable East India Company. In the midst of his eulogies of the Duke he could not help bitterly reverting to his *case* and his grievances. He had fortified himself with the opinions of great lawyers, one of whom was the eminent advocate Chitty. All of them were in his favour. Equity and right upheld his claims, but alas! he could not succeed against powerful John Company, who, however, offered him a liberal compromise. But Cursetjee had something of the Iron Duke's nature in him. He would not give in, and was game to the last. F.

Dec. 13.



THE DUKE'S TREE AT AHMADNAGAR UNDER WHICH HE BREAKFASTED.



ALDOURIE CASTLE.

"I was born at Aldourie on the banks of Loch Ness."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sir James Mackintosh; or, Bombay 1804 to 1812.

Between 1804 and 1812 four men appeared in Bombay who ultimately attained the highest object of human ambition in war, in politics, and in literature. There were giants in those days, and we have seen what of Bombay interest centres in one of them, the greatest of them all. Mountstuart Elphinstone was the second. He was twice offered by different administrations the Governor-Generalship of India. John Malcolm, the third, fought his way from the cot of Burnfoot, in Eskdale, to the portals of Parel, became the life-long friend, the bosom friend, of the Duke of Wellington. These were the three mighty men who, by the sword and diplomacy, extended and preserved the boundaries of British dominion; but it was reserved for a fourth to keep alive the flame of liberty within them, and illustrate by his genius the realms which they had either subdued or defended. That man was Sir James Mackintosh. He still appears the most splendid character in

the whole range of Bombay history—made to love and to be beloved, with a transparent intellect that shed an electric light on everything it touched, and an imagination that soared far above the common level of mortals. He stands on a pedestal peculiarly his own, and he is more identified with Bombay by a long residence in it. Indeed, so important does this appear to his biographer that he devotes five hundred out of the thousand pages of his life to the Bombay portion of it. He arrived in Bombay in May, 1804, and left it in November, 1812. "The cares and duties of a family oblige me to provide for them in other climates." His mother died in 1779, when he was fourteen years of age. In more senses than one he was a Scottish orphan. When he was Recorder of Bombay he wrote—"In her last letter my mother sent me two Scotch bank-notes, of one pound each, which seemed at that time an inexhaustible fortune."

BOMBAY A DULL PLACE.

"The neighbourhood is beautiful; but what avails all this in a cursed country where you cannot ramble amid these scenes? As for society the back-room of a London book-seller's shop is better. There is a languor and a lethargy in the society here to which I never elsewhere saw any approach. It is all a cheat," he exclaims. "If ever I rise from the dead (he means, no doubt, getting out of the Bombay grave-clothes) I shall be very glad to travel for the sake of seeing clever men and beautiful countries." And again, "Our climate may be endured, but I feel, by its constant and silent operation, existence is rendered less joyous, and even less comfortable. I see around me no extraordinary prevalence of disease, but I see no vigorous, cheerful health." All quite true from his own standpoint, and equally untrue from the standpoint of others, for the Bombay of the period under review, to an ordinary mortal, could not have been a very dull place. There were, no doubt, at that time dull and heavy men in Bombay. We have more than a suspicion that Jonathan Duncan was a dull man. He was the natural leader of society, and his influence must have made itself everywhere apparent A man cannot live thirty-nine years in India without being



somewhat flabby, leaden, or lethargic—*brahmanised*, that is Mackintosh's word in describing Duncan. Hence we fancy that Jonathan Duncan was as dead as a door-nail to the brilliancy of wit or the pathos of sentiment. He was too far gone even for the surgical operation proverbial for Scotsmen, and would sit perfectly helpless amid the subtle flashes of wit that fell flat and pointless on his Forfarshire understanding. Mackintosh may have resented this, found the verandahs of the old Government House in Apollo Street much too narrow for him, took french-leave and sauntered into the Bombay Green to seek for the Southern Cross or soar in regions of transcendental philosophy. And the most likely of all times would be that in which Arthur Wellesley said that Jonathan Duncan had lost his head.

But there was another, and a much more cogent reason, why Mackintosh found Bombay a dull place, and one special to himself and apart altogether from individuals, and having nothing to do with the gloom which we have seen overspread Bombay in 1804. It was two years before Mackintosh cleared his expenses and established himself in Bombay. He was thirty-eight years of age when he arrived, and had already lived one life in London. Not a life in a garret, for though he had made a fruitless start with his Edinburgh M.D. at Weymouth, to practise as a physician, he soon found his way to London, and made the acquaintance and friendship of some most eminent and gifted men. He had attended the trial of Warren Hastings, had obtained great distinction by the publication of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, had been the guest of Burke the aged at Beaconsfield, and the friend of Charles James Fox, of whom Burke said that he was the most accomplished and brilliant debater that the world ever saw. He had founded in his own house the "King of Clubs," consisting of twenty-five celebrated men. So that coming to Bombay was really like coming to a city of the dead, a copy of the greatest change, as sayeth the preacher, from ceiled roofs to thatched bungalows, from living like gods to dying like men.

He found Jonathan Duncan in place of Henry Brougham, Charles Forbes for Mr. Ricardo, and Dr. Keir, Civil Surgeon, for Hallam the historian. His spirit sank within him, and he uttered those words of despair. In those days steamers were

unknown, and it was a very "long cry to Loch Awe." * But it is not given to every man to be a Ricardo, and it may have been well for Mackintosh and well for posterity that eight years of affluent ease and leisure were afforded him to gather up his intellectual wares in the city of Bombay. Besides, dulness is a



THE HONOURABLE JONATHAN DUNCAN,
GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY 1795–1811.

comparative term, and happiness a measure of the capacity of the individual for enjoying it. "Peebles for pleasure," said an honest Scotsman on his return from that London after which Sir James Mackintosh sighed in the bitterness of his heart: and we daresay that Mr. Henshaw, the voluble mouth-piece of

* The English news was often eight months in finding its way to Bombay.

the Wellington entertainments, and of whom history records the *cox et præterea nihil*, was in the seventh heaven of delight, while our modern Prometheus lay chained to the rock of Mazagon, plus mosquitoes and prickly heat. We cannot, therefore, agree that Bombay was a bad place for Mackintosh. William Erskine came out with him and became his son-in-law, and, if we mistake not, has given to Bombay two generations of Civil Servants. One morning a young man called upon him with a letter of introduction from Robert Hall. He also became his son-in-law, Babylonian Rich, the afterwards Resident at Baghdad.

let in much light on the Bombay society, 1804 to 1812, and unconsciously on himself. At first we seem to look backwards across the haze of seventy years, and see looming in the distance, at the end of a long avenue, the shadow of a great man under the portals of Parel. But gradually the intervening cross-lights disappear, and by the aid of what he has left us he comes forth from the region of shadow and dubiety, and walks the earth again with a character not dim or tarnished by time, and with an intellect as lofty as ever animated the sons of men.

The feeblest effort of imagination can thus picture Mackintosh as he once lived among us—on the judgment-seat—moving amid his fellow-citizens, or in the bosom of his family. His face and form, his daily amusements and avocations are familiar to us. Parel has been given to him as his residence by Jonathan Duncan, who is a bachelor and does not need it. His wife is the first lady in the island, and with five daughters constitutes the household. The dining and billiard-rooms are almost the same now as they were then. The rooms are spacious, and the verandahs long and wide.

HE DID GOOD WORK IN BOMBAY.

His accomplishments were versatile. He wrote observations on the finances of Salsette for the Governor, which were gladly availed of by him. At Duncan's request he wrote the funeral sermon on the Viceroy, the Marquis Cornwallis! He wrote to the newspapers. The man who in after years was asked by the

noblemen and gentlemen who were then the leaders of the Whig party to write an epitaph for Fox's tomb in Westminster Abbey, on hearing of his death, did not disdain to send his panegyric to the *Bombay Courier*.* He founded, ere he had been many months here, the Bombay Literary Society, which has grown into the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and he sent out the books which constitute the foundation of the noble library which adorns it. Of that Society he was the first president, Charles Forbes, treasurer, and William Erskine, secretary. But above all, and what was not known until after his death, and the value of which increases with the lapse of years, he brought his comprehensive intellect to bear upon those social questions which underlie all Government, and in his delineation of the Dekhan in 1805 answers for us, and those who come after us, the question whether our being here now is a good to the natives of India.

He had the wisdom of the seer and wrote for posterity;—where there is no vision the people perish. As long, therefore, as the written letter remains, so long will Mackintosh continue to be a most powerful ally of the British Government.†

This will do for

A QUIET DAY AT PAREL.

Our host sends a man to rouse us before daylight. *Saheb! saheb!* Those dreadful words still linger in our ears, uttered by the *hamal* to the sleeping Christian. O thou merciless heathen! But there is no rest for the wicked. So, quick as thought, we hurry into our clothes, with not a glance to spare for the *silhouette* of Charles James Fox in our dressing-room, rush along the corridors, stumbling over the domestics, who litter the place like the sheeted dead, descend the noble flight of stairs, greet our friend and master in his leather breeches and top-boots, his Scotch terrier "Tartar" meanwhile giving tongue, mount our Arabs—he on Sir Charles Grey, I on "Bobbery-

* "John Lawrence in 1845 wrote some excellent letters to the *Delhi Gazette*."—Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1883. Sir Herbert Edwardes also under the *nom de plume* of "Brahminy Bull."

† We have made large drafts on this subject from his writings in other papers.

walah"—and with one long canter are in Mahim woods. The false dawn is past, and already the sun's first rays dart through the trees their silvery sheen.

Here we draw breath. We are told that this noble forest is noted in our oldest maps, and certes it is a goodly sight.* Such palms! date, dūm, fan, cocoa, betel, and the acacia,

> "Bending
> To earth their leaf-crown'd heads,
> Like youthful maids when sleep descending
> Warns them to their downy beds."

Our talk is miscellaneous—Aldourie, Kellachie, and spearing salmon on the Don, with a sprinkling of European politics and Bombay police bills. On and on, until in Salsette a new glory bursts upon us in the *palas* tree, called the flame of the woods, setting, as it were, with its scarlet flowers, the very forest on fire; and we are told that it gives its name to the battle-field of Plassey. And yet another wonder, the silk-cotton tree, a marvel of floral magnificence, decked in wool and scarlet, like the bride of King Solomon. Neither *gulmor* nor *bougainvillæ* adorn the scene.† We return. After a bath we are more buoyant than if we had emerged from a *hammam* in Cairo or Damascus; pass into the verandah, and exchange greetings with a number of young faces, their hair waving in the morning breeze, and some of whom have never yet set eyes on poker and tongs.

The library table groans with new books, a most refreshing sight to a new comer. *Edinburgh Review* in blue and buff livery; Scott's novels and lays; Burns (the Kilmarnock edition); and a curiosity which Elphinstone found at Peshawar, a book printed by Gassendi in Paris, 1646, and presented by him to his pupil Bernier, the great Indian traveller, with Bernier's name written by himself on it.‡

* Lady Burton was greatly fascinated by the Mahim Woods.

† "*Ponciana Regia*, a native of Madagascar, introduced into India within the last sixty years."—Brand's *Flora of India*, 1874. *Bougainvillæ*, so called after a French botanist, and also a comparatively late introduction.

‡ See Constable's *Bernier*, pp. xx., l. Elphinstone's love of old books which had a history is exemplified in the copy of *Dante* in vellum which he presented to the Bombay Asiatic Library. It is dated 1321, or 20 years only after his death, and Sir George Birdwood estimates its value at a lakh of rupees. In excellent condition.—September 30th, 1890.

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But hush! Mackintosh reads prayers; he did so on board all the way out, and a *fell* * reader he is. Breakfast comes on the scene, which we proceed to demolish. Sir James busy at his *khichrí*, two boiled eggs, three cups of tea, and two of coffee. Padre Martyn from Calcutta, vulgarly called "the Saint," has come in, who afterwards died in Tokat,† and whose praise is now in all the churches; so we had the novelty of grace before and after meat, all standing. Much discussion on grammar and metaphysics; we read, lounge, write, and loiter away in the beautiful apartments that contain the library. Dine at four. From half-past five to seven walk on the terrace and walks of this noble house and garden; drink tea at seven; and from half-past seven to ten, bed-time, our host reads to his wife and children aloud in his light vest and white jacket. Addison and Milton are his favourites. But Tasso also and novels, for Scott has just burst upon the scene, and Madame de Stäel comes in by turns. The German governess is gone—married, we suppose—but the girls are not without education, and their father helps them in their study of German, Italian, and French, —of the last being such a master that he could correspond with a French statesman, or debate in French in a court of law.

A NOISY DAY AT TARALA.

I happened to be in Bombay in January, 1811. Sir James was then living at Tarala, Mazagon. It was not so ornate a house as Parel, but it was roomy and had a fine view: Parel had none. Lady Mackintosh had gone home. It was the time of the races, and a good deal of fun was going on. The races were then in the morning. We drove to the Grand Stand, Byculla, and there met Lady Ouseley. Sir James was clothed in white vest, breeches, and a frock-coat of green silk,‡ and Lady Ouseley resplendent in Genoa velvet, with three ostrich

* "'Fell,'—acute hot-biting."—Jamieson. "His voice was nasal."—Sydney Smith.

† October 12th, 1812. See p. 64.

‡ "In the portrait of Jonathan Duncan possessed by Mr. J. D. Inverarity, the Governor is painted in a green coat and Nankin vest."—J. D. Inverarity, Oct. 1st., 1890.

plumes towering overhead and nodding in the breeze. I never saw such roads—they were as finely macadamised as those now in England, and long before the name of that celebrated highwayman was ever heard of.* The Flats were a caution. Rickard's horse won, and he was in ecstacies. Tyler of the Indian Navy pointed out the horses, and knew all about them. The Arab horses, of course, did not run so quick as the English horses at Newmarket. That evening forty sat down to dinner in the strictest etiquette. Being left out in the cold, I had no lady to take in. I was amused afterwards by a married lady asking me if I had been "shipwrecked." I had never heard the word before in this sense, and imagined it referred to the voyage out.

I never saw men eat so little. Coming from the land where Lord Braxfield had said that a turkey was an awkward beast to eat—too much for one, and too little for two—I know that my father's retainers would have been thankful for, and made short work of, the ghost of the feast, which must have been quite as bulky as when we sat down. Every dish was put on the table, and the air was heavy and overpowering. I remember that the party was stiff until the champagne passed round. The men drank fairly well: Sir James only cold water. We had been drinking Shiraz, the finest wine of Persia; but no sooner was it discussed than Malcolm set the table in a roar by his adventures at the Court of Sindia. It was the story which he had told Wellington, and which Wellington sent on to his brother the Viceroy, the Earl of Mornington. During a darbár in the tent of Sindia the rain came down, filling a corner of the flap with half a ton of water, and the solemnity of the dárbar was suddenly arrested by the falling cataract, "Oh, Jasus!" and a hideous yell from an Irish officer named Pepper, who had been suddenly submerged, at which the grim countenance even of Sindia relaxed. Malcolm was a perfect Jupiter Tonans, six feet and a half high, and as strong as an ox. Had he not carried for a few feet grain in sacks on his back to the weight of 830 lbs., and a pipe of wine up the stairs of the Residency at Bushir? It was long before the toast of the "outward bound" was given, for the

* Captain Basil Hall.

ladies were made much of, and song and sentiment followed each other in quick succession. "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and a Scotsman out of compliment to the host gave "The Lass of Inverness." We lingered long over the Madeira. Lady Ouseley played beautifully on the piano. A lot went in for billiards. Malcolm, who was an adept at cards, made up several parties.* I happened to join Elphinstone with two lady partners at whist—it was long whist, and a capital game we had. My partner gave me a pinch of snuff from her box: we were still in the age of "snuffy Charlotte." I never saw a man play a better game than Elphinstone, and so cool, for he was well tried. We had not been long seated before his eye caught sight of his secretary, standing like an apparition between the pillars of the verandah. He had just arrived from Poona with bad news, and we knew it, for he had a tell-tale face, and you might have led him with a straw. But Elphinstone never flinched, changed countenance, revoked, nor played a wrong card; and as he claimed the victory—*eight, nine, ten*, he quietly rose, after giving the secretary a terrible *quart d'heure*. He then saw the ladies into their palanquins, wished them good-night, and turning round to the secretary with a "good-evening," heard all he had got to say.† Everybody was in great glee. Mr.——, glorious, chasing Mrs.—— round the library to obtain a kiss. I looked into the smoking room, a portion of the dining-room extemporised for this purpose: ten Englishmen squatted on their Persian rugs *à l'Arabe*, and as many *hukahs* going, with so much gurgle-gurgle and hubble-bubble, as if there had been so many stones in their throats. You could not hear the sound of your own voice, or distinguish one face from another, as the smoke through ten pair of nostrils filled the room to suffocation. The floor was covered with cross-legged men and *nargkilehs*, the twisted coils of which appeared like

* "Malcolm in his youth was very fond of cards. 'I have been in my very early years the victim of such habits, and was only saved by the combined workings of distress from debt, and a strong call from men of whose regard I was proud, and who added to the respect I owed them as superiors all the claims of friendship.'"—Kaye's *Life of Malcolm*.

† We think the locale of this incident was Poona; but it does not matter much.

snakes in many a fold. It was a mercy there were no curtains. I remember nothing afterwards. I had often heard of "a Malcolm row," and a "Bobbery dinner," but I did not see one the whole time I was in Bombay.

CALLS.

I made a number of calls one afternoon with Mackintosh. Nobody then ever dreamed of forenoon calls. Some of the bungalows were near Belvidere and Belmont, for example.* The Rickardses were in Belvidere, as the Drapers had been forty years before them, and I heard much of Eliza,† and how she had turned the heads of everybody except James Forbes, who merely viewed the creation of so much beauty and accomplishments as a philosophical study. At Love Grove we met Maria Graham, the author of the charming letters, and she told us the sad story of its name: of the young lover who, in endeavouring to save his sweetheart, shared her grave; both were drowned, and their bodies washed ashore, one at each of the promontories which abut from the Vellard; and how a temple was reared on each for the offerings of the love-sick and the delectation of the faqirs. At Breach Candy Mackintosh pointed out the whereabouts of the only battle ever fought by the French and English on the western seas of India,‡ and in which, if I understand the matter rightly, we were "confoundedly licked," said the author of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, by that gallant nation, though our men fought bravely enough. In this way we pay pleasant visits at the Mount, Randall Lodge, Nonpareil (Malcolm's), and Surrey Cottage. The people were so many that I have but a confused recollection of their names: Lushington, Money, Forbes, Abercromby, Erskine, Warden, and Salt. Old Duncan was so ill that we could not see him; indeed, a few

* "Belvidere stood at Mazagon until a few months ago."—Dr. A. Leith's *Sanitary Report*, 1864. "Mr. Glover, the contractor, while removing the hill and casting it into the sea, lived in Belvidere, and I remember hearing it was used for years as the P. & O. Club."—Geo. E. Ormiston, May 5th, 1888.

† For further information on Eliza see Chap. XXXI., Vol. I., p. 416 *f.*, and Sterne's *Life*, Thackeray's *Humourists*, and Abbe Raynal.

‡ The "Apollo" and "Ansen" engagement, 1747.

days afterwards Dr. Keir sent us a notice of his death. And short as the distance was between his house and the Cathedral, we all got dreadful headaches at the funeral, by walking in the sun without our hats at four in the afternoon. Then the story of steam navigation in America reached us, and how a passage had been made of one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-two hours from New York to Albany. Mackintosh was in ecstasies. "This," he said, "would ensure a passage from Portsmouth to Bombay in about a hundred days." He exclaimed, "Why were we not born a century later!" Sir James was born in 1765. In 1865 the passage was made in twenty-one days,

On the occasion of the death of Lord Cornwallis Sir James preached by proxy in Bombay Cathedral. He had been asked by the Governor to write the funeral sermon, and he did so, and it was preached by the senior chaplain.* We all went, of course, Mackintosh included, and it was most amusing, if such a word can be used in connection with a funeral sermon. The preacher stuttered over some of the finest passages and read others perfunctorily, and with unconcern; took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed in the middle of the peroration so loud as to shake some monumental medallions on the walls. There was little of death, I assure you, in our heads when we came out, and the laughing was continued at intervals during the following day; at all events, I can vouch for myself.

ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

Before he delivers his address to the Grand Jury, of which W. T. Money was the foreman, and to give a composed dignity to it, he reads the 1st vol. of Robertson's *History of Scotland*. The statement seems theatrical, but it is perfectly sincere. At half-past five, it being then almost dark, and within the old Court House,† on the afternoon of Monday the 16th of July, 1811, Sir James Mackintosh rises from the judgment-seat. He assumes the black-cap and pronounces sentence of death on

* "Printed and published with the Senior Chaplain's name."—*Mackintosh's Life.*

† Now the Great Western Hotel, *ante*, p. 15.

James Estelow, an English soldier, for the murder of a mean Hindu at Goa. From his diary we learn that he never signed a paper with more tranquillity than he did the death-warrant. But he is now pale and emaciated, and his voice falters as he pronounces the words of doom. The circumstances were peculiar. Mackintosh had never done the same before, and will never do it again. In a judicial administration extending over seven years, a population of 200,000 had been governed without a capital punishment, and without increase of crimes. On Saturday morning at five minutes past nine the procession from the gaol to the Esplanade passes his own residence at Tarala, Mazagon. He sees it. Patten, the gaoler, in front in a small carriage. James Estelow follows, dressed in black, handcuffed, and with a rope round his neck, with the hangman in a large car, surrounded by a guard of the sheriff's peons. See in this, O! my Aryan brother, the even-handed justice of the Sarkar; for what does his white face avail him now? The scene closes amid great excitement. Nothing like it since the Malays, who murdered Lord Nelson's brother, were hanged on Gibbet Island. Fifty thousand natives were on the Esplanade, and most of the European inhabitants were present.*

AN UNSPOKEN BOMBAY SERMON.

"I have just glanced over Jeremy Taylor on the beatitudes. The selection is made in the most sublime spirit of virtue. For their transcendent excellence I can find no words to express my

* "Two incidents may be mentioned of his judicial administration in Bombay. He had a great abhorrence of perjury, and sentenced a woman to five years imprisonment, during which period she had to stand once a year in the pillory, in front of the Court House, with labels on her breast and back explanatory of the crime of which she had been guilty.

"Five prisoners, expecting to receive sentence of death, had provided themselves with knives to assassinate the judge and then commit suicide on themselves. The project was discovered, but Sir James did not increase the sentence beyond what he had intended—twelve months imprisonment. He said: 'If that murderous project had been executed I should have been the first British Magistrate who ever stained with his blood the bench on which he sat to administer justice. But I could never have died better than in the discharge of my duty. When I accepted the office of a minister of justice, I knew that I ought to despise unpopularity, and slander, and even death itself. Thank God I do despise them.'"—*Lives of Englishmen*, 1837.

admiration and reverence. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' 'Put on as the elect of God bowels of mercy.' At last the divine speaker rises to the summit of moral sublimity: 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.' For a moment, 'O! Teacher Blessed,' I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better." This is akin to a meditation of Dr. Chalmers.*

MACKINTOSH AND WILSON.

As we draw this paper to a close we feel the touch of a vanished hand. A name rises that must be still fresh and green in the memory of our readers, the Missionary, Philanthropist, and late Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay. Though "their graves are severed far and wide by mount, and stream, and sea," by force of contrast, by force of comparison, by the like and the unlike, these are Bombay brothers that cannot be divided. Though living at different periods, Mackintosh † and John Wilson are knit together by a two-fold bond, an intense love of literature and a deep and abiding devotion in the service of the Almighty, not *Abdallah* the slave of God, but the willing and intelligent instruments of His high behests.‡ Caledonia, stern and wild, was the nurse of these gentle and loving natures. No two men in Bombay ever had such troops of friends, the one in his Spartan simplicity on the Cliff, the other at Parel. They had great gifts, but great as they were, greater than the gold and frankincense of India, true wise men of the East, they laid them at the feet of their Master. Memory in the one,§ imagination and memory in the other—towers of strength, enabling Wilson to grasp all Oriental lore, and Mackintosh to soar in the empyrean of Philosophy and History, without a single compeer in the land of their adoption, and very few in the land that gave them birth. Both mingled freely with the natives, both were

* Chalmers was the personal friend of both Mackintosh and Wilson.

† JULY, 1889.—Last month the English papers recorded the death of a daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, aged 89, *not* Mrs. Rich or Mrs. Erskine.

‡ "When Sir James Mackintosh was dying a friend saw his lips move, and when the ear was put down it caught the whisper, 'God—love—the very same.'"—*Life of James Robertson, of Newington*, p. 317, 1887.

§ We believe that in Dr. Wilson's library there was not a single novel.

most tolerant of other men's opinions, both were brilliant conversationalists, and both were easygoing and careless of their own money to a degree. What shall we say more? That they never stooped to anything mean or mercenary, that they never debased their great gifts to the service of sin, that they conquered their position by the hardest industry that ever issued from Highland or Lowland home, that they never bartered away their principles to the powers that be for a piece of bread, and that at last they seemed to reach "that maturity of moral stature in which the conflict between inclination and duty is over, and virtue and self-indulgence are the same."* Mackintosh was a great patriot, great on the freedom of the slave and the liberty of man,—on Wallace, on Tell, and Kosciusko; but Wilson's ideal transcends the dreams of philosophy, and argues a virtue beyond that of the purest patriotism. It is not every man who can refuse a comfortable settlement at home when within his reach. It is not every man who would divert away a gift from himself, to even the noblest purposes of the University.† Other men than Warren Hastings have had their Daylesfords. Wilson had none to look forward to in this world, except six square feet of earth in the Marine Lines, of which he was at length, full of years and of honours, duly infefted. The valedictory cheer at the Apollo Bandar which awaits the warrior and the statesman had no charm for him, and he did not covet it. It is this that endears Wilson to thousands of his adopted countrymen, and will do so, we venture to say, for generations to come; for to him was reserved this supreme distinction, that he, and he alone of all the conspicuous characters that adorn the history of Western India, Mackintosh included, elected of his own free will, when he was young and vigorous, to live and die in India for the benefit of its people. To this his life was consecrated, and for this he died.

* "1831.—On Saturday saw Sir James Mackintosh (at Jeffrey's). A broadish, middle-sized, grey-headed man, well dressed, and with a plain courteous bearing: grey, intelligent (unhealthy, yellow whity) eyes, in which plays a dash of cautious vivacity (uncertain whether fear or latent ire), triangular unmeaning nose, business mouth and chin, on the whole a sensible official air."—Thomas Carlyle.

† Read the history of the foundation of the Wilson Philological Lecture, with which we had something to do.



CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

"Write me, my dear mother, about everybody and everything in Cumbernauld."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mountstuart Elphinstone.

In 1861 Sir Edward Colebrooke presented a memoir of Mountstuart Elphinstone to the Asiatic Society in London, and in 1860 Dr. Wilson read a paper on the same subject to the Asiatic Society in Bombay, to both of which we are indebted for most of the information we at present (1883) possess of the life and labours of this illustrious man. We may add also Grant Duff's *History of the Mahrattas* and the masterly minutes which Elphinstone wrote in India, and his paper in 1831 on *Indian Policy*, which attracted universal attention. Colebrooke knew Elphinstone intimately during the last twenty years of his life, and is well fitted for the task; so we have every reason to believe that, in his forthcoming biography, we will obtain a just estimate of the character and career of one whose name is known and revered throughout the whole of Western India.*

* Published in 2 vols. 1884.

His will, we understand, debars the publication of his diary, but Sir John Kaye has already given us a few quotations from it. Why do people not burn their diaries, if they object to their publication? This was Mrs. Hough's plan, and she did right.

The great outcry of biographers nowadays is "no letters." But in his case the letters are voluminous, for Elphinstone was a man who lived before the age of telegrams and penny posts, and kept up the habit of lengthy correspondence to the last days of his life on all sorts of subjects, principally Indian and political, from which we may now fairly claim a full exhibition of the opinions and principles by which he was guided during a long and most eventful period in the history of British India.

ITEMS.

The fourth son of Lord Elphinstone, some time Governor of Edinburgh Castle, Mountstuart Elphinstone was born in 1779.* His cousin tells us he was an idle dog in his youth.

Principally under tutors, some time at the High School of Edinburgh, he sailed for Bengal in 1795. Placed in the diplomatic service under Barry Close at Poona, 1801. With Arthur Wellesley, 1803. Commissioner in Berar, 1804. In 1808–10 he was with the Embassy to Kabul; 1810–17, Resident at Poona; 1817–19 Commissioner; and 1819–27 Governor of Bombay. He spent the rest of his time travelling, but mostly in retirement, in England, and died on the 20th November, 1859.

PORTRAIT.

Mr. Elphinstone was in the forty-first year of his age when in 1820 he became Governor of Bombay, and being a man of temperate and active habits, and fine natural constitution, was in the very prime of manhood, and in the fullest vigour and health. He was close on six feet high, but a slight stoop made

* Called no doubt "Mountstuart" after the seat of the Marquis of Hastings in Bute, who, about this time, was rewarded by a Peerage for his services in the American War, and afterwards became Governor-General of India.

him appear somewhat less tall than he was. With this trivial imperfection as an exception, his figure was a noble one; his countenance, as immortalized by the chisel of Chantrey, was in nature's most pleasing mould.* It was oval and somewhat thin; the lofty forehead and deep-seated, calm, reflective eye marking the man of talent. His nose was prominent, and slightly aquiline: it was thin, as were the cheeks and lips; his colour inclining to pale; his skin pure and transparent; his hair was light, soft, and silky. His usual expression was that of sweetness, benevolence, placidity, and repose. When excited his whole countenance lighted up with a glow of warmth, his bright eye gleamed out, and his thin lips becoming compressed, showed, though placid, he was far from inanimate—though unusually tranquil, how easily he could be awakened into energy and fire. His hands were soft, white, and beautifully delicate. He was, indeed, the most distinguished and the most popular of the Governors of Bombay, and one of the most able and upright statesmen of modern times. This, we believe, is Dr. Buist's pen-and-ink sketch. It is that of a man of gentle blood, built up by ages of ease and cultivation. This is not the burly form of Malcolm, the farmer's son, nor these the rugged features and gnarled and warped forehead of Colin Campbell.

POLITICAL.

Elphinstone was one of a noble band whom Edinburgh sent forth at the close of the eighteenth century; there were Horner, Murray, Brougham, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Elphinstone. These three last were hot Republicans in their teens,—a garb soon to be exchanged for more sober livery, the blue and buff of the *Edinburgh Review*. There seems to have been a doubt in the king's mind, when Mackintosh in 1804, who was then 38, was being sent out as Recorder of Bombay,† that the opinions of the author of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* were too pronounced, but, on

* The portrait in this volume is from the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

† Mackintosh had been designated in 1801 to go out to Calcutta as chief of an educational Institution.—Scott's *Life* (ed. 1839), vol. ii., pp. 70, 74.—B.



being assured on this point, he shrewdly observed: "A man may be allowed to change his opinions; his principles never." Elphinstone, when a boy, sung *Ça Ira* and the *Marseillaise*, and his young friends in India on his arrival—by way of burlesque, we suppose—presented him with a tricolor cockade and cap of liberty. "He had no stereotyped prejudices," * but the early views which he imbibed, though experiencing many modifications, never left him, and the Whig peeps out at intervals to the end of his life.

By his accidental meeting with Mackintosh in Bombay in 1811 and afterwards, Elphinstone, though a man of independent thought and action, must have been brought to some extent under the sway of his intellect, which was irresistible and dominated all within its reach. He it was who urged upon him to come before the world and publish his book on Kabul. But under this head, and as illustrative of the strength of Elphinstone's mind, or the tenacity of early convictions, it is a curious fact to note that, living in so close proximity with the Duke of Wellington, and sharing with him an entire campaign, at the very outset of his career, and with a mind apparently so flexible, the pupil did not, like Malcolm, fall in with the Conservative views of the great captain. He did not do so, and did not suffer by it. It was George Canning, the author of the *Antijacobin*, who in 1819 recommended him to the post of Bombay Governor, and it was Lord Ellenborough's Government that offered him the Viceroyalty in 1834. And when he became the Nestor of Indian politics, two Governors-General of different shades of politics sought his society before proceeding to their Government, as the greatest authority for the East.

ECCENTRICITIES.

If Elphinstone had lived in the Middle Ages, he would at one time of his life have been imprisoned like Roger Bacon, or burned for heresy or witchcraft. There was something *eerie* about him—what the world or the *vulgus* of it considers *uncanny*. Once he lived a gloomy and a solitary life. Of women

* Dr. Wilson.

he seldom or never speaks, and neither he nor his nephew Lord Elphinstone, Governor (1853–59), were marrying men. Wine was poison to him, and he may be claimed as nearly a total abstainer. He discarded all superfluous articles of dress, and all superfluous articles of food. Instead of a *siesta*, which Mackintosh carried with him to the sofas of England, he merely rested his head on his hands, closed his eyes, and with his elbows on the table, slept the sleep of the just. He gave up the use of beds. It was preposterous in a grown-up man in full possession of his faculties, mental and physical, to lay himself down prone in inglorious slumber like the beasts of the stall.* He shook himself out of his chair at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. to read the *Antigone* of Sophocles, when Malcolm, with the "Deil's picture buiks" before him at *Non-pareil*, was not even wondering whether it was time for his guests to go or stay. He delighted to walk on dizzy precipices, with the sound of falling water beneath him, and watch the perturbation of the aides-de-camp in following his example.† He delighted to investigate the manners and customs of the natives, by roaming *incog.* during the night, like the Duke of Sutherland, through the bazaars and Fort of Bombay; and once, anxious to experience a new sensation, he was seen on camel-back at midnight, bobbing up and down in the darkness,—an experience which Albert Smith describes "like sitting in an arm-chair on the top of a hansom cab."

HIS HISTORY OF INDIA

is his *magnum opus*. While everyone admires the zeal which enabled him with much care, research, and accuracy to bring together so great an amount of information in a form so continuous and compact, it is a subject of universal regret that he did not prosecute the history of British India. This book can

* Many years after this he was asked by a friend the reason why. He promptly replied, "Because I was a fool."

† There is a tradition at the foot of Torna that a late muscular Governor who ascended it, found himself on the top without any companions. Discretion, however, is sometimes the better part of valour, and his followers need not be ashamed "Where braver hearts have failed."

only be looked upon as an instalment of a great work which his mind foreshadowed,* but which failing health, a sense of weariness, or languor, the advice of friends, or the callousness of critics —for though he was indifferent, he was not insensible to human applause—prevented him completing. Or was it the glamour which the appearance of Macaulay's essays on Clive and Hastings (wherein he marshals these heroes on a field of the cloth of gold) threw over all that generation?† Whatever the cause, he was bowled away from the subject, and never returned to it again; and the loss is irreparable. For wherein lies the significance of all his labour, if it is not to antedate our times and prepare the reader for the coming day when English rule should put all authority under its feet? What is the history of India to us if it has no connection with Europe? And you may go back, if you like, to the expedition of Alexander the Great. So when we read of Tughlak and Mahmud Bigarah, or wade through the annals of Timur or Baber, they seem to us no more than the fights of the kites and the crows, compared with the acts and deeds of the race which rescued India from their oppression.

GOVERNORS OF BOMBAY.

There is not a Governor of Bombay but some evil thing has been said of him.‡ Sir John Child § was the brother of Josiah

* "His decision to write the *History of India* and to publish it, was finally made when Lord Jeffrey advised him to do so."—*Life*, 1884.

† This question asked in 1881 is answered in the affirmative by Elphinstone himself. What was guessed at is made abundantly manifest in his diary and letters, 1839–40, published in his *Life* by Colebrooke, 1884.

‡ "A Governor of Bombay must always be hated."—E. Colebrooke's *M. Elphinstone*, vol. i., p. 347.

§ Sir John Child was educated at Rajapur in Ratnagiri from the age of 10 to 18, with his uncle Mr. Goodshaw, Chief of that Factory, and being a smart boy, discovered that he carried on private trade with the funds of the Company, and informed upon him! Goodshaw was cashiered, and he at 24 "was laird himself," that is, chief of the said factory. He was created a baronet in 1684, but the title became extinct in 1753. His arms were:—vert two bars engrailed between three leopards' faces or; crest—a lion's face or, between two laurel branches proper; motto—*Spes alit*. His brother's family in England became not only rich, but allied with noble houses; and it is on record that Josiah Child's widow—he who was Chairman of the East India Company—survived until 1735. This was the *acme* of the Child family, for eleven dukes and duchesses used to ask her blessing, dear old *bodie!* and, it was reckoned, fifty great families would go into mourning for her. Hear

Child, the Chairman of the East India Company, and he was accused of malversation of the Cathedral funds.* Vaux was a traitor. Bartholomew Harris and Thomas Hodges were in league with astrologers.† Of Hornby, whom we have always considered a fine old fellow, we have seen accusations of greed, lust of gain, and that he was anything but a gentleman.‡ Jonathan Duncan was a Scotsman: no harder thing could be said of a man in India in the end of the eighteenth century, for a Scotsman was branded, and, like Cain, wandered over the face of the earth. But he was more: a Brahmanised Scotsman, whatever that may mean, an old "havering bodie" who had lost his head.§ Even Nepean was a nip-cheese and had been a purser in the Navy, and the more credit to him.‖ Malcolm was a fool; but not such a fool. Sir Robert Grant ¶ immortalised Love Grove by making

that! and this also—that no man can tell where Sir John Child's grave is. The *when* he died was 1690, but I have not discovered his place of sepulture in India. Probably it was one of the fine mausolea which were demolished at Mendham's burying-ground near the Cooperage on the eve of the opening of Sonapur in 1760. When Sir John Child died the Cathedral walls were standing fifteen feet high, though *a la bonne heure* he could not go there. The Bombay Cathedral was not for this Child. His brother, Sir Josiah Child, born in 1630, died June 1699, was made a baronet in 1678, and his second son, Sir Richard Child, was raised to the Irish peerage in 1718 as Viscount Castlemaine, and in 1731 was made Earl Tylney. The title became extinct with his son's death in 1784. The heiress, Lady Emma Child, married Sir Robert Long of Drayton, Bart., and her descendant, Catherine Tylney Long, carried the fortune of the Childs to William Pole-Tylney-Long-Wellesley, afterwards fourth Earl of Mornington, died 1857. (Burke's *Peerage*, and Hedges' *Diary*, ii., 112.)

Sir Josiah Child in a great degree dominated the Company at home as his brother Sir John did in India. He seems to have dictated most of the Company's correspondence, and to him is probably due the following remarkable passage:—*To Fort St. George*, 12th Dec. 1687: "That which we promise ourselves in a most especiall manner from our new President and Council is *that they will establish such a Politie of civill and military power, and create and secure such a large revenue to maintaine both at that place, as may be the foundation of a large, well-grounded, sure* ENGLISH DOMINION IN INDIA FOR ALL TIME TO COME." (Hedges' *Diary*, ii., 117.)—B.

* Hamilton.

† Ovington and James Forbes.

‡ Donald Campbell, 1783.

§ *Wellington Despatches.*

‖ Stocqueler.

¶ "Mr. Robert Grant in 1830 first brought forward a bill to enable Jews to sit in Parliament."—*Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury*, 1887, p. 387. "Robert Grant who rather failed a fortnight ago, recovered his power and most vigorously excited it, in an answer to North. Both were somewhat floored

the sluices and main drains * and singing his hymns on the battlements of Purandhar. Never mind; his hymns will be sung in Anglican cathedral and Methodist meeting-house when you and I are forgotten. Even Gerald Aungier, the first and



SIR JOSIAH CHILD.

greatest of our conscript fathers, the almost impeccable Aungier, is taken to task by the Rev. Mr. Anderson of Kolaba as if his religious phraseology savoured of insincerity. O thou Aungier, be not righteous overmuch.†

on this occasion; Grant was the most argumentative if not quite so orderly and magnificent as his antagonist."—Sir James Mackintosh, March 8, 1831.

* *Oriental Christian Spectator*, 1838, and see *infra*, p. 111.

† Anderson's *Western India*, 202. "Rev. Philip Anderson, buried in Kolaba Churchyard, 1851, 'very high church.'"—Dr. Hewlett, Sanitary Commissioner, who knew him (1887).

RELIGIOUS.

Now though Elphinstone was not charged with any of these things, he was not allowed to leave Bombay unscathed. And it must be confessed that there was something about his clear, mirror-like mind that attracted the basilisk eye and breath of detraction.

"A breath may make it as a breath hath made."

So one fine morning, when his sky seemed perfectly unclouded, a little speck, no bigger than a man's hand, appeared on the horizon, and the words "doubter, sceptic, and unbeliever" were whispered by a field officer—and printed. It so happened that in 1825, shortly before his death, Bishop Heber was guest, in Bombay for two months, of Mountstuart Elphinstone. He it was who sang—

"From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
The land from error's chain."

And this was one of the errors he sought to deliver the land from. He left on record that in all essential points Elphinstone's views were doctrinally correct, and that he had done more for Christianity than any other Governor had ever attempted. It was of little avail where most needed. Thirty-three years after this, when Elphinstone died, an eminent journalist * in London wrote: "His life closed in philosophic beauty and Christian repose." The editor of the journal in which it appeared was taken to task, and the whole question had to be gone into *de novo*. There is an Apostolical succession, and though Bishop Heber was dead, Dr. Wilson was alive; and when in 1860 he appeared before the Asiatic Society in Bombay with a paper on Elphinstone and his services, he took good care to tell his hearers that Elphinstone's respect for religion was exactly as intimated by Bishop Heber,† and mentioned by the

* William Jerdan.

† April 19, 1827.—"I have a Church Bible which I can read at night, and do read with pleasure."

April 26, 1827.—"I find I can read my Bible by candlelight, which is an immense point gained." Extracts from his Diary.—*Life*, vol. ii., p. 197.

way that he had been a contributor to the Bible Society, was a friend to the Scottish Mission, and on several occasions had granted plots of land to the Americans—the Doctor adds—"as shown in their annual reports." But why do we speak of such things? Were not the same tactics employed by a coterie in Edinburgh in 1868, in the case of the removal of a renowned principal from Poona, and when the appeal was made to Bombay, wisdom was justified of her children? And did not the same old man whose bones now lie in our Scotch kirkyard again raise his right arm, and by one telegram silence for ever the tongues of the malefactors, and vindicate the cause of truth and righteousness? *

CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If Elphinstone had been a Roman, he would have been the Marcus Aurelius of our school days, something of the soldier, much of the student, and a great deal of the stoic. Did not the Duke of Wellington, after witnessing his bearing at the battle of Assaye, tell him that he had mistaken his profession and ought to have been a soldier? When Baji Rao, from his palace window at Parbati, saw the last of the Marathas disappear behind the hills of Ganesh Khind, he knew whose was the hand that caused their disappearance. No one could guess that under such a mild exterior there was concealed so much firmness and determination. But it was there. When Commissioner at Poona, a conspiracy was detected, consisting of Brahmans and the most desperate of the military class. Elphinstone immediately blew away the ringleaders from the guns. Sir Evan Nepean was then Governor of Bombay, and, alarmed at his hardihood, advised him strongly to ask the Governor-General for an Act of Indemnity, which he indignantly rejected. "If I have done wrong I ought to be punished; if I have done right, I don't want any Acts of Indemnity." He had some terrible nights at Poona—the memory of one still remains. And we have the

* Sir Alexander Grant, late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, died December 2nd, 1884.—See *Quasi Cursores*. (Edin. 1885).—B.

words of the great Canning that, where other master-minds failed, he foiled the chicanery and machinations of Baji Bao at every hand.

When he arrived in England, he tells us with characteristic humility that, when in conversation with the men of his day, he invariably soon found himself out of his depth, and to remedy this he would retire for several months at a time to a roadside inn and pursue his studies with all the ardour and perseverance of a young scholar. Long ere this he was familiar with Persian and Hindustani, French and Italian, and with Latin, and when over fifty he perfected himself in Greek.

One fact ought not to be omitted in his Indian days: his devotion to horsemanship and the chase. He had but one pace, and that was a hand gallop, and, like some other Governors, had a bad fall and broke his collar-bone. He became an active member of the Poona Hunt, and was often seen among a group of eager sportsmen in the grey of the morning after the jackal. But pig was his delight. The wild boar of Scotland had been displayed on the armorial bearings * of the Elphinstones ages before the name of India had been heard in the Caledonian forests. So his ancestors having sworn a feud against the gruesome beast, he transferred it from the banks of the Carron to the Muta Mula, and went at him with a will.

> "The bristly boar
> In infant gore
> Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

He had always a native shikaree in his camp, and whenever he bronght *khabar* Elphinstone proclaimed a holiday, and it was not his fault if he had not the first spear. A young dragoon—Cooper—was much chagrined that he could not take a spear. Elphinstone mounted him on one of his best horses, which laid the young soldier alongside the hog, and he delivered his spear. "You have won your spurs nobly," said Elphinstone, and made him a present of the horse. And we have seen somewhere that in old age at Hookwood, when his eye was dim and his natural

* Argent, a chevron sable, between three boars' heads, erased gules, armed of the field, and langued azure.—B.

force abated, the presence of a friend from India would kindle him into animation over some old, old story of "the boar, the boar, the mighty boar." In Bombay we are told that though he was surrounded by young men he never suffered the slightest indecorum, and if any one after dinner indulged in a *double entendre* he would not say anything, but pushing back his chair, broke up the party. He left the bulk of his moderate fortune to his nephew, Lord Elphinstone, who survived him only a few months. They were both buried at Limpsfield in Surrey.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

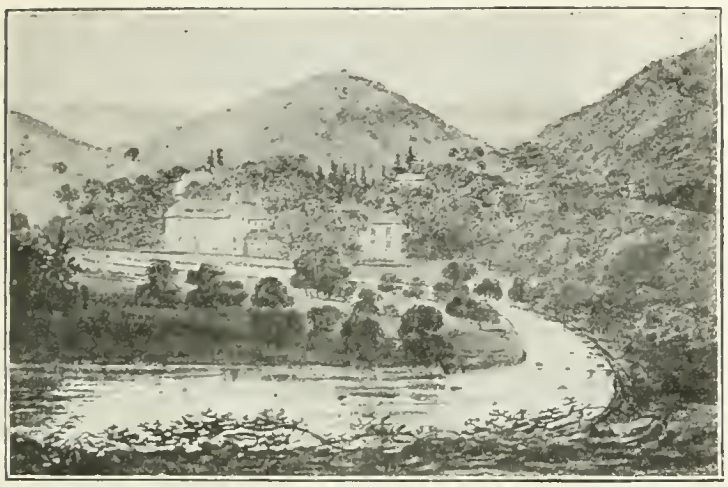
No man has so peculiarly identified himself, and for so long a time, with the history of Western India. Elphinstone was in Poona in 1802, the year after Baji Rao put to death Vithoji, the brother of Holkar, by dragging him at the foot of an elephant, and he was in full possession of his faculties when in 1858 he heard from his nephew, Lord Elphinstone, an account of the Indian Mutiny. He was present at Bassein in 1802 at the signing of the famous treaty.* He went through the whole campaign of 1803 with the Duke: Ahmadnagar, Gawilgarh, Argaum, and Assaye. He it was in 1808 who first brought to Europe the knowledge of Afghanistan—that country which has twice during the last forty years shrouded so many families in gloom and sorrow. As Commissioner in Poona (1810 to 1817), he foiled the machinations of Baji Rao, and where Malcolm was hoodwinked, tore away the mask and revealed the enemy of England. He was not terrified by seeing his house, the English Residency at the Sangam, in flames, his library and everything he had except the clothes on his back burned to ashes. He emerged a hero from the glare of the conflagration, and history has blazoned the name of Khirki on his shield of arms. He settled the Dekhan. When he first came to Poona the province was overrun by banditti, and the land around its suburbs could not be let for rent. Look at it now. In 1821 the President was able to write of his Government:

* "Shortly thereafter he paid a visit to Belvidere, Bombay, in 1802."—Colebrooke's *Elphinstone*, 1884.

"It has repelled predatory invasion, restrained intestine disorder, administered equal and impartial justice, and has almost extirpated every branch of exaction and oppression." * His Government of Bombay (1819 to 1827) was nearly faultless; his efforts for the education of the natives can never be forgotten, for even should the two great structures which bear his name in Bombay crumble to dust by the decay of time or by human or elemental violence, his name will remain as that of a great, a just, and a true Governor, who was content to do the work of a part, when the Government of the whole of India lay before him, and who, with the peerage of England within his reach, preferred to live and die an untitled scion of the nobility of Scotland.† His statue is placed in St. Paul's, where lie the bones of his great friend and master, the Duke of Wellington.

* *Minute on Khandesh.*

† On one occasion Carlyle dined with us to meet Mountstuart Elphinstone, and it was interesting to note how two men of such different antecedents fraternised on the spot, each recognising the noble qualities of the other. Carlyle spoke the broadest Annandale dialect and was very blunt in manner. His laugh was quite infectious, it was such a gen al roar. Mr. Elphinstone told Carlyle the story of Mahmud of Ghazni, paying the famous poet Ferdausi for the labour of thirty years in writing the Shah Nameh, with a sackful of coppers. Carlyle expressed vehement contempt, laughed heartily at his own wrath, and then asked—"Is this Ferdausi dead?"—Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, *Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life*, 1884.



BURNFOOT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Sir John Malcolm.

PRELIMINARY.

The time has now come when the fame of Sir John Malcolm must rest upon books, either books written by himself or the records that remain of his life and doings. There may be still men in Bombay who remember him, and the *sough* of him may still be heard.* But tradition is an uncertain monitor, and must soon give up the ghost, leaving us to fall back on the written letter that remaineth. At Mahabaleshwar, the loved names of Charlotte, Amelia, Kate and Olympia, wife and

* Mr. S. S. Bengallee, C.I.E., relates that it is still a custom for people in Bombay from up-country, to tie a string round the arm of their child to ward off evil spirits. This thread is called "Malcolm Dora."—Aug. 14th, 1890.

daughters, have been written by Malcolm on the everlasting hills, and his noble statue still looks down upon us as we enter the portals of the Asiatic Society. But these memorials are local and perishable. Chantrey deals with the outer framework of the man, and a magnificent framework it is, leaving untouched the story of his life. Where Chantrey ends History begins, and the divine chisel shapes the block from Burnfoot into a glorious body, not indeed without spot or wrinkle, but beyond the power of marble to express or delineate.

CALF COUNTRY.

"Noo, Jock, my man, be sure whan you're awa, ye kaim yer heid and keip yer face clean. If ye dinna, ye'll jist be sent back agen." Thus moralised his old nurse, while combing his hair for the last time ere he left Burnfoot.* He remembered the words, didn't he?—aye for many a day retailed at camp fires, from Madras to Isfahan, where "the laugh was ready chorus." There is a world of hard philosophy in the old crone's observations, and it is not for nothing the Scot's "hame coming" is here shorn of its attractions. To George and Margaret Malcolm ten sons † and seven daughters were born. The young birds were in fact kicking each other over the nest, and an additional one was given by the old nurse, beyond anything all the schools could hammer into him, to wit, that his days of *neiving* trouts in the Esk were at an end, and he must now go and do for himself. And she combed his hair to some purpose. It is out of such rough schooling that many Scotch heroes in India have been manufactured. Bear witness

* "Burnfoot is the name of a farm-house on the Buccleuch estate, not far from Langholm, where the late Sir John Malcolm and his distinguished brothers were born. Their grandfather had, I believe, found refuge there after forfeiting a good estate and an ancient baronetcy in the *affair* of 1715. A monument to the gallant General's memory has recently been erected near the spot of his birth."—Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*, v. 23.

† Of these, four became Knights, Charles, John, Peregrine and Pulteney, and they all met together once in India. John was barely fourteen years of age when appointed to India, April 1763.

"There died, not many years since, a small sheep-farmer in Dumfriesshire, who lived to see his three sons, a general, an admiral, and an ambassador, and all knights, seated around his table."—*World*, April 8, 1885.

Baird,* Monro, and last but not least Colin Campbell of Clyde. Gash, douce, prudent woman, may your race be long continued,



MRS. MALCOLM.

for God pity the country, when our Indian heroes are in the position of—"Story I have none to tell, sir." Jock was the

* "Baird, on the failure of Colonel Wellesley on the night attack on Seringapatam, when offered the next day the command of the attack on the Tope, agreed with Lord Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, that it would be but fair to give the Colonel another trial. He got it, and succeeded."—Alison's *History*, vol. vii., cap. 49.

worst boy in the school, and there never was a row but the teacher observed, "Jock's at the bottom of it." Malcolm remembered this, and the story goes that when he published his history of Persia, he sent a copy to his old teacher, Archibald Graham, writing on the fly leaf, "Jock's at the bottom of it!" A portrait of Malcolm's mother in the Royal Academy a few years ago attracted much attention, and according to the *Times'* Art Critic she looked in every way a mother of heroes.

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN.

I have seen a story of the return of two of the brothers to Burnfoot after they had made a name in the world. It was a fine summer afternoon, and they were posting hard down the rough Langholm road. Suddenly a glimpse reveals to them their old home, with two elderly sisters sitting at the gate and knitting their stocking in the drowsy sunshine. A river lay between them, and it was a mile to the bridge. Heavily accoutred as they were, they dashed through the stream and were soon hugging their sisters.

> "Oh gear will buy me rigs and land,
> Oh gear will buy me sheep and kye,
> But the tender heart o' leesome love
> The gowd and siller canna buy."

Malcolm "did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," and did not tell this story to every one, but he had another favourite which will rejoice the heart of the Anglo-Indian and is worthy of Dean Ramsay. A brother-officer came back to Edinburgh after twenty years' service in India. His arrival was unexpected, so mounting to the residence of his aunts, *a flat*, he introduced himself *sans ceremonie*, and found the two at a game of draughts, just as he had left them on his departure, to whom his first greeting was—"What! Have you not finished that game yet?"

He was thus a man of infinite humour, and brimful of gaiety and anecdote, his company greatly sought after, and the life and soul of every social gathering. In early life he drank fairly well, but he is no example in this to the present generation, as

he was of prodigious size, not corpulent, but capable of stowing away drinks of sorts with impunity. What his favourite drink was in early manhood in Bombay I have no means of knowing. This I can aver, that Cape and Madeira were extensively used,



SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

and whisky was unknown. That he was merry, rollicking, even boisterous, we gather from Mackintosh, and a "Malcolm row" was not uncommon. This was in Bombay; but even in Paris he himself writes, "I was tipsy." This we don't believe,

and are rather inclined to think that it is conclusive evidence against the assertion. It is no doubt a case

> "We are na fou, we are na fou,
> But just a drappie in oor ee."

He was "na fou, but just had plenty." However, Malcolm was a man that did not need drink to make him merry. In the tent and field, when floored with fatigue or half-smothered with the *stour* and grime of battle, or amid burning heat, cholera, and other depressing influences, beleaguering Asirgarh, a quiet joke or vigorous sally from him would raise the drooping spirits of his companions in arms, and make them cheerful for the day or night. With Malcolm existence in India was not only endurable but delightful, and men soon began to find this out. The Duke of Wellington averred that there was scarcely a good-tempered man in India. It was "the cloimate," no doubt of it, and we presume he excepted himself. So it was thus that among a lot of atrabilious men at Seringapatam he soon discovered that Malcolm could put to flight the demon of dulness. Humanly speaking, it is the one thing needful in India to soldier and civilian alike. Even the *medico* and *padre* are not exempt, for they are nothing unless they brighten this world or the next. The jocular may co-exist with the serious, and if Norman Macleod had been a soldier he would have been a Malcolm. Here is an illustration: Henry Martyn, the missionary, came to Bombay in 1811. Though he was vulgarly called "the saint," he was not allowed to pass through the city unnoticed to death or martyrdom. Instead of being relegated to the back slums to munch *chapatis* in solitude, his conversations with Mackintosh and Elphinstone, such of them as have been preserved, furnish most pregnant material for thought. Malcolm, amid all his work, had time to write a letter of introduction for him to Sir Gore Ouseley, our ambassador at the Court of Persia. It says little, but head and heart, Malcolm and Missionary, are equally honoured thereby.*

* Letter dated February, 1811.—"I am satisfied that if you ever see him you will be pleased with him. He will give you grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's name in vain, but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party." (*Ante*, p. 38).

IN PARIS.

Malcolm went to Paris in 1815 by invitation of the Duke of Wellington. He knew him and did not require the invitation: in fact, Malcolm introduced his friends to the Duke. Emperors



HENRY MARTYN.

(From the Portrait belonging to the Church Missionary Society.)

were thick as blackberries, and Malcolm was in his glory. He was then 44, so that it was not exactly a case of "Youth in the prow and pleasure at the helm." He had two months of reviews

(150,000 men), balls, operas, concerts. *Rouge et noire* mulcted him eight napoleons at one sitting. Next night he lost nothing. We had thought that Belvidere and Non-Parel had finished his card fancies. But the old Bombay Adam breaks out in Paris.

The Duke: "Ah! Malcolm, delighted to see you," voice and manner, everything the same. He dined about a dozen times with the Duke, and sometimes sat next him talking of "battle, murder, and sudden death." "It was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest," said the Duke. He drove with the Duke in his gig. Like the Prince of Wales in Bombay, the Duke was the fastest driver in Paris. No necks were broken. A few Hindustani words would occasionally creep into the conversation after dinner, and Malcolm would jocularly ask the Duke if he was a *Lutiwala*, or, comparing notes on Talleyrand, find a resemblance to some old scoundrel or *killadar* in Dekhani fort, which set them a-laughing. "Not nearly so clever," said the Duke. At first Malcolm found himself deficient in French, but by the assistance of a master every morning he, in ten days, to use his own words, "became quite fluent in French after a bottle and a half of champagne, and was able to recount as many anecdotes as any of them." This was among the French and Continentals. How the Scotch stories fared at his hands in the process of translation we have no means of knowing. We trust that no dark grey man hailing from the north, but hirsute and in Parisian garments—as in Dr. Chalmers's case when he had just emerged a full-blown member of the Institute of France, and was airing his eloquence—fired across the *table d'hôte*—"I think, sir, if ye jist speik in braid Scotch, we'll a' understan ye a wee better." But joking apart, his powers of application were prodigious. How it came to pass that a Scotch farmer's son in the end of the eighteenth century, who left school at the age of 11, with some eighteen months of academy in London afterwards, should be able to fit himself out in ten days to hold philosophical conversations in French with Humboldt, Volney, Denon, and Silvestre de Sacy, is more than we can comprehend. The secret, perhaps, lies in one sentence in his *Life of Clive*, where he speaks of *that self-education which after all is of all educations the most important.* Sir Walter Scott * and

Sir James Mackintosh were in Paris at this time: the latter spoke French uncommonly well. We may add that the high living in Paris had its usual effect on Malcolm. He became plethoric and required to be bled.

A BIG DAY.

But leaving balls and pleasure-houses, let us contemplate Malcolm in a different aspect and with different surroundings, and on a day, as the saying is, "big with the fate of nations." Malcolm had many red-letter days, but this was one that brought out the supreme character of the man, and roused into action its latent wisdom and courage. He always set great store on this day, and the memory of it was sweet to him in after years, for he was brought face to face with a great difficulty with which he had to wrestle without reference to his superiors. That day was the 2nd June, 1818, a natal day for Western India, and on which she may well set up the white stone of her liberties. He was then at Kheri Ghat, about thirty miles from Asirgarh.

Events had been hurrying on with unexampled rapidity, and the Maratha Empire was in the throes of dissolution. That Empire had been founded by the indomitable pluck of Sivaji, and its limits extended far and wide, so that a successor made the boast that he had watered the horses of the Dekhan in the Hugli. And it was no idle boast. But corruption had long ago settled down upon it. And had one-tenth of the energy of Sivaji been displayed in defending them, the forts of the Dekhan would not have fallen before us like the walls of Jericho,† and a new chapter been added to the History of India. Baji Rao, the last of the Peshwas, for twenty years had been wearying out the lives of our great generals and statesmen by endless intrigue and duplicity. He had wearied Wellington, and he had wearied Elphinstone and Malcolm. He was to

* Malcolm introduced Scott to Wellington at this time. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (ed. 1839), vol. v, p. 82.—B.

† "Thirty fortresses, each of which, with a Sivaji as a master, would have defied the whole Indian Army, fell unresistingly in a few weeks."—Lake's *Sieges of the Madras Army*, 1825.

weary us no more. A mandate issued from the camp of Malcolm, that he was to resign for himself and his successors for ever all right and title to the government of Poona, in one day leave for Hindustan, and that if in twenty-four hours he did not present himself in the camp of Malcolm, he and his followers in arms would be put to the edge of the sword.*

He came, and we all know the rest. It would be no compliment to the understanding of our readers if we sat down and leisurely detailedwhat Baji Rao's Government was in 1818, and what the state of the country now is in 1891. He who runs may read, and he who sits still may read also, if he is of a doubting mind, in the Ratnagiri section of Mr. Campbell's *Bombay Gazetteer*, a chapter illustrating the infamies of Baji Rao's rural administration. Suffice it to say that as soon as he left for Benares, Dekhan and Konkan breathed freely almost for the first time in their history, and the country set out like a giant in a new race of existence. The land rested from the torments of tyranny and oppression. Life and property became clothed with the habiliments of respect—we mean the respect that a man hath for himself, and that which he oweth to his neighbour, instead of making him a mark for robbery or murder. Henceforward the pathway of Western India was to be no longer through the jungle, on the track of wild beasts and wilder men, but on the broad highway which leads to security and civilisation.†

DINNER TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

In 1832 a dinner was given in Edinburgh Freemasons' Hall, and 200 persons were present. Again Malcolm is on the crest of the wave and takes the chair. It was a great night for Scotland. The sons of Burns were there, Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, Galt the novelist, Basil Hall, Lord Mahon, Vice-Chancellor

* Grant Duff's *History*, iii, p. 475f.; Blacker's *Memoir of the Maratha War*, p. 366.—B.

† "It is a proud phrase to use, but it is a true one, that we have bestowed blessings upon millions. The ploughman is again in every quarter, turning up a soil which for many seasons had never been stirred except by the hoofs of predatory cavalry."—Lord Hastings, February, 1819.

Sir John Stewart, and, a greater than he, Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England. Everything passed off magnificently without a hitch. The Shepherd was seen late in the evening in his element ladling out whisky toddy to all and sundry from Burns' Punch Bowl, lent for the occasion by Mr. Hastie, member for Paisley.

GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

In 1828 Sir John Malcolm became Governor of Bombay, and the question arises, why did he accept the office? He was worthy of it, and Bombay was proud to have him. He it was that thought that the Bay of Naples in natural beauty was not so striking as the harbour of Bombay, and that it vied with Corfu and the Albanian hills. But it must be remembered that Malcolm was now 59 years of age. Men have no doubt done wonderful things after 59: witness Napier at Miani, and Colin Campbell leading the final assault on Lucknow.* These sons of Mars were in their element, and Malcolm in Bombay in 1828 we have come to think was a little out of it. "I was a fool for coming to India, and this I have showed every day since I landed." So he did, and it is with a feeling of pain that we read in Sir John Kaye's memoir of him, that he accepted the Bombay post as a stepping-stone to the Viceroyalty of India.†

There is a tradition that on one of the outlying boulders which jut into Loch Lomond, a Highland laird, with rod, line, and clip, managed to land in one morning ninety-nine salmon, and that though he fished all day and far into the evening he could not make up the even number.

It is the evening of a long day, and Malcolm still threshes the water after having filled the creel of a giant. So he comes to Bombay—not the old Bombay of Wellington and Mackintosh, I ween, but a Bombay full of judges, writs of *Habeas Corpus*, and worries of all sorts: tear and wear of body and brain, for though both were framed on a gigantic model, the drafts made on them were unusual and incessant, and not to be recouped by any amount of pig-sticking or riding cross country in Kachh

* Pompey at 58 fought and lost the Battle of Pharsalia.

† I am quite unaware of Kaye's authority for this statement.

and Kathiawar. There was no longer the sound of revelry at Parel, but an endless decoction of tea and coffee administered six days in the week to a discerning public. For one thing, he had to do with a most disagreeable subject, the reduction of salaries. A man that takes retrenchment in hand has not his sorrows to seek.

"I drink no wine," writes he.* Melancholy admission, the days of high jinks are gone, wit banished and mirth nowhere; nothing but an endless caterwauling which followed him to Panwel, up the Ghats, past Poona, beyond Wai, till the nethermost summit of Mahabaleshwar was reached, where a statue of retrenchment in the shape of some attenuated official ogled him at the gate of his bungalow. How could he drink wine under such circumstances? The wonder is that he survived the ordeal, and we are certainly not surprised to find one fine morning ere his tenure of office is half expired that he chucks up the whole affair. Better for himself that he had never had anything to do with it.

There is an illustration ready to our hand as to how this Bombay Governorship was dealt with by Mountstuart Elphinstone, the immediate predecessor of Malcolm.

He was not inferior to Malcolm in intellect, not second to him in administrative ability, and yet he refused twice the Viceroyalty of India. Did he suffer by the refusal? On the contrary, the story adds fresh lustre to his fame and grows brighter by repetition. No feverish ambition or restless anxiety darkened the brow of Elphinstone.

> "Silent he moves, majestically slow,
> Like ebbing Nile or Ganges in his flow."

Greater in this than Malcolm, greatest if you will of all the Bombay Governors, but measured even by a wider scale

* In the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, there is a book of poems by Sir John Malcolm, printed in 1828, *Scenes of War and other Poems*, by Sir John Malcolm; and on the title page is inscribed this suggestive verse:—

> "I gave my harp to sorrow's hand
> And she hath ruled the chords so long
> They will not speak at my command,
> They warble only to her song."—*Montgomery.*

Elphinstone stands single and alone among the most illustrious Indian statesmen as the one man whom Viceroyalty, the Peerage, and Parliamentary honours solicited in vain. His resolute modesty mocks the courage of worldly ambition, and the feeble health which is said to have dictated it, enabled him by care, contentment, and patience to live to a patriarchal age, for he came to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, ere a single ear had been withered by the touch of time or the blighting curse of envy.*

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

This was the era of economy and retrenchment in Bombay, and to everybody connected with Government it must have been a dreadful time, for there was no discharge in that warfare. The measures were necessary, and doubtless Malcolm had his instructions, but I have never heard that he was a man of figures, or had any special aptitude that way. Clearly Malcolm's vocation was to deal with men of increasing not decreasing incomes. It turns his fine spirits into gall. In the clipping process his shears were co-extensive with the Presidency, and he took a hard grip of every man in it, so much so that he actually left Bombay under the idea that he had saved it forty lakhs during his three years' tenure of office. From the resumption of salaries that took place after his departure, we do not doubt that he was merely pumping water out of one part of the ship and that it was coming or would come back somewhere else. There seems to have been too much of the square and rule about this business, as is generally the case of statistical surveys of what the lives and bodies of men can be furnished at. In this roughshod way you can get over a good deal of ground, but the question arises, does it pay in the long

* "I have always looked on Munro and Metcalfe as our best men. Perhaps I wrong Elphinstone, but I have never understood why he stands so high as he does, though, undoubtedly, he too is an able fellow. I hope you will turn out Malcolm a proper fellow, but I have been accustomed to consider him a clever fortunate humbug. He must have been more, or he would not have held the place he did with Wellesley, Wellington, Munro and other great men."—Sir Henry Lawrence (1854), *familiar letter to Sir John Kaye.*

run? Had he confined himself to reduction of forces in the field so lately, or in rectifying glaring abuses, the howl of indignation would not have been so marked. But when European officers were asked to give up half their tent allowance, estimate Rs. 70,000, and the three members of the Medical Board each Rs. 9,570, Medical Storekeeper Rs. 6,000, it became beyond a joke. He was a great advocate apparently of the Scotch proverb that "every little maks a mickle," for he actually embodies in the list of items which swell up the amount of forty lakhs, and which was transmitted to the Governor-General, a reduction in the gram rations of the mules in Kachh from 7½ lbs. —their daily allowance—to 5 lbs., Rs. 10,000 saved out of dhuly-bearers and camel-drivers, and two peons at Sion Causeway, whose united earnings now eliminated effect an increment of Rs. 140 per annum! Some of his reductions were no doubt perfectly proper, *i.e.*, that of Inspector of Dekhani Forts, though we can testify that the office is a most laborious one: sending the elephants back to Bengal where they came from; 10 copies subscription, substituted for 20 of the *Bombay Sammachar*.

The Town Hall at this time being nearly finished was a perfect God-send to him. Lath and plaster soon dry in this country, and great was the evacuation of Government servants from their bungalows into those new quarters. All no doubt most wise and proper, but when we read that Grafton and Jervis' survey of the Dekhan and the Southern Konkan was discontinued, that the Lunatic Asylum figures for Rs. 600, that by giving up sword exercise and blank cartridge at annual reviews (this statement is supported by the Commander-in-Chief) a saving is effected of Rs. 35,000, and finally that the Government allowance for turf plates to be run by country horses in Gujarat and the Dekhan is abolished, "our notions of vice and virtue are shaken to their foundations, and our reliance upon truth and duty at an end for ever." No wonder there was a dinner once a month only at Parel during these very cold seasons, of which it could not be said—

> "'Twas merry in the hall,
> And the beards wagg'd all,"

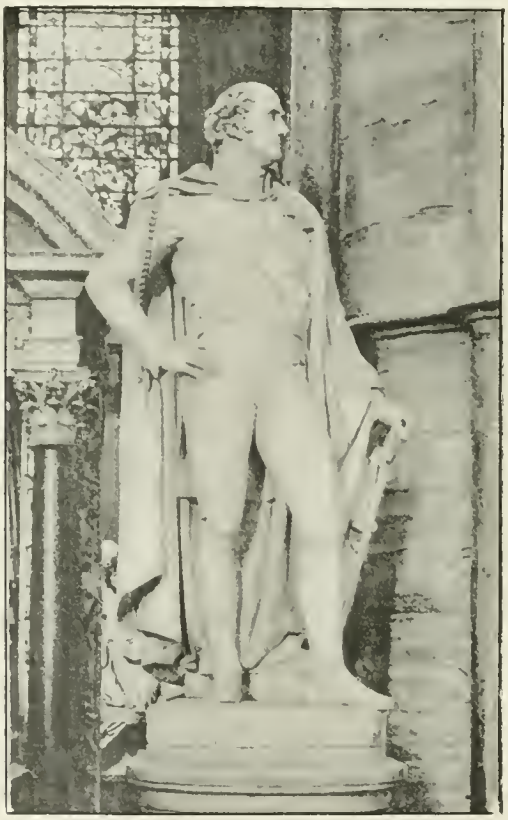
for the baked meats not seldom furnished the funeral rites of some unfortunate, and the guests over whose heads the wand of retrenchment had passed no longer saw in the Knight of Burnfoot the joyous reveller of 1804–11, but a gryphon, stern and inexorable, standing with a roll of the names of those whose blood had been shed between his teeth. It would have been well for Malcolm and well for posterity if he had initiated his economical notions somewhat earlier in the day, say at Kheri Ghat, when he committed the Government to make Baji Rao an annual payment of 800,000 Sicca Rupees, which at the then exchange of 2*s.* 6*d.* amounted to £100,000 sterling.*

VI ET ARMIS.

In addition to these measures, which affected so injuriously the condition of man and beast, a strange epidemic seized the Governor and judges of the island: whether it was imported from Scotland or indigenous is unknown. It was only skin-deep and cutaneous at first, but broke out into such an astonishing degree of inflammation as to defy the wisest doctors of the State. It killed two judges in two months—Sir Edward West and Sir Charles Chambers. It closed the doors of the High Court of Bombay for two months. Justice is blind: she then became deaf and dumb, though there never was so much to hear or talk about in Bombay, and it was then the naughty girl threw away her scales. It was all about a little boy at Poona—Moro Raghunath. The judges wanted him in Bombay—to try Sir John Malcolm's new road down the Ghats. The Governor would not have this, and the more the judges said yes, he said no. Let him alone. He was good for fancy balls, and that sort of thing. So they set at it hammer and tongs. At first the tourney between the two Scotch knights—Sir John Malcolm and Sir John Peter Grant—was amusing, but after the words "within these walls we own no equal and no superior but God and the King" were uttered, the ladies in opposite

* "Malcolm is now always sneered at for the liberality of his terms to Baji Rao, but Munro, ignorant of all particulars, thought he was quite right. And so he was, if, as is likely, the capitulation saved a siege of Asirgarh or another occasion of predatory war."—Sir Henry Lawrence to Sir John Kaye, 1854.

phalanxes ceased to bow to each other. After this the deluge. It was in vain that Malcolm wandered among the ruins of Bijapur, or fled to Mahabaleshwar to write letters to Sir Walter Scott. No amount of legendary lore would do away with it. In vain Lord Ellenborough wrote :—" I am sending you a new



SIR JOHN MALCOLM.
(*From the statue by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey.*)

bishop." A new bishop ? The Pope of Rome could not settle it. The only cure was to scatter the byke. So a few months afterwards we find Sir John Malcolm ploughing his way up the Red Sea, in the " Hugh Lindsay," that pioneer of steam naviga-

tion in these waters, writing enormous despatches to prove that he was right and everybody was wrong. And Sir John Peter Grant went to Calcutta.*

So ends the story of "*The Barrin of oor door, weel!*"

PERSON.

Sir John Malcolm when in his prime was the finest looking man in Bombay. He was nearly six feet and a half in height, proportionate and well built, and so muscular as to astonish some of the most powerful carrying natives of Bushir when he took a pipe of wine on his back up the stairs of the Residency. At sixty he was good at the spear, and I observe thirty-two hogs fell to his party in two days in Gujarat. He had a fine frank open countenance and Shakesperean forehead, and his manner in youth and early manhood was exceedingly genial.† His wife also was fine looking. They were indeed a splendid couple. When he took Lady Malcolm to the Langholm district—happening to be in an hostelrie, the landlady, some old acquaintance of the Burnfoot family, whispered quietly into his ear, "Weel, Sir John, ye've got a top hizzie." But *rus aut urbs* it was all the same. William Jerdan tells us the beauty of Lady Malcolm struck the eye of the beholder in Hyde Park, and inspired some of the sparkling verses of Praed.

CONCLUSION.

Malcolm is now near the end of his journey. He goes home in 1830, writes books, and the Duke tells him that though he were an angel from heaven, nobody will listen to him. And yet—I will arise and go to my native boroughs, solicit their suffrages and represent them in Parliament. The native boroughs,

* "On leaving Bombay his carriage was drawn by the natives. He died on his way home from Calcutta, and was buried at sea, May 17th, 1848. His portrait, taken in Calcutta and subscribed for in Bombay, now hangs in the High Court of Bombay. It was refused a place by the Chief Justice of the day, and after lying in the hands of the family of the late Jijibhai Dadabhai, has now been presented by his grandson after fifty years."—*Bombay Gazette*, May 27th, 1885.

† Canning dubbed him *Bahadur Jah*, and Sir Walter Scott follows suit in his *Journal*, vol. i., p. 308.

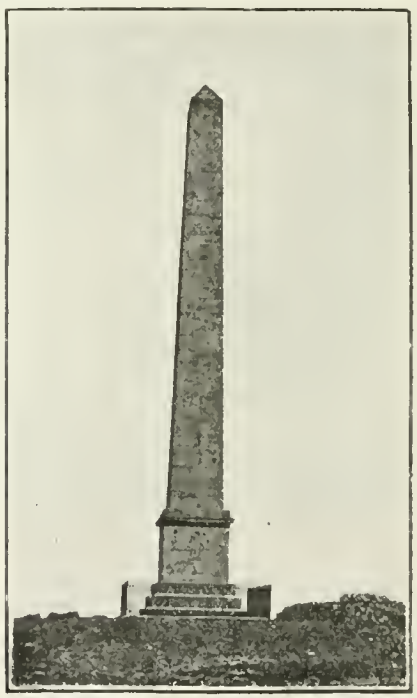
Dumfries, Annan, and the like, would have none of him, no Conservative, no friend of the Duke of Wellington.

The same event happens every day, the same experience followed by the same result, lessons on the vanity of human wishes written on the sands of time, and of which the lives of great men all remind us.

It is the pace that kills, and it is thus that we see, during the last six years of his life, Malcolm the unconscious instrument of his own destruction.

He died on the 30th May, 1833,* at the age of sixty-four, and on the same day his house of Warfield was completed and ready for occupation.

* See Sir W. Scott's *Journal*, ii., 423.



MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM,
ON LANGHOLM HILL.



AT THE AGE OF 10.

CHAPTER XL.

Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.

"Draw me not without cause—sheathe me not without honour."—*Inscription on his father's sword, which he wore at the Bombay Banquet*, 1851.*

There is no presumption surely in endeavouring to keep alive the spirit and acts of a great man who won distinction in

* "This very day fifty-seven years ago I received my commission as an ensign and girded on this sword, my father's sword, which has for these long years hung at my side."—*Speech at Bombay Banquet in* 1851. Sir Erskine Perry and Sir William Yardley presided.

Western India. We claim Sir Charles Napier as a Bombay man. When he came to India he landed at Bombay, and when he took his final departure it was from Bombay he sailed away. Moreover, he commanded a Bombay army in Poona. In Sind he said, "I am a Bombay general commanding Bombay troops;" and again, "I feel fearless of an enemy at the head of Bombay troops;" and again, "With the Bombay soldiers of Miani and Hyderabad I could walk through all lands. They are active, daring, hardy chaps, worthy of Sivaji himself." Nor need we feel embarrassed because of the mighty bickerings which once gathered round the name of Napier in Bombay. All memory of them has died away, and they are nearly a sealed book to the present generation. Time is a great purifier, for we feel as if we had no concern with the actors in these fierce hostilities.

It is sufficient for us that Sir Charles Napier has long since emerged from the dross of dismal contentions, in full panoply, the first warrior of his age and the deliverer of Sind. He was born at Whitehall, London, 1782, a grandson by the mother's side of the Duke of Richmond, fought the battle of Miani, 17th February, 1843, and died 1853. His last public appearance was at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, where he was a pall-bearer. He there caught a cold, from which he never recovered.* He was a small bodied man, in height, girth, and weight, but wiry and so muscular that in early life he could hold out a musket at arm's length by the muzzle. He wore his hair long. He had dark lustrous eyes; was short-sighted, in India used goggles; and was exceedingly afraid of blindness coming upon him, and owing to his weakness of vision found himself, especially in action, at a terrible disadvantage. He describes himself as thin, sharp, and black, which is all true. On leaving India he said, "I hope I may not be among the ghosts of the Red Sea; as I am so like Moses, Pharaoh would shout, 'We have him at last,' and fall on me tooth and nail." In his last days he writes, "Tell the lady who wants so much to see me that she must catch a mouse, let it look out of an oakum bag, and she has my

* "Low voices were heard to say at the funeral, 'The next in genius stood by the bier'; 'That eagle face, that bold strong eye,' and felt that there was still a mighty man of battle before them."—*Times*, 1853.

portrait." * This is capital caricature. You could scarcely see his face for hair, from which his dark eyes peered out; and he had very few grey hairs even at seventy. His powers of endurance were wonderful. Bear in mind that the feats performed by him, selected by us at random, were done when he was over sixty, under the burning sun of Sind or the Dekhan. "At Poona I knocked off fifty-four miles in the heat I shall make a ride of forty-two miles after sundown to-night, which will make fifty-five miles for my day." *Ætat.* 62. "Came here last night very tired after a seventy-mile ride, but wrote my despatch before lying down. I rode from daybreak to daybreak, and falling asleep on my horse, I was awoke by his stopping." *Æt.* 63. "I have been on horseback from four in the morning till two in the afternoon; slept thirteen hours without turning a hair Our march of twenty-two miles ended at midday; I then slept under a tree, waiting baggage, and had breakfast at 2 p.m. Up at four; rode ten miles; breakfast at seven; *write, write, write* till five, when horse waits for me to review two regiments." *Æt.* 68. "In 1845 I rode a camel seventy-five miles without a halt, and I was fifteen hours a day on horseback for five days, with a flux upon me, in Kohat." In a wild devil-may-care letter which he writes to his mother, when a young man, he paints himself black enough: "Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and putting out the candle, all in a minute, I jumped into bed and lay there blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours until sleep came." And, again, he says, "Now for a dose of opium," a small one we presume, and not De Quincey's daily ration of 8000 drops of laudanum. But he left all these habits behind him in England

* In this connection the following, told us by an officer of the Royal Engineers, himself an excellent painter and connoisseur of the fine arts, has an amusing incident. This officer had a havildar who was long with Sir Charles Napier, and who almost worshipped him; and on seeing a very fine painting of Sir Charles he naturally thought it would gratify the havildar to have a look at the likeness of his old master. So he sent it to him, without telling him who it was. The havildar, failing to see in it the resemblance to anything human, asked on returning it, "Is that the picture of a cat?" The likeness was a fine one, but the havildar, a most intelligent native, had failed to perceive it! Mouse or mouser, no one, we may be sure, would have listened to this story with greater relish than Sir Charles Napier himself.

—except the praying and the perspiration, which he brought faithfully out to India, as we shall see further on.

A Scotch ditty runs—

> "Napier is a Peer, but nae Peer is he,
> Napier is a Peer, but how can that be?"

Everybody knows that Wellington and Napier were two very different men. So, for that matter, were their prototypes in a way, Agamemnon and Achilles; the one famous for dignity, power, and majesty, the other for chivalrous spirit, bravery, and unrelenting hatred. Wellington and Napier were different in the accident of their birth, their education, and the means by which each attained to the pinnacle of fame. The one by slow and painful steps reached it, and Wellington towers far above Napier, and indeed all his contemporaries. Wellington was thirty-four at Assaye, Napier sixty at Miani. The one was a Conservative, the other a Radical in theory, but practically a monarchist in politics: the one unpopular, the other popular in the army. That Wellington considered Napier the next best soldier to himself is evidenced by his words when Sir Charles was still hesitating about going to India in 1849—"If you don't, I must"—which settled the question; and what is known to all the world is this, that Wellington was a great political power in the State: he "stood four square to all the winds that blew;" whereas Napier held a secondary position in politics, if any at all.

But the points of resemblance are more numerous than the points of contrast. Both were of Irish descent, and both spent their earlier years on the banks of the Liffey. Both were men of war from their youth up. Both were eight years in India. Both were kind and merciful to the natives, and the beasts of burden did not suffer at their hands. Both were severe disciplinarians, but Wellington was the severer. "What is law for you is law for me;" and by this maxim the Duke abode; but in his later life the majesty of Napier could brook no submission unless it suited his purpose; and it was upon this very question of insubordination to the Governor-General that a link in the chain was broken that bound him to authority, and he drifted away from the Duke and from India. The distinction

in this respect between these two men, though a supreme one, is not worth discussing here, for Napier was altogether *sui generis*, a man not to be measured by other men. The God-given instincts of his nature had produced in him a form as complete of its kind as ever existed, and had he wanted these he would not have been Charles Napier. But to continue. Both were down upon the press, and with reason, for in the Bombay press, particularly in Napier's time, there was too much of the liberty of unlicensed printing. Both commanded in Poona, and both received magnificent banquets in Bombay on the eve of their departure, though each in his own time had once, if not oftener, used bad words on the Bombay Government, and had a good chance of being burned in effigy in Bombay itself. And here it may be observed that their action was entirely unfettered—to make peace or wage war in such manner as seemed best unto them ; and it is curious to note that Wellington transmitted to Napier nearly the same words which the Marquis of Wellesley, his brother, the then Governor-General of India, had despatched to himself forty years before,—leaving him very much to act according to his own discretion. No divided command therefore * damped the ardour or confounded the purposes of either ; no alternative authority ending in disgrace or abortive attempt to retrieve disaster, as in the history of the Afghan, and at least in one episode of the Crimean warfare.

Napier's character is altogether unique ; for dash, for pluck, for endurance, for self-denial, for courage, for a kind of ubiquity, he has never been surpassed by mortal man, and no king or crusader that ever stood sword in hand at the gates of Jerusalem hath ever excelled him. Long may such qualities be admired and possessed by us as a people, for it will be a woeful day for England and for India when men are not to be found to confront danger in the hour of need, exercise self-denial, or be bold and quickwitted enough to seize an emergency in the art of war, and convert even the numbers of an enemy into the instrument of its own defeat or destruction. The chairman of the Bombay banquet recalled to the memory of his hearers great names—Condé, Turenne, and Marlborough—but ere Napier's fame had

* Wellington's *Despatches* and Napier's *Life*.

reached its meridian it seemed as if history were incapable of furnishing material enough for comparison, and the field of animated nature was made to do duty with all the imagery of Oriental hyperbole. His goings forth were described as comely as the greyhound's, and in ambush he was as wily as the pard. Napier Singh was a lion, and his mother the mother of lions. He was an eagle, sometimes chained, too often, it must be admitted, for his own aspiration, but anon, when at liberty, swooping down with unerring aim on his victim. He was the war-horse of Scripture, pawing the valley, swallowing the ground in his rage, and saying Ha! Ha! as the sound of the trumpet broke upon his ear;* and in fine, to the Baluch and Pathan he was the brother of the devil, who could be at two places at one and the same time, to all of which he soliloquizes, "Charles Napier, Charles Napier, take heed of your ambition. Get thee behind me, Satan." But we may dismiss trope and metaphor with the fact that with 2000 men he defeated 35,000.

It is recorded that his future son-in-law, Montagu McMurdo,† returning from a single combat in which he had been engaged, presented himself to the commander of the forces. His hands

* "Here is a note of exultation. The feeling—that when battle comes on like a storm thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it, confident in your skill to direct them—is indescribable; it is greater than the feeling of gladness after victory. Oh, there is no pleasure in a battle beyond rejoicing that we have escaped being slain! But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it moves majestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon rolls loud and long amidst pealing shouts and musketry, then a man feels able for his work, and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy. There is no feeling equal to that exultation which makes men seek to become conquerors, if religion does not aid reason in holding it in check."—*Life*, vol. iii., 185 (1857).

"Some Affredees had gathered on a sugarloaf rock terminating a spur of the precipitous hills on our flank; this rock being close to the road, barred our progress. On the summit a warrior stood like Fuseli's picture of Satan, with legs wide apart, and arm high in air. Waving a sword and shaking a shield, he shouted and defied us. A young Artillery officer, Maister, laid his gun with a shell, and the flying death whizzing through the air, burst at the moment it struck the brave Affreedee; his head, his legs, his arms flew like radii from a centre, and a shout of exultation burst from the troops. The amusements of a field of battle are grim. Condemn not that shout. Life was played for in a rough game, and they who won naturally rejoiced; it is, however, a painful remembrance."—*Ib.*, 231.

† General Sir William Montagu Scott McMurdo, K.C.B., son of Col. A. McMurdo, of Lotus, Galloway, N.B., born 1819. Present at the unveiling of the Sir Bartle Frere statue on the Thames Embankment, June 1888.

were all dabbled with human gore, and his body laid open from the shoulder to the navel—absolutely ripped up—the style is forcible, but it is Napier's—but luckily for him he had cleft the skull of his Baluchi antagonist. Napier, as has been related to us by one now dead, constituting himself Knight of the Tourney, said, "Henceforth you are to be known as McMurdo of the bloody hand"—which looks like a piece clipped from a page of Froissart. And his brother tells us in his *Life* that alone and at midnight, when the army was asleep, he strode out in the field of Miani and amidst heaps of the piled dead (he had seen nothing like it since Hugomont), and the veteran warrior invoked the Deity to absolve him. "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord. And the land had rest for forty years."

The story of the acquisition of Sind is the same story so often told us. It was the same here as with the other States the Government of which we supplanted in Western India, with this difference, that the Talpurs were a modern race, the creation of the Duranis of Afghanistan, and had nothing by way of prescriptive right to boast of. Compared with the Peshwahs they were but of yesterday. We gave Sind a settled Government instead of a system of tyranny and oppression. It was a system where the people dared not lift up their heads, where to acquire money or property by trade or industry was tantamount to a crime, and where the exercise of an honest calling had long ceased to be a virtue. What are the people to us? was the constant cry of the Amirs. But why do we raise the question? Has not the land rested for forty years? Let any man nowadays travel through Sind and contrast it with the days of Baluch ruffians and the squalid and debauched Amirs who reigned in Haidarabad. What are the million tons of produce which now reach Karachi but proofs of the justice of its acquisition, and of the debt we owe to him who gave it to us, Sir Charles Napier? And to this may be added that whatever were the obstacles thrown in the way of that acquisition, whether by newspaper men or by individual members of the Government, or by the Bombay Government itself, ample reparation was made to Sir Charles Napier and to the justice of his cause by the city of Bombay before he took his final departure from India, in a splendid banquet where a hundred of our leading citizens did

him honour and anticipated the judgment of history. Nay more, we make bold to say that had Napier been forty years of age instead of sixty when he was made Governor of Sind, and



been vested in its administration for one decade, he would, notwithstanding the progress it has since made without him, have effected a wonderful transformation, and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Sind has been named Young Egypt, and

under his guiding hand, you may depend upon it, the Indus in its progress would have scattered its fertility like the Nile through scenes of ancient renown. Armed with despotic authority he would have turned the waters of the Indus * by irrigation on that vast square of a hundred miles, now only covered by the milk bush and the camel thorn which meets the eye of the traveller from the hills of Baluchistan. Everything will grow in Sind if you get water, and what Muhammad Ali did for Egypt Napier would have done for Sind. Despotism goes straight to the mark, and Napier was nothing if not a despot.

It was long ere fame and fortune came to Sir Charles Napier. It will scarcely be believed that if when he arrived in Bombay in 1841, being fifty-nine years of age, he had then died, he could not have left a single sixpence to wife or children. He paid the last £500 that he had to the Purser in Bombay Harbour for passage-money from Suez. He, good easy man, had gone to insure his life before leaving England, but the Insurance Companies would not take him. It is superfluous to say he was a bad risk, as for thirty-six years he had never breathed freely owing to a wound in his head. The fact that he was a general in the North of England on £1000 a year does not count for much. He found, like so many other generals at home, that the bunch of feathers in his hat made him suffer considerably in his purse. He had been trying at this time to eke out his means by writing, and he gave Colbourn his *Lights and Shadows of Military Life*, for which he received £50. Nobody believes that he spent money uselessly, and at twenty-one he vowed that he would never be a slave to his tailor. But he started life without a penny, except his pay of four shillings and eight pence a day, and a heavy drain was on it in his youthful years, which no human being knew, not even the recipient of it. In 1844 he had invested as much as would yield his wife and daughters £120 a year each, but this must have disappeared, and it was only in Poona that he was able to say, "Hard times, come again no more." The first thing he did when he came to money was to hand over £5000 to a deaf and dumb son of his

* "Old Indus is a devil when he takes a freak into his head, and there is nothing left but to float on his back."—C. N.

brother Sir William Napier, and this before he knew of the Haidarabad prize-money, which, we have seen somewhere, amounted to £50,000. When he arrived at Oaklands, where he died, his life was a continued *rôle* of beneficence to all who stood in need of it within his reach, worthy and unworthy sometimes also, for they were all God's creatures to Charles Napier.*

A man like this who had been so much in the field, and seen so much warfare, one would suppose to have surrounded himself with a hard and a dry atmosphere. But it was not so. In early life he felt "the friendly glow and softer flame," and of him it could not be said that "thoughtless follies laid him low, and stained his name." An enemy of all wildness and licence, he strove to put down the beer-swilling propensities of the officers and men of his time, and, when in the East, anathematised those young gentlemen who rode helter-skelter through the bazaars of Sakkar or Shikarpur in defiance of human life.† He was extremely temperate, and when forty officers and men died in three hours from *coup de soleil*, he attributed his survival to the fact that he alone of the number attacked was a water-drinker. But he did not on that account forswear the convivial table. "I was never drunk in my life," says he. Happy man! But like Walter Scott, like Malcolm, or Mackintosh, "a head" sometimes supervened; and on the following morning they all vowed they would never do it again. Alas! alas! It were a poor world this, if men cannot take out of it the happiness that

* "I believe Sir Charles Napier did in Sind wonderfully well; perhaps as well, if not better than any one under similar difficulties could have done."—John Lawrence to Lord Dalhousie, March 31st, 1850.

† Order at Sakkar, 1843:—"Gentlemen, as well as beggars, may, if they like, ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people there, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in camp or bazaar. The Major-General calls the attention of all the camp to the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, 18th ultimo, and begs to add that he has placed a detachment of horse at Captain Pope's orders, who will arrest offenders, and Captain Pope will inflict such a fine or other punishment as the Bazaar regulations permit. This order is to be published through the cantonments by beat of drum for three successive days, and Captain Pope is not allowed to let any one off punishment, because, when orders have been repeated and not obeyed, it is time to enforce them; without obedience an army becomes a mob, a cantonment a bear-garden. The enforcement of obedience is like physic—not agreeable, but at times very necessary."

God hath given them, as long as it is innocent enjoyment. And so we find him again and again relaxing from grave thoughts to fun and humour, for his mind was not of that mighty cast that found no delight in the turn of a word or the play of some lively or even idle expression. Hence he was not everlastingly sensible after dinner, and if any one expected a dissertation on the Battle of Thrasymenus or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, he would come away disappointed; but he never played the fool.

He sometimes wrote poetry,* and it was much better than that of either Warren Hastings or John Malcolm. Had he not hated Macaulay he would, like Sir John Lawrence, have loved dearly his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which were quite suited to his dashing and martial disposition. He wrote prose, and though he does not rival his brother Sir William, who has nearly made himself immortal by his *History of the Peninsular War*, he shows the stuff that was in him in the story of the battle of Coruña, which he put together for his children. Sir Robert Peel put his *Despatches* on a level with Wellington's.

In his hatred he was fierce and implacable:

> "Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe
> Whom I can face, or else avert the blow."

It is easier to number his friends than his foes. He verified the Duke of Wellington's aphorism that there was hardly a good-tempered man in India. It would scarcely be too much to say that he quarrelled with everybody. Lord Ellenborough wrote out that Sir John Peter Grant was a wild elephant that only required two tame elephants to subdue him. Five—ten—

* "Come on, Stout Beja, to the strife!
Nor you nor I will spare a life!
Unhonoured war! of mercy reft!
And hopes alone in victory left!
Barbarians, whom no pity ties!
The victor kills, the beaten dies!
So be it, Beja! stand or run,
We sha'n't both see the setting sun!
If you beat me a corpse I'll lie,
If I take you I'll hang you high!
For you shall be no burial rites,
Swinging in air you'll feed the kites."—Written when expecting Beja to come down upon him, 1815.

twenty tame elephants would not have taken the mustiness (when it was on him) out of this *Shaitan-ka-bhai*. Even the friends he loved he came to hate. "I once called Outram the Bayard of India, *sans peur, sans reproche*, but then I did not know him; *sans peur de reproche* would be better." He begins by saying, "I like Dalhousie so much," and ends by calling him "a weasel" and "the Laird o' Cockpen;" Dr. Buist "the blatant beast" and an "unfrocked priest from St. Andrew's." * Sir Frederick Currie ought to have the last syllable of his name excised. Sir James Weir Hogg was *sus horridus* and ought to read the sacred books of the Sikhs called the *Grunth;* and what he says of Messrs. Reid and Willoughby, members of the Bombay Council, is similar Billingsgate. Whom then did he love? John Kennedy, his old friend in Cephalonia? No. They had a dispute, it seems, about the gradient of a road, a-making, and John was condemned to walk up the burning marle at an angle of 45° carrying a Cephalonia mule on his back, or something like this. No man escaped, not even the Duke; for even after the tomb had closed upon them their ghosts came out like two gigantic marionettes and clashed their swords together, a terror to gods and men—in their posthumous papers. I think he was not very much in love with any one, and possibly his wife and children engaged the most of his affections, his grandchildren also, specially the one, a little girl about a foot and a half high, a veritable chip of the old block, who one day rushed like a fury out of the tent with a bamboo, and threatened to belabour a big elephant. "I came to thrash thoo, thoo very naughty elephant!" Whereat *elephas giganteus* curled up his trunk, looking down on the mite with majestic serenity and composure; Charles Napier, grandfather, meanwhile sitting like Abraham, at the tent door with a contemplative grin, completing the picture. Strange it is, yet nevertheless true, that the only individual out of his family circle who won his respect—we can scarcely call it affection—was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Bartle Frere. "Mr. Frere with a proper spirit has completed the Mole at Kurrachee;" and again, "Mr. Frere is an honourable man."

* Nothing of the sort, any more than Adam Smith or Thomas Carlyle, who studied for the Church, but did not follow it up.

After the pen-and-ink portraits which he has left of his contemporaries it is surely something to remember that one man at least "fetched" Sir Charles Napier in Sind. What soothing emollient Sir Bartle applied to his adamantine heart is unknown, but the fact remains that he, in the eyes of his great master, was like Milton's Abdiel—

"Faithful only he among the faithless found."

Of the men of those days that we can remember at the moment: Sir Bartle Frere, died June 1884; Governor Falkland (1848–1853), died March 1884; but Marston, who saved Napier's life by the General's own admission, is a general himself, in comfort and happiness, flourishing like the green bay-tree, the veteran of Sind, and delighted when anyone calls on him to fight his battles over again; his home like a museum hung with the trophies of war and the chase.* Aga Khan, the Old Man of the Moun-



GENERAL MARSTON.

* Here is the account of this Paladin which he sent to his brother General W. Napier in 1845. "Remember in your work to mention Lieutenant Marston, 25th Native Infantry, at Miani. I was alone in front of his regiment, when a Belooch came over the edge of the bank ten paces from me; he looked round wildly, but seeing me, came on—not fast, but with long strides. My hand having been broken I could not cope with such a customer, but held half my reins in great torture in the broken hand, designing to give Red Rover a chuck that should put his head between me and the coming blow. The Belooch was only four paces from me when Marston on foot passed my right side, and received the swordsman's blow on his shoulder strap. It went deep into the brass scales and the Belooch caught the counterblow on his shield which was beaten down; the next instant the bayonet of a soldier went nearly to the hilt in his side, and my attention to the general fight engrossed me too much for further observation. I might have defended myself, but crippled as I was, I believe Marston saved my life. He slew three other men that day, but not this man; at least the bayonet shared with his sword. Mention him, for the man who saves his general's life in battle has a claim to notice in history."—(January, 1891—still living).

tain,* whom he calls "his crony—" his face was familiar to us until 1883; and of Murad Khan on the Hubb, who organised his camel corps, none who have ever experienced his hospitality, which was wide and unstinted, can forget it. He was certainly the finest and most complete Musalman gentleman of his day.†

Socially Sir Charles was equal to the occasion. His motto was, "Ready, aye ready!" Shortly after he came home, at one of the numerous parties he was at, it fell to his lot to take down to dinner a daughter of Sir James Weir Hogg, his arch-enemy. He was never more agreeable, and said afterwards that a pretty face and lively conversation were better than all the dainties of the menu. Some of us remember the two towels and the piece of soap, his overland kit, which has almost passed into a proverb, and how gentle and simple stood grinning with delight at the shop windows of the book-sellers when the cartoon came out in *Punch*, of Napier riding on a camel across the desert in sight of the pyramids of Egypt. A friend, now a general, has told us that when, a subaltern, he landed in Sind, he reconnoitred on the Kiamari road an old man on a dilapidated steed. Being belated he asked the way, and found this strange individual wonderfully communicative in answering all his questions regarding the place and its inhabitants. He learned next day that this was the Governor of Sind. With his tattered and frayed trowsers he looked a Don Quixote, the burlesque rather than the reality of chivalry.

Another veteran now in Bombay, who travelled out with him in 1841, informs us that when he arrived, an aide-de-camp of the Governor or senior member of Council acting, came on board the "Berenice" to ask him to Parel, which has sheltered and entertained Wellington and so many other distinguished warriors and statesmen. The Redoubtable, at the moment the message was

* "The Chief of the Assassins, terrible only in name." "So good and brave a soldier." "A wise Persian Politician." "Paid by me £2,000 a year." "He is a god, his income is immense, lets none of his sect kiss his hand under twenty rupees." "Have sent the Persian Prince on a mission to Jerrick, on the left bank of the Indus, where his influence is great," &c.—Conf. Yule's *Marco Polo*, i., 153.

† John Connon (vol. 1, p. 237) was said to have carried on a friendly correspondence with Sir Charles, and to have stood high in his favour. This must belong to the period 1849–51.

delivered, had just commenced the process of shaving, an art which he believed incumbent on him to practise, now that he was about to go ashore. "Tell him I'm ready," said he, rubbing hurriedly with a towel the soap-suds from his upper lip and proboscis. And ready he was—in a way—on every occasion. Her Majesty the Queen, who loses no opportunity in doing the honours of the State on every momentous occasion, issued a command for him to appear at dinner. The invitation was necessarily a hurried one, as he was about to embark for India. He was discovered by a friend at his own door setting out in a drab-coloured waistcoat, who told him it would never do. His valet Nicholas was a dandy, so he borrowed his, and went with it to the dinner party!

The following may be *ben trovato*, but Napier enjoyed it exceedingly. Captain Mainwaring was a man of humour, and when in Bombay was placed at a dinner party next to Dr. Buist, who very nervously spoke thus—"Captain Mainwaring, I suppose you dislike me. I am Dr. Buist, of the *Bombay Times*." "Why should I dislike you, my friend: I never read your paper."

He was a bit of an archæologist, but for obvious reasons confined himself to investigating Alexander the Great's expedition to India; and in the house at Clifton, Karachi, the internal economy of which we knew so well, he amused himself studying Arrian, noting for his amusement the various stations of the army until it met the fleet of Nearchus. The bungalow is, or was, situated three miles from Karachi, twenty feet above sea-level and within twenty yards of the Indian Ocean, here fringed by a long belt of sandy beach, on which on moonlight nights the turtle could be seen disporting itself. It was here he thought and wrote of Alexander while, as he tells us, the sands of the Gedrosian desert fell upon the paper, and blurred the ink which flowed from his pen.

Like most men of his day, he was superstitious, in dreams, in the recurrence of dates * fatal or fortunate, and in numbers. "Two is my number—two wives, two daughters, two sons (in-

* Cromwell's Day, the 3rd September, was a great day with him; but he seems to have forgotten Carlyle's reminder, "2nd September means 12th by our calendar."

law), two victories, and two deaths. I died at Coruña, and now the grim old villain approaches again."

Some of his characteristics are worth observing. Our men swore dreadfully in Flanders. So did Lord Lake and Colin Campbell in India, and Charles Napier was not one whit behind them. Latterly he condensed all the expletives which he had heretofore used in one mighty oath, "By Jupiter Ammon," * which is harmless, and contains no incandescent material. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he went about bullying everybody, swearing at large as the saying is. His doctrine on this subject is clearly and explicitly laid down in his book of instructions which he composed for the edification of military men, and with which his own practice is found in the main to agree. "Scolding," he says, "is weak and contemptible; an occasional touch-up is invigorating—only let it come out at once like the devil, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning." The Duke wanted to see his diary, but his brother said there were some queer things in it. "It is just for these queer things that I wish to see it," said the Duke.

That he considered the fact of your being a Napier made you, *ceteris paribus*, better than any other man is known to all the world. That he read his Bible, as he says, "like other virtuous men." That his heaven was a kind of Valhalla where he expected to meet Hannibal, Augustus Cæsar, and Napoleon.† That he initiated the modern Volunteer movement in England, and though it was frowned upon for years, it was destined that his son-in-law should become Inspector-General of the force when, after 1859, it numbered 100,000 men. That he offered to send 11,000 tons of wheat to avert the consequence of famine in Ireland, at £3 per ton, which was refused. That had he been appointed Dictator of Ireland he would have gone farther than

* "Alexander the Great was accustomed to swear by Jupiter Ammon."—Plutarch's *Lives*.

† This is not Scotch, and could not have come down to him from old Napier of Merchistoun, the inventor of Logarithms, from whom he believed he was descended; for we never yet have heard a Scotsman say he expected to meet Hannibal in the next world. Rather let us class it as an outcome of the *ingenium perfervidum Hiberniorum*. While on this religious phase of his character it would be a crime to suppress the other, that he felt himself responsible in all his acts to a higher power. "I am a child in the hands of God," he says again and again.

Mr. Gladstone, and banished the whole of the Bishops "as by law established" to New Zealand, "there to be eaten up by the cannibals." That he was keen and quick to resent injury and insult—real or apparent, did not much matter to him—and was oftentimes on the verge of a duel, and indeed may have fought one for anything we know to the contrary. That in conjunction with Lord Byron, with whom he was intimate, he was on the very ace of heading an armed insurrection in Greece. That he scorned to be a suppliant or bow the knee. That like his enemy Macaulay he had nothing to acknowledge which was inconsistent with rectitude of intention and independence of spirit. That he sometimes set at naught all power and all authority, until his friends trembled even at the very mention of his name: and that it was better to die honest with a crust of bread than otherwise with great possessions. Such were some of the cardinal points in the creed, conduct, and character of Charles James Napier. And so it came to pass when his life drew to a close that he laid himself down on a naked camp bedstead with the fresh breeze of England playing upon his countenance, and over him the old tattered colours which had been borne at Miani and Haidarabad. He was buried in an obscure grave near Portsmouth amid the tears of 50,000 spectators.*

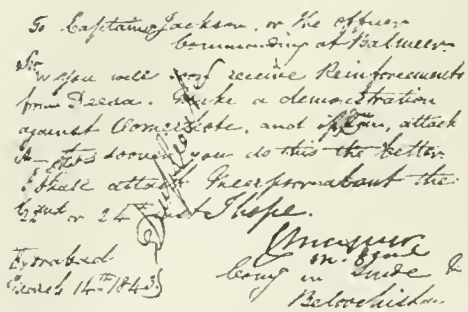
SIC EXIT CAROLUS NAPIERUS.

Napier wrote a fine, clear, quick, flowing, readable hand, and many of his words are underscored, marking the man of energetic action.† He could be voluminous when necessary; but some

* Statues have been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral and Trafalgar Square.

† "The kindness of a General Officer whose identity any old '9th' man will recognize," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "has enabled us to give our readers in print a copy of a letter which speaks for itself in every line in the intense power and originality of one of the greatest captains of the century. Those who do not know what Charles Napier was and did, may as well set about the study of his share in the work of empire-making to see whether he is entitled to the place we have assigned him or not. Those who are acquainted with his character and acts will not question the correctness of our description. There is a very interesting insight into the strange attachment of the Anglo-Indian soldier to the family relation to a small Irish village in the letter, which may explain some way the 'odic force' of the man in the allusion to the boyish memories of Colbridge which would be received with enthusiastic pleasure in the Green Isle, in times gone by."—

of his laconics are dreadful, like round-shot. When the Amirs forbade him to cut wood on the banks of the Indus for steamer fuel, he wrote:—"If I do not burn your wood I will burn Haidarabad." *Peccavi* may belong to *Punch*, but if he wrote it, it is shorter than *veni, vidi, vici.* This we can aver: that his fiat to storm Amarkot (this he did finally himself, but it does not matter), the birthplace of Akbar, the greatest and wisest of Indian sovereigns, was written on a piece of paper smaller than the one-half of a five-rupee note. Probably it was despatched in a quill, as he records that many of his messages were received in this way.



NAPIER'S ORDER TO STORM AMARKOT.

"KURRACHEE, *Feb.* 1., 1844.

"PRIVATE JAMES NEARY,—I received your letter dated January 12; you tell me that you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do. I am very glad to hear it, because I have a regard for every one reared at Castletown, for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who Mr. Tom Kelly is, nor do I know your father, but I know that I would go far any day in the year to serve a Colbridge man, or any man from the Barony of Salt, in which Colbridge stands, that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier, and not like a d—d drunken son of a b——h like James Johnston, whom you know very well if you are a Castletown man. Now, Mr. James Neary, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkably sober man, as I am myself, or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done, I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your Captain, and ask him to show it to your Lieutenant-Colonel, and to ask the said Lieutenant-Colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory, and if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that, James Neary, if you are a remarkably sober man like I am, and in all other ways fit to be a Lance-Corporal, I will be very much obliged to him to promote you now and hereafter, but if you are like James Johnston, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double quantity of punishment, as you will in that case well deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in life, and if you behave well, I hope soon to hear that you are a Corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me to be your well-wisher,

"CHARLES NAPIER,

"Major-General and Governor of Scinde, because I have always been a remarkably sober man."



UDNY CASTLE.

CHAPTER XLI.

Sir James Outram, the Bayard of the East.

"Gentlemen,—I have told you that there are only to be two toasts drunk this evening; one, that of a lady (the Queen) you have already responded to, the other shall be for a gentleman. But before I proceed any further I must tell you a story. In the fifteenth century there was in the French Army a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war, and wisdom in council; indeed, so deservedly famous was he, that by general acclamation he was called the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The name of this knight, you may all know, was the Chevalier Bayard. Gentlemen, I give you the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram of the Bombay Army."—*Speech at Sukkar of Sir Charles James Napier*, Nov. 5, 1842.

It is a melancholy fact that Sir James Outram is less remembered in Bombay, with which he was so closely associated for well-nigh forty years, than he is in Calcutta, where there is a magnificent equestrian statue and one institution at least to commemorate his name. A prophet has no honour in his own country. He was a stranger and they took him in. He was too near perhaps for us to see him well. When a man dies in or leaves Bombay, two courses are open to perpetuate his fame. He gets a statue, or a scholarship is founded, or he has a street or a bridge named after him. Outram has neither. There is

not even a back lane or a drinking-shop consecrated to his memory. Not that Bombay was blind to his excellences or slow in recognising the heroism of the man. On the contrary, Bombay was the first by public act or deed to do so, for so early as 1842 a great dinner was given in his honour attended by 150 citizens, and presided over by Mr. Fawcett, of Remington and Co., when a sword of the value of 300 guineas (511 subscribers) was presented to him; and nearly the last votive offering he received was from the Bombay public, in 1863, the "Outram Shield" of silver, which has since taken a high place as a national work of art. Bombay saw his beginnings, and was conspicuous at the close of his career, for he might, if so disposed, have been carried to his final abode, like a Rajput warrior of old armed at all points, with his shield of silver by his side. Alas! that it should ever be said of Outram, in Western India—

> "His memory and his name is gone,
> Alike unknowing and unknown."

or *à la* Vergilius, "England was my birthplace. Bombay was my habitation. The monsoon winds carried me away. Calcutta holds me now." And yet, if there ever was a man that Bombay may fairly claim as her own, it was Outram. Every corner of this Presidency has seen him, and some places bear the mark of his footsteps, not cut like those of Buddha on the rock but on the fleshly tablets of the heart. Witness among the Bhils, where his memory still lingers, shrouded by a semi-divine halo. Satara knew him well, so did Mahabaleshwar; Poona and Nagar also, though he despised their gaieties; Khaira, Rajputana, Ahmadabad, and Baroda *very* well; and our city was no stranger to him. Here he first landed at the age of sixteen. Here he was married. Here he was offered the command of the Poona Horse. It was from this port he embarked to win his laurels in those great expeditions, of so momentous issues—to Persia, to Sind, to Afghanistan, and to his last heroic work in the North-West. No mere wayfarer for the night was he, for every feature of our city was familiar to him. He had been in it in 1819, 1822, 1824, 1825, 1835, 1838, 1839, 1842, 1843, three times in 1844–1847, twice in 1850, twice in 1851, twice in 1854–

1856, and twice in 1857. Nor did he ever forget her. Bombay was his first, his last, his only love, for even on his way to the relief of Lucknow he writes—the date is 6th August, 1857, and it was on 25th September that, dabbled in gore, he dismounted at the gates of the Residency—"You may rely on my doing my best to uphold the honour of a Bombay officer." And this in spite of all the kicks and cuffs he had received.

The life of Outram is a series of magnificent surprises, like that of some fabled knight of antiquity or mediæval romance. With him it is the unexpected that always happens. As the curtain descends upon each successive tableau, we invariably exclaim, "What next?" for who can tell in what new character he will invest himself. One thing is certain, he will neither stultify himself nor his friends.

Outram spent the Christmas of 1851 in Bombay—and it was a dull Christmas. I daresay Bombay had never appeared so unlovable to him before.

As his pattimar in a huff of the wind rounds Walkeshwar, he catches a glimpse of that City of Palms which had been to him the scene of so many joys and sorrows, since he first set foot in it thirty years before. He had come upon it often before—from Sion, from Panwel, from Vingorla, from Europe, but never before had he approached Bombay with such a heavy heart. As he cleared the Prongs, scudding before the wind, the harbour lay before him in all its glory, but though it was still girdled by its barrier of everlasting hills, it had somehow now for him, and for the first time, lost all its magnificence. "Willoughby* is gone to England. My earliest friend—last tie to India severed."

And when he arrived he found that Lord Falkland, the Governor, declined to see him, and that every man was working himself to death in the preparation of a grand impeachment that should go home to England and effect his ruin. The place where the conspiracy was being hatched was the Secretariat, the *old* Secretariat which once, as Government House, had sheltered Wellesley in days of obscurity, been to Mackintosh as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—where Duncan breathed

* Afterwards Sir John Pollard Willoughby.

his last, and Mountstuart Elphinstone had quaffed the first goblet of his coming fame. The story of this business is a long one and would weary the reader; but if I understand the matter rightly, Outram's great crime was the onslaught he had made on bribery, "that golden chalice," which from time immemorial, to quote Burke's invective, had been "held out by the gorgeous Eastern harlot, and which so many of the people, so many of our nobles, had drained to the very dregs." A man has not his sorrows to seek when he tackles bribery and corruption in India. However, in this case the Gujaratis were the sinners. Hence Baroda had cursed him and tried to poison him—her way of getting rid of people both before and after this time—laughed at his calamity when he was dismissed the Residency, but it was the laughter of those who know not what they do. And Outram, not choosing his words with discretion, chafed and goaded as he was beyond measure, spoke upon paper no doubt unintentionally, but so it was construed, words of disrespect to, and of, the Powers that be. Thus it was that Bombay had never before appeared so unbeautiful to Outram. The days he passed here were days of gloom. Innumerable cheroots were consumed, but he did not take kindly to them as he used to do, and such words would escape his lips as he threw the burning embers away, "The last two years have aged me more than ten;" and again in disgust, "I am not sorry to get away from this sink of iniquity," meaning the Baroda business. Pacing the verandah of one of those old Mazagon bungalows, Belvidere or the Mount, his eye wandered dreamily through a haze of tobacco smoke, across the harbour to those long reaches of Uran, which, dim and distant in the sunset, seemed ever to end the perspective in the blackness of darkness and despair—

> "The sky is changed, and such a change, O night
> And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong."

But not so strong as the righteous decrees of Providence.*

Three years hence, this very month in December 1854, James Outram, the puny lad who once wandered unknown on the braes of Udny,† enters Lucknow with barbaric pomp and

* This is the age of progress, and all these are things of the past (1891).

† Udny, a small village fifteen miles from Aberdeen, where he was educated.

Asiatic splendour, accompanied by a train of three hundred elephants. A king is now at his feet, ruler of five millions of people, turban in hand; titles, genealogy, dynasty, worthless and of no account, as this Proconsul, in burning words, spells out his doom, amid a wild wail of passionate grief from the Royal suppliant, as he sees throne and kingdom of Oudh disappear from his view.

That same night (it is almost a certainty) he was seen watching the dying bed of a faithful servant, the Portuguese boy who had accompanied him in his many wanderings at home and abroad.

SHIKARI.

Outram became a mighty hunter. Had he not the dictum of Sir John Malcolm and Sir Lionel Smith, and they spoke with authority, that they never knew a good sportsman who was not a good soldier? Though he fleshed his maiden spear at Guligaum near Sirur in November 1819, had much *shikar* at Rajkot, and saw sport with the Poona Hunt, it was in the happy hunting-grounds around Ahmadabad that he became fascinated with the glories of the chase. Here with the boar's head and bison horns, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." For any man, not even a sportsman, this part of India, especially in the cold weather, has great attractions. There are never-ending wonders here for the new-comer, for Gujarat is a great field of animated nature, and offers a mighty contrast to the death-like silence which pervades the forests of the Dekhan, or the jungles round Mahabaleshwar or Matheran. Every object arrests attention. The pendent bird-nests, the gigantic *saras* stalking familiarly across the plain, the flight of birds as they wing their way in wedge-like column cleaving the midnight air with hoarse dissonance, the wild peacock with its goodly wings, the great army of monkeys, the startled chinkara turning round to have a good look at you full in the face with its big liquid eyes, lustrous in the morning light; the sudden rush of a sounder to the nearest cover, helter-skelter across the brake, and finally out of view down some steep place like the demon-possessed herd of Gadara; the black buck with a huge drove, anon licking the salt on parched plain, or bounding into the air with the elasticity of an india-rubber ball as it bears

its death-summons in the first shot, or peradventure, escaping scot-free, with astounding leaps clearing magnificent distances; the lonely *magar* lying lazily in his tank, watchful and wary with one eye only above the surface, scanning the intruder obliquely over the waste of water; the lofty tamarind tree, green, bosky, and of impervious shade, and the deep wells, their mouths choked with vegetation and ruin, to carry the mind back to the days of the makers thereof, when Sarkej was in its glory, and the violence of the elements had not touched the "Shaking Minarets" of Ahmadabad. Add to this the view from an elevation on a clear day of park-like scenery, green and umbrageous, and compare it if you like with the stretch of country twenty miles to Windsor, which the eye takes in from Richmond Hill.

Now Outram cared for none of these things. As for scenery or antiquities, he neither liked them nor disliked them. In the nine hundred pages of his biography there is not a single sentence to show his appreciation of either, and very much the reverse; and in this he is so different from Henry Lawrence. He rode half way up the Lebanon from Beyrut, came back, and left Baalbek, half a day's journey from him, unvisited! At a temple in Thebes, evidently cogitating a military problem, he exclaimed in a burst of rapture, "What a splendid position!" and, by way of parenthesis, "I like *that* stick. Do you know I once took a hill fort with it?" Colonel—we beg his pardon—General Brine asked of our Cathedral if it had ever been used as a powder-magazine! As for killing small game, you could hardly accuse Outram of a greater crime. The friend who shot a pigeon on the Nile and had it cooked for dinner paid for his temerity. Its appearance produced "a scunner," and he sent it away from the table. At a dish of ortolans, all open mouthed with their claws in the air, he would have gone demented. The man who could deliberately in cold blood take aim with intent at quail, snipe, painted partridge, or florican, yea even *bekri chinkara*, or barking deer was to be avoided. "War, my boys, war, that's the game for me;" so he waged war with the beasts of prey which do violence to the lives and property of men, against whose strength, cruelty, and cunning he pitted himself, and through the blessing of Providence and his own right arm he came off victorious.

Outram was a mighty hunter, but only of big game. The tiger, the leopard, the boar, the hyena, the bear, the bison, and wolf were his quarry. He had made a vow never to shoot a bird, and never to fire except with ball, and he kept it. Hence he and his restless Bhils in Khandesh and Mewar were perpetually on the move, waging incessant war with the enemies of mankind. To begin with boar. In two years, 1823–24, he took seventy-four "first spears out of 123," and at the Nagar Hunt, in 1829, he took twelve first spears, all contested.

The great period of his tiger slaughter was from 1825 to 1834 inclusive. This was his ten years' conflict. In that time he was actually present at the deaths of 191 tigers, fifteen leopards, twenty-five bears, and twelve buffaloes. *Ex uno disce omnes?* No; every raid had its own story of adventure. Once he killed a tiger with his pistol; and, hear this, once he followed up a tiger *on foot*, and speared him to death, an act which, as affirmed, was never done before or since in Khandesh.* See him then like the Roman gladiator, spear in hand, waiting for the wild beast to issue from its lair. Outram *in excelsis*. Once at an expected charge he was supported by three Sepoys with fixed bayonets, and again when his *naik* was done to death, he made a vow, which he kept, neither to eat nor drink until that tiger bit the dust.

Suspended in mid-air from the branch of a tree, by the turbans and *kamarbands* of his followers tied round his chest, he gave another tiger its *mittimus*. But whether on elephant, on horse, or afoot, or dangling in the air, or, as once, lying prone in the mouth of a dark and wet natural tunnel, he caught sight—"Oh! what a surprise!" gleaming like two globules of luminous phosphorus in the dark,—he was seldom satisfied till his work was done. It was in 1825 that he slew his first tiger, and he killed his last (it was a man-eater) in 1837 in a jungle near Khaira. Nor did he come out of all this unscathed. He had several heavy falls, and was once in the clutches of the devouring enemy. He was

* "General Hall makes mention of a *Mehr* inflicting a deadly wound with a sword on a tiger. The natives found the bodies of man and tiger lying together dead, close to each other."—*Story of Mairwara*, 1868.

wounded in the foot by a cheetah, and the deep scars on his head, where he had been clawed in a great tussle, were conspicuous enough when he was in Egypt in 1850. So much for himself. Now comes the skeleton at the feast. When the reckoning was made up, it was found that, from 1825–34, five native shikaris with his party were killed and four wounded, and of his party of five, 1825–26, two English gentlemen died of jungle fever.*

HIS ESCAPES.

Outram's life in India is a marvel, and, view it as you may, a perpetual miracle. His escapes from wild beasts and wilder men, the attempts to poison him at Baroda (1849) and Lucknow (1855), the plot to murder him at Haidarabad (1843), fever, boils, small-pox, twice given up in cholera, leading the forlorn hope at Panala (1844), the defence of the Residency at Haidarabad (1843), and the two great events, Lucknow and the Alambagh (1857), his reinforcements with clothes on their backs which few of them had put off for forty days; his two desert rides from Sakkar to Quetta in burning heat, 255 miles done in five days (1841–42); his ride from Khelat to Sonmiani (1839) dressed as an Afghan, without a saddle, through 355 miles of an unexplored country, done in eight days; the worry about his wife and son at the outbreak of the Mutiny before he learned of their escape from Aligarh; the hissing of Ellenborough, and still louder hissing of the great dragon of *khatpat*—any one of which would have killed an ordinary man. Strange to say, he seems to have thriven on them all, and the more he was afflicted the more he grew. In 1822 he had come down from Baroda with jungle fever to recruit in Bombay. He set out to return in a native boat and was blown up with gunpowder in Bombay harbour, picked up floating "a hardly animate mass of blackened humanity." There were public rejoicings that night, and he had taken pyrotechnics with him to be let off for the delectation of the lieges. He took a month to recover, re-embarked, and, after two days' tossing in the open sea with his servants, horses,

* There is a tradition in Western India that he had a tent made entirely out of tiger skins.

and kit, again landed like another Jonah flying from Nineveh, this time on the northern end of the island, from whence he made his way to Ahmadabad, joining his regiment after being six weeks on the road!

After this double baptism of fire and water, we are quite prepared to hear anything. Jungle and bilious fever give him the brawny shoulders of a Highlander; small-pox with its first ugly marks disappears, leaving us the exceedingly handsome face, which has been handed down to us in the daguerreotype of Claudet. No wonder, after this, that Pope Pius IX. presented him with a gold medal; that Bishop Carr, whose recumbent effigy we behold in our Cathedral, gave him a Bible with the words on it, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle;" and that he held friendly correspondence with Dr. Duff, the Presbyterian Missionary in Calcutta. He was another Paul, had been a day and a night in the deep, and fought with wild beasts. But, in truth, his whole life and character is a perpetual paradox. Born in England, educated in Scotland, the puny lad of Aberdeen thrashes the biggest boy in the school; destined for the church, he takes to soldiering; the smallest officer in the Indian Army, 5 ft. 1 in., he grows to 5 ft. 8 in.; with no education, except what he had up to sixteen years of age, he lives to correspond with eminent men of the day. Stiff enough clay this, to begin with, and even Darwin the Potter could not have seen any indication here of a vessel of honour. Modest, yet ambitious to a degree, he would not rise at another's disadvantage; cautious, yet vigilant, and with a dash about him, this man who could weep over a dying bird, wrote these lines: "Proclaim at Cawnpore, and cause to be known to the leaders of the enemy's forces at Lucknow, that for every Christian woman or child maltreated at Lucknow, an Oudh noble shall be hanged."

WAYS AND MEANS,

which are the serious business of most men's lives, did not trouble him much. In a private memorandum, Lord John Russell says: "I have been a poor man all my life, but I never knew what it was to be in debt till I became a Secretary of State." So James Outram, on the eve of sitting down to a public dinner

given in his honour by the *élite* of Calcutta, writes: "For the first time in my life I am absolutely in debt, beyond the means of repaying in case of sudden death," after thirty-four years' service. Money began to come in all right after this, but his wife had a hard time of it to manage her household on meagre finances, and this for some years. He would not touch the Haidarabad prize money, about Rs. 30,000, but gave the amount away in charities—and none of them "began at home."

Napier had no such scruples, but Outram was against the Sind war. His resigning in favour of Havelock, the noblest act of his life, besides depriving him of "honour and glory," deprived him of making the means of provision for age. Baroda was a virtual fine of £6,000.

Besides, he was perpetually refusing an appointment, because he considered some one else to have a better claim to it, or reducing the salary offered, because he did not consider the Government had "value received." I would like to know how many men trouble themselves with these things. High, very very high, morals, no doubt. Gordon had them, and I suppose it's all right; but Gordon was an unmarried man, and could halve his salary with impunity, which Outram could not. Gordon broke his medals, Outram didn't; so in this high domain of ethics the hero of Khartum has the advantage.

OUTRAM'S FURLOUGH IN 1849

was devoted almost entirely to an examination of the military resources and defences of Egypt. It was in the Suez Desert that Outram and Henry Lawrence met for the first time. There was then a shaking of the dry bones, even whisperings of a railway and canal, and it did not require the eye of a prophet to see that Egypt would soon bulk big in the politics of Europe. But it was then the basest of kingdoms, its soldiers marionettes, its statesmen renegades, its Pasha a small Tiberius, who shut himself up in a gloomy palace of Mount Sinai, and, like Tiberius, was poisoned or smothered by his dependants. The Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army was Sulaiman Pasha, whose history reads like a romance. He had been a soldier of the First Napoleon, and when his armies were broken

up on the Continent, Colonel Seve—for that was his name came to Trieste, fought a duel, killed his antagonist, fled in terror to the harbour, took to an open boat, and made for the sea, hailed a ship outward bound, held up a purse of money, and was taken on board. The vessel chanced to be sailing for Alexandria. There he rose from the ranks, and he was in command of the Egyptian Contingent in the Crimea. As each successive birthday of the Great Napoleon came round, Sulaiman Pasha decked a little statuette which he had, with *immortelles*. The leading Englishman in Egypt (1846-50) was Mr. Murray, the Consul-General, and Colonel Outram was destined to meet him again (1857) at the head of the Persian Gulf, he then having withdrawn from Teheran, where he was English ambassador (1854–59), to Baghdad, the subject of our sketch being in command of the Persian expedition.

Mr. Murray (born 1806), son of the fifth Earl of Dunmore, re-appeared in 1887 in Egypt, revisiting the theatre of his former administration. Venerable as he was, he could have had no difficulty in realising the fact of the English Army of Occupation, and the signs broadcast before his eyes of the immense changes that had accrued from the time when Colonel Outram came in the guise of a tourist to spy out the land of Egypt from Thebes to Kossir, on the Red Sea, or those Pelusian marshes, which now constitute the Mediterranean outlet of the Suez Canal. Mr. Murray (1850) married Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth, of Genesco, New York—a niece, I think, of Longfellow—a lady who was beloved by all. Sad to say, she died in Cairo within one year of her marriage day. She had requested her body to be taken to his family vault at Dunmore, in Scotland, a wish—we need scarcely add—sacredly carried out to the very letter by her husband, amid great difficulties. The Right Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, when in America, in early life had written a novel, *The Prairie Bird*, of which this lady was the heroine. Her son was, in 1880-83, M.P. for Hastings.

Fortified by this Levantine experience, Outram would have been useful in the Crimean War. And Lord Clarendon wrote to him (1853) to await instructions at Alexandria. But nothing came of it, which was *one* great disappointment of his life. Another was that he did not get the Victoria Cross.

SMOKING.

Sir James Outram, like Norman Macleod, was a great smoker, and has left us an example that we should not follow, for Sir Joseph Fayrer has put it on record that it interfered with his digestion, and most probably affected his nervous system. Sir Joseph adds that he was the greatest smoker he ever knew, and that, in fact, the cigar was never out of his mouth. It is with a fellow-feeling that I approach this subject, for vain are all the expostulations of man, warnings from the pulpit, the tears of friends, or the deepest menaces of enemies. Outram continued to smoke, and one of the most affecting letters this eminent physician ever received was from him, deploring the evil which, he said, he *could* not relinquish. I fancy he would have scorned the cigarette of the last twenty years as eminently futile. Not so the *hukah*, a much more serious amusement, which demands the action of the chest, and which he sometimes affected. He had a pet bear which he had taught to smoke the *hukah*. A few whiffs would suffice, when young Bruin would roll over in a helpless state of intoxication, to his great amusement! "Take care of yourself, Outram, you are no chicken," said old *Khabardar* (Colin Campbell), justifying his sobriquet, as he left him at the Alambagh. But who can tell? Smoking may have saved his life in malarious districts, or served to beguile many a weary hour in battered entrenchment. What the result was on Lady Outram's curtains at home we have no means of knowing. Though he was perpetually handing out cheroots to gentle and simple, even when they were selling at 6*s.* each, he, no doubt, discouraged the practice of smoking. Good advice, with the words of Burns:—

> "But may ye better reck the rede
> Than ever did the adviser."

PERSONAL.

James Outram had a mother, and she was "a fell one,"* a mother of heroes; for Francis Outram, another son, did a most

* "'Fell'—Hot, biting, clever, capable of great endurance."—Jamieson.

heroic action in that he took a second-class passage round the Cape, and gave the difference, in presents, to his mother and sisters. She was the only lady, except Jeanie Deans, who ever made a pilgrimage from Scotland to London to see the Prime Minister. In this instance Lord Melville, and she got what she wanted, a small pension on account of her father's services to



STATUE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM, CALCUTTA.

Government. But she had a hard time of it before this for her husband had died, leaving her with five small children unprovided for. James remembered this, like Mackintosh and "The One Pound Note." "When I see how many privations you had to put up with, I think you made wonderful sacrifices for your

children, whose duty it is to make you as comfortable as they possibly can." This is better than bearing the name of Bayard. And he did do so. Lord Dalhousie was proud to number her among his friends, for she lived to eighty-three, and was present at a banquet given to the 78th, in Edinburgh, in the year 1860.

Sir James Outram was a small man, with dark hair and moustache, and the eye of a falcon—his mother's hazel eye—covered by a shaggy eye-brow; his forehead was broad, massive, and sagacious. Thickset and round shouldered, his speech was marked by a slight hesitation, and gentleman and soldier stamped in every feature. He cherished no vindictive feeling, even towards Sir Charles Napier, for on opening a soldier's certificate in 1858, and seeing his name, "Ah! poor Charlie, he could appreciate a good soldier." He was not so "pronounced" as Havelock or Henry Lawrence, but not less sincere, and calculated to impress some minds more than either of them. He was most averse to people professing infidel views.

Someone in Lucknow, passing his room at midnight, saw by the dim light of the oil *bati* * a figure in a supplicating attitude. It was that of Outram entreating the Great God to have mercy on them in their affliction.†

* Lamp, night-light.

† This sketch is principally taken from Outram's *Life*, by Sir F. J. Goldsmid, 1880. For the additional matter the writer alone is responsible.



CHAPTER XLII.

Dr. Wilson.

"India has not seen an abler or wiser friend and benefactor, or Christianity itself a more loving and judicious representative."—*Dr. Bhau Daji's speech in Town Hall*, 1869.

Seven years have passed away since the death of Dr. Wilson.* That space has been crowded with stirring events, but they have not dimmed his memory. He now stands far away from us, like a lonely hill. The light is clearer on it after sunset, and its boundaries well defined. We can see that the shadows are softened, the inequalities smoothed down, and the mists having cleared away, the bulk, proportion, and contour lie before us. We cannot know him better or love him better, but we may correct our views or sober our judgment, and so command a better observation than when he was alive; for distance not only lends enchantment to the view, but sometimes contributes accuracy to the vision.

This intervening space has added nothing to his story; for not one item cropped up after Dr. Wilson's death that we did not know during his life. Had it been otherwise, the vultures of Biography would soon have been down upon him, and had he ill-used his wife or denied the faith, we would soon have heard of it.

But he was too transparent for this sort of thing; his character was like his own bungalow—*char darwaza kola*—open to the four winds of heaven. We may also look forward and form a kind of judgment how Time, that great arbiter, is likely to deal with him, and whether the reputation he earned during his life is going to be confirmed by posterity, or fade away like

* Born at Lauder, December 11th, 1804; died at Bombay, December 1st, 1875.—See *Life of Dr. Wilson*, by Dr. Geo. Smith (Murray, 1878).

so many indistinct Indian reputations. We hear of jubilee missionary meetings at which his name is not mentioned, we see in the libraries dust lying thick on his book upon *Caste*, while his *magnum opus—The Lands of the Bible*, has long ago been superseded by *Palestine Exploration*.

But with Galileo we cry, *Il muove!*—still it moves. Labour so continuous and unflagging, and prosecuted with faculties unimpaired, from the day he read his first thesis to that in which his sun set—

> "Not as in northern lands, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."



ROTTEN ROW, LAUDER.—DR. WILSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

makes us believe that as he left his mark on the age in which he lived, so his works will follow him to future generations. There is one guarantee that Dr. Wilson's name will not readily perish.* It is enshrined in the hearts of the people. Specially is it a heritage of the sons and daughters of our schools and colleges, who will not willingly let it die.† It rests, therefore,

* The Wilson Mission College is called after him.

† May 17th, 1888.—Premchand Raichand, one of his scholars, said to-day, "Dr. Wilson was the best man ever was in Bombay."

on a sure foundation; for he gave himself and all that he had to ameliorate the condition of the men and women of India. And in this respect he was unlike any one of the conspicuous men who have added to the renown of our Bombay commonwealth; for the greatest of them all were birds of passage, here to-day, there to-morrow.

John Wilson was a monument of Scotch education. That system owes its origin to John Knox in the sixteenth century. It still exists in the School Board, modified to meet the wants of the age; but there is nothing about it special to any age or country, for you may assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is the duty of the State to place education within the reach of all. He was gifted by nature with uncommon powers of memory, indeed it was averred by some that this was his strong forte, and that herein lay all the difference between him and other men, at all events a *sine quâ non* for the linguist. But he had also uncommon powers of observation and apprehension. "I looked, but did not see," was not his motto; rather, like White of Selborne, the smallest fact did not escape his observation. To this was added intense powers of application, for he often sat up whole nights, until the spear-like shafts of the Eastern sun smote him at dawn of day. He took twice the work out of the twenty-four hours that most men did, and he soon out-distanced all competitors. And so he toiled on until, on the long hill up to Mahabaleshwar which seems to have no ending, he met the presage that his work was done. It was in vain that Sir Bartle Frere came to him and asked him to accept from the Prince of Wales his deepest sympathy and regard.

He only uttered, "Vain is the help of man." Dean Swift says of somebody, "He had been a screen between me and death." That screen was now to be taken away.

His sermons by most men were considered prolix; the heat and languor of the Indian climate make people intolerant of what would be not merely endurable, but delectable, in a northern latitude; but we can vouch from our own experience that his most public utterances—for example, his lectures on the Eastern Churches in the Music Hall of Edinburgh in 1844, his addresses as Moderator of the Free Church in 1870, and his prelections as Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, were

spoken to attentive and crowded audiences, and that there was no weariness of the flesh while he poured forth in all their exuberance the richest stores of Eastern learning. His prayers were models of devotional propriety, couched in language full of Hebrew diction worthy of Carstairs and the days of old, a phraseology which now seems antique in these times of fervid Evangelicalism; and though he scorned the theology of Blair and Robertson, he had caught something of their stateliness, for he had sat at the feet of the men who were their friends or pupils. One of his professors had been tutor to a Scotch nobleman, as he was wont to relate, and in his travels found himself at Lausanne. When there he called on Gibbon, and in conversation imprudently deplored the infidelity of the modern historians—which was, no doubt, true enough; but time and place for everything. Gibbon coloured, walked to his book-case, and throwing a volume on the table exclaimed, "Do you call that the work of an infidel?" It was Robertson's *History of America*.

It would be a lamentable exhibition of the little we had profited by the friendship with which Dr. Wilson honoured us, if we attempted any analysis, far less an estimate, of his scholarship and labours in the wide field of Oriental research. A jury empanelled from the most eminent Orientalists in Europe would alone suffice for the task. But we may be permitted to say, while skimming thus on the surface, that the gifts of one were the inheritance of many, and that he scattered broadcast on the earth, among his fellow-men of every race, the seeds which God and his own right arm had placed in his disposal. It was well known to Dr. Wilson's friends that shortly before his death he had expressed a desire to live. It was decreed otherwise, and he was quite resigned. But in truth there was much in his position to make life attractive to him. His books, his coins, his troops of friends, his correspondence, the view he had from his house, and, above all, the holy work in which he was engaged, with the many schemes incidental to it, left no idle moments.

Bombay was his home, and it is a mistake to imagine with the men of Edinburgh that Dr. Wilson was making a great sacrifice when he came out for the last time. The bitterness of

expatriation, if he ever felt it, was all past when he first laid down his life and work for India, and he came out to end his days where he had spent the most of his life in congenial work. It is true he had his trials, but he bore them with fortitude and equanimity. His righteous soul must have been vexed from day to day by protégés who not only fell short of what he expected, but disappointed and absolutely cheated him, and converted his philanthropy in many instances into a barren conquest. The number of subjects unworthy of his charity and righteous designs was known only to himself, for no murmur escaped his lips. Sometimes, also, his motives were misinterpreted and his acts misunderstood; but he outlived them all. It was not without reason that his hand shook in his later years, as if with incipient paralysis, for he passed through some fiery trials.

Two of his first wife's sisters were accidentally drowned, a third was buried at sea. His wife also died—a few years only in India—his *Memoir* of whom was a great favourite of the ladies of a past generation. And now came his crowning act of self-denial, when he gave up his State emoluments and withdrew from the Church of Scotland, casting himself on the bounty of the Scotch people. The deed of demission of the Free Church rang throughout Europe in 1843, but the sacrifice was greater, at all events the courage which dictated the sacrifice was greater, when men who were placed as Dr. Wilson was placed, among races of alien religions, threw away their means of subsistence.

It might be supposed that having forfeited State support, he would forfeit the friendship of the Governors of India. But he did not do so, for Governor after Governor and Viceroy after Viceroy paid him court, and he was seen at midnight in the autumn of 1857 walking unprotected through streets suspected of hatching rebellion, when all men were quaking, except perhaps Lord Elphinstone, Forjett, and himself, in the blank amazement of a great fear. And thus it was when any treasonable document required to be deciphered, when a new heir was wanted to the *gadi* in Baroda, or an Abyssinian expedition projected, Dr. Wilson was called in by Government, for even Sir Robert Napier found something to interest him

about Magdala ere he dreamed that this "awful mouthful of a word," as he expressed it in after years, would become the badge of his distinguished name.

We cannot suppose that any man in our generation will take up the position of Dr. Wilson. It was unique in its duration and unique in this—that he had piled up a great heap of multifarious knowledge on Western India subjects such as probably few men will ever do again. This knowledge he did not keep for himself, but scattered wherever and whenever opportunity offered; and his intellectual capital was in ready money. To every question of "Do you know?" he had but one answer, "Yes." And forth came the gushing well-spring to refresh the thirsty soul. That the man who on three several occasions, delivering his blows one after the other in quick succession, brought down his sledge-hammer on Hinduism, Muhammadanism, and Zoroastrianism should have made friends among and been courted by the leading representatives of them all, is the most brilliant spectacle that has ever been offered to the world of the missionary in heathen lands. And it is a lesson that need never grow old, for grace, human and divine, is always worth the possessing; and he was endowed with both to a very large extent.

To many people who did not know him, or knew him but little, Dr. Wilson appeared a bundle of contradictions. To one he was garrulous, to another taciturn, to another he talked of big friends and acquaintances. He was a minister of religion, and yet he refused to be called "the Reverend." He was a voluntary in practice, but in theory for a Church established by law. He liked a good "hard psalm," but he was very fond of Sir Robert Grant's hymns, which all Bombay men are glad to see have found a place in Palmer's *Book of Praise*.* He managed

* *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 189, and Vol. II., p. 53. Sir Robert Grant, after whom the Grant Medical College in Bombay is named, was the second son of Sir Charles Grant (born at Aldourie, 1746, died 1823), who served with distinction in Bengal 1767–70 and 1772–1790; was elected a director of the East India Company, 1794; author of *Observations on the State of Society among the Asiatic Subjects of Great Britain*; a plea for toleration in answer to the arguments of Major Scott Waring and Sidney Smith. Sir Robert's elder brother, the Right Hon. Charles Grant, 1778–1866, was M.P. for Montrose,



SIR ROBERT GRANT, G.C.H.
Governor of Bombay, 1835–38.

to pull well with his own denomination, though, perhaps an exception may be found to this, as also with other denominations of Christians: and it is sometimes more difficult to do this than to take common ground of action in philanthropic schemes with the disciples of the old creeds of India. He asked the Bishop of Bombay to join the Bible Society, which the Bishop declined to do; but he wrote him on his death-bed a letter which leaves nothing to be desired, and still sheds its fragrance over the grave of this good man as he sleeps under the shadow of the great Rock of Weem. As a student he had seen Sir Walter Scott walking, or rather limping, on the streets of Edinburgh, yet he cared nothing for the Waverley Novels.

Of course everybody knew that he abjured instrumental music in church, and thought a sermon ought to be at least half an hour in length; but it is not so well known, and will surprise many to learn, that Dr. Wilson was a man of humour. He had not the *bonhomie* of Norman Macleod, nor the incisive wit and satirical jest of Archdeacon Jeffreys, who was a kind of Bombay Sydney Smith, though he delighted to relate the latter's brusque reply to the lady who asked if there was any choice of climate in this Presidency. "Yes," said he, "you may be stewed in Bombay, or grilled in the Dekhan." "There's a stane in my fit, my lord" * tickled, we had almost said put many a mess in

1807–18, and for Inverness-shire, 1818–35, when he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Glenelg. Sir Robert, like his brother, was born in India, 1779, was elected M.P. for Elgin burghs, 1818, for Inverness burghs, 1826, for Norwich, 1830, 1831, and for Finsbury, 1832. He espoused the movement for the repeal of the Jewish civil disabilities (1830–34), was appointed Governor of Bombay in June 1834, and entered on the office in March 1835. He died at Dapuri, 9th July, 1838, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Poona. He was author of a *Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its first Foundation to* 1773, and other works; his sacred poems were collected and published in a small volume by his brother in 1839, and again in 1841 and 1868: several of them have found their way into most hymnals, and in Palmer's *Book of Praise*, Nos. 21, 68, 107 and 398 are from among them. His eldest son, Sir Charles Grant, K.C.S.I., is a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, and the second Sir Robert is in the Royal Engineers.—B.

* "'There's a Stane in my Fit, my Lord.'—Jemmy, a half-witted body, had long harboured a dislike to the steward on the property, which he paid off in the following manner:—Lord Lauderdale and Sir Anthony used to take him out shooting, and one day Lord Maitland (he was then) on having to

a roar twenty years before the first edition of *Dean Ramsay* saw the light, and as it hails from Lauder, is, no doubt, the Doctor's own story. But as he got older he became more chary of his best, and even his old friend Colonel Day could not extort from him more than one *recherché* tit-bit of Robin Gray, Malcolm's *protégé*, and whilom Police Magistrate of Bombay. He sometimes tickled his audience in the Town Hall with a touch of sly humour, as, for instance, speaking in succession to Mr. (now Sir William) Wedderburn, he alluded to his grandfather's career in Gujarat, and said he had a most exact knowledge of the science of finance and figures, "men of this kind being a great desideratum just at present." It so happened the news had just arrived of some arithmetical miscalculation in Budget or other returns not uncommon in Calcutta, adding, as it were, the "year of our Lord" to the pounds column*; and the remark was received with great laughter.

John Smith, of Smith, Fleming and Co., accompanied him in 1843 throughout his long wanderings in the Sinai Peninsula and Syria, but one of his fastest friends, and one for whom he also entertained the greatest respect, was David MacCulloch. He was a man for whom John Connon had an unbounded admiration; and Sir Erskine Perry, addressing a jury, uttered this eulogium from the judgment seat, "We all know and respect David MacCulloch." David was the scion of a small, but ancient, estate which had been held in Galloway by the

cross the Leader said: 'Now, Jemmy, you will carry me through the water'—which Jemmy duly did. Bowmaker, Lord Lauderdale's steward, who was shooting with them, said, 'Now, Jemmy, you must carry *me* over. 'Vera weel,' said Jemmy. He took the steward on his back, and when he had carried him half-way across the river he dropped him quietly into the water."—Dean Ramsay.

The other story was that Jemmy, with his lordship on his back, halted in the middle of the stream, and pulling up his leg, said, "There's a stane," &c. His lordship offered him a sixpence if Jemmy would land him on the opposite bank. "Na," said Jemmy, "the factor has given me a half-crown to let ye doon in the water."

* "A successful merchant in the north having at the end of the year entrusted his assistant to balance his books, was so overjoyed at the result when announced to him, that he summoned his friends and neighbours and held a gaudeamus in celebration thereof. Next morning he discovered that his profits had been swelled out by an error of £1860." My certe, &c., &c.

MacCullochs of Ardwall for generations.* Indeed, we believe that for a very short time before his death he was actually "laird" himself, though he never entered upon possession. He died in 1858, and was buried in the Scotch burying-ground, where his tomb may be seen to this day. He was very charitable; among other benefactions he gave Rs. 30,000 to the building fund of the Free Church, and, being a bachelor and a man of means, had much money to dispose of in this way, and the will to do it.

Our readers will recollect a scene in the closing days of the poet Burns, and which is given by most of his biographers. The poet was then in low water in Dumfries, say in 1792, when MacCulloch of Ardwall, who knew him well, recognised him sauntering on the shady side of Queensberry Square, and rallied him to go and join the general throng on the other side of the street, who were then discussing a county ball to be given that evening in Dumfries. The poet repeated the verse of a ballad, a melancholy refrain, indicating that his dancing days were over. This friend of Burns was the father of David MacCulloch. David, in Bombay, lived what seems a gloomy and solitary life. He kept geese and canary birds, and was careless about his dress, and to his other eccentricities added the harmless one of taking one long walk in the year. The place was Thana and back, and the day he chose for this was New Year's Day, the coolest time of our Bombay season.†

It was on one of these excursions that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson

* Ardwall is in the parish of Anwoth. The MacCullochs were descended from Bertram de Myretoun, whose name appears in the *Ragman's Roll*, 1296. Sir Walter Scott owed much of his knowledge of Galloway to his brother Thomas, who was married to an aunt of Mr. David MacCulloch; and to this connection was due his choosing Bertram as the name of the hero of *Guy Mannering*. David's younger brother, Walter MacCulloch, W. S. (born 1807), a somewhat notable man, succeeded to Ardwall on David's death. He died 25th March, 1892, leaving no relatives except an unmarried sister and three nieces—one of whom is wife of Sheriff Jameson (*Scotsman*, March 31, 1892).—B.

† May, 1889.—Mr. Verjivandas Madhavdas tells me he used to walk often from the Fort where he lived to Mahim and back, and occasionally called at Mr. V. M.'s house at Worli, Love Grove, on his way.

Mr. S. S. Bengallee, C.I.E., states that it was David MacCulloch, and Mr. W. Graham, who in 1843–4 contributed most of the money to build the Free Church on the Esplanade.

met David in Thana, and while there accompanied them to a silk manufactory, for which, in mediæval times, Thana was so famous. While there Mrs. Wilson gently reminded Mr. MacCulloch, on looking over the silks, that he might profit by his opportunity and invest in a silk dress, which he could present to the lady highest in his estimation. David yielded —consented also to give up the latter half of his walk, and to accompany them in their carriage to Bombay. They saw nothing of David for several weeks, but one evening, on coming in from their drive, they observed a bulky parcel on the lobby table. It was addressed "To Mrs. Wilson, with D. MacCulloch's best compliments."

On another occasion the Doctor met David coming through the Bombay Green, carrying with him a small spade and a dead canary bird in a paper bag. In answer to the Doctor's enquiry as to where he was going, he told him he was going to dig a grave and bury his pet bird. Dr. Wilson must have smiled an incredulous smile, as David quickly added, "May be that wee bird will be the first to welcome me into Paradise."

Dr. Wilson was early enough in India to know Gray, a missionary of the Church of England, buried at Bhuj,* and we think he was content to finish that translation of the new Testament into vernacular, which Gray begun. Gray was no mean poet, for he is commemorated by Hogg in the *Queen's Wake*. He had been the friend of Burns, and the tutor of his children, and his letters furnish the most valuable account we possess of Burns' family life while he dwelt in the three-storeyed house in Bank Street, Dumfries. By the time Wilson knew him, Gray had worn away the vain asperities of youth, and Wilson has placed on record that he was not only a man of talent, but a good man. This is one link that connects Burns with India, but there are others which we may state without travelling much from our subject. The first statue, perhaps, that was ever erected of Burns is in the National Gallery of Edinburgh, and bears on its pedestal that the movement which ended in its erection was initiated by a group of Bombay merchants. A grandchild of the poet Burns lies buried at Kaladgi, and the

* See *ante*, Vol. I., p. 179.

wife of one of the poet's sons (Colonel James Glencairn Burns) at Jhansi, facts recorded on the Burns' Mausolenm at Dumfries.

It would be vain to cite any man in Western India so accomplished all round as Dr. Wilson. Other men may be found more skilled in special branches of knowledge, but none of such universal attainments. Men were attracted to him like steel filings to a magnet; but whatever the motive that brought them to his presence, each went his way, warmed and filled with the bread that does not perish in the using. He had no favourite race, and he rose to the height of his great vocation when he asserted that as regards aptitude of receiving information, there was no difference between the Hindu, the Parsi, and the Muslim; that all were the same in this respect, Aryan and non-Aryan, Jew and Greek, bond or free. Though he was among the first to cast in his lot with the Free Church, he considered it no part of his duty to anathematise the State Churches of Great Britain, and though he was not called upon to enter the vexed sea of politics, the British name and authority in India had no more ardent, enlightened, or judicious supporter than Dr. Wilson. When Lord Mayo laid the foundation-stone of the University, the Governor of the day, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, uttered these words: "There is a name on that stone, that of John Wilson. That name will endure long after all memory of my transitory dominion has passed away,"—words which reflect as much honour on the speaker as they do upon the subject of his eulogium.

We have spoken of his versatility. To one friend he would discourse on the Arsacidae, and show him on the Parthian coin the effigy of the man who defeated Crassus; to another he would talk of the botany of Arabia, and assert that it had made little or no progress since Forskal's time; to a third, the leading physician of the day, who, in describing the ailment of a common friend, had hazarded the remark that he could proceed no further without using technical language, "You need not fear," said the white Brahman, "I spent two years at the medical classes." A snake would be killed, the name and qualities were soon forthcoming; and this would give occasion for him to dilate on the wonderful concentric rings in the skeleton, to be produced by boiling it down (destroy the *chatty* afterwards).

And he added, "Some of the aborigines would consider this a *bonne bouche*."

Or David Livingstone * would drop in. "Were I ten years younger I would go with you to Africa, and see the Fountains of the Sun." And he would have done it, for he was a great and an unwearying pedestrian.

> "From Ahmed's Moslem fanes and regal bowers,
> To towns far distant on the Konkan shores."

But he had drunk of another fountain. The day he received a letter from him by the hands of Stanley was a memorable one. Five years had passed away. And it was a picture to see the old man reading over the faded manuscript, written on thick foolscap with a reed, in which he denounced some of the Nasik boys as committing every crime under heaven. "Remember me to dear Mrs. Wilson," he faltered out, the tears dropping from his eyes. Mrs. Wilson had been dead for years.

It has been said that Dr. Wilson had no imagination. The first Mrs. Wilson had. She was a woman whose nerves were finely strung, and sometimes burst into song; and her gifted son Andrew Wilson † inherited all her genius in this respect. He it was who ten years ago wrote the *Songs after Sunset:*

> "Again the scene shifts. Ten years hence I see
> A city grand and pleasant to the eye,
> Bombay, as it will doubtless one day be
> Freed from caste prejudice and rivalry;
> Broad roads to view, and noble buildings fair,
> Green shaded walks beneath umbrageous trees,
> With fountains playing 'neath the sunny blue,
> Tempered and softened by a cool sea-breeze."

Dr. Wilson lived more than forty years in India. "Can a

* See *ante*, Vol. I., p. 231.

† "I read aloud *The Abode of Snow*, at Rickmansworth, to our mutual delight, and we are both very much obliged to you for the handsome present. But what an amazing creature is this Andrew Wilson to have kept pluck for such travelling while his body was miserably ailing. One would say that he had more of the average spirit of hardy men to have persevered even in good health after a little taste of the difficulties he describes."—*George Eliot's Life*, vol. iii., p. 265 (1885).

Andrew Wilson died in Westmoreland, June 8th, 1881.

European live as long here as at home?" "Yes," he would reply, and after a pause: "I would advise him to go out of Bombay two months every year." And so he generally contrived to do, and in early life hardened his frame by pedestrian excursions and seasons of innocent relaxation. He was always a welcome guest, and he never could have obtained the reputation he had in Bombay, even with all his gifts, unless he had had a most winning and gracious presence. He had wonderful tact in adapting himself to the age, sex, or position of a chance companion. It was all the same, Viceroy, or the last arrival beginning a Governmental or mercantile career.

Though imbued, as few other men have been, with the dignity and responsibility of his office, he was able to extract such materials as lightened for himself and others the burden and heat of the day, and cheered them on in the journey of life. He served God with his mirth as much as some men do by their sadness. It was averred that his auditors required to be good listeners, or they felt a sense of weariness; but that was their affair, and possibly due to the lateness of the hour, or the heat of the climate, neither of which tended much to allay the vigour of his spirits. There is a tradition, founded on fact, that Lord Magdala actually fell asleep all unobserved by his guest, who sat beside him, and to the great amusement of the party, who were much profited and instructed by the largeness of the discourse. He lived in Spartan simplicity, never drove in anything but a one-horse shighram, and a bottle of cold tea was his meridian. Not that he abjured drink; when he returned from the ovation given to him in the Town Hall by the Governor and his fellow-citizens, he drank of the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and rose like a giant refreshed. Not without a touch of gay humour was Sir Seymour Fitzgerald's remark, looking at the figure of Wilson, whose coat had been exquisitely cut in bas-relief on the silver salver presented to him. "Tell him," said he, "with my compliments, that Terry has made the best coat I ever saw him wear." That message, we need scarcely add, was not delivered.

He was very proud of his membership of the Royal Society. Consciously or unconsciously he wrote for posterity, and, like Mackintosh and Mountstuart Elphinstone, from habits of deep

thought and close observation, and making it his study to note dates and references with accuracy, his works will ever reward the student of India's religions and history.

His memory remained intact. A day or two before he died a friend repeated the line—

"They also serve who only stand and wait;"

and added, "Cowper?" "Milton—on his blindness," was the quick reply. And he could be solemn enough on occasion. One racked by pain and fever, and half demented, told him that for three days and nights he had been so bad that he could neither read his Bible nor say his prayers. "HE knows that," pointing with his finger to the sky.

It must be remembered that his attainments and the rewards which accompanied them, however lofty in themselves and worthy of human ambition, did not bring Dr. Wilson to India. They were means to an end. That end was the salvation of India, a word much abused in recent times. It was no word with a vague meaning to Dr. Wilson. The salvation of India meant to him security of life and property to the natives thereof in this world, and the hope of an immortality in the next. What had Dr. Wilson to do with life and property in India? some may say. We reply that the effort of his life was to complete the work commenced and carried on by Duncan and Walker for the abolition of infanticide. Had that nothing to do with the preservation of life? And everything he wrote was in the interest of good government, which, if it means anything at all, means protection to life and property.

What he began, he strove to complete, for he could not rest contented until the coin was deciphered, the flower classified, or the word harked back to its parent root. But some things he finished, and some things he could not finish, and as the end drew near he bewailed that his performances had borne such a feeble proportion to the magnitude of his conceptions. Had John Wilson lived a hundred years it would have been all the same. There would still be absurdities in men and things to demolish, something to add to his book on *Caste*, or some new conquest to effect in the wide field he had mapped out for himself. He would still be getting himself stung by bees in the

Konkan, or poring over the rocks of Girnar, or dipping into Joseph's Well for another lost Bible, or holding confabulations over the mysteries of religion with a new generation of Jejeebhoys or Sassoons, or interrogating another Rabbi Duncan at Pesth, until Duncan was forced to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba that half even of the wisdom of this modern Solomon had not been told him.

But not until the rocks of Petra and Asoka* had yielded up to him their last lithographic secret, not until John Knox's great ideal was realised in India, not until the gospel had been preached to every creature, would he have seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied. For him there was always something to do or suffer, or something to complete, even on that day when he bid adieu for the last time to that fair scene from the Cliff, over which the eye of the missionary and philanthropist had so often wandered, those boundless fields consecrated to him for evermore.

* "The first transcript of the Girnar Inscription of Asoka was made and given to the world by Dr. John Wilson."—Dr. Peterson, in *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1887; see also Dr. G. Smith's *Life of John Wilson* (Murray), p. 325f.



THE WILSON MISSION COLLEGE, BOMBAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Bombay Army.

"And do you know, my little man, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's son, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army? His name is Arthur, and he was called Arthur after the great Duke of Wellington."—Extract from letter from a mother to her son in England, dated Bombay, December 14th, 1886.

We have no intention of writing a history of the Bombay army. If Cameron had been spared to return to Bombay he might have worthily occupied his leisure hours on this great subject, for he was an extraordinary instance of a man, having nothing previously to do with the army, in a very short time grasping all the details of it. Nature had gifted him with a hardy constitution, great powers of endurance, and a constant flow of animal spirits. He had a keen thirst for information on military matters and a wonderful faculty of acquiring it. Though Forbes had been at one time in the army, Cameron ran him very close in the special gifts, mental and physical, of a war correspondent, and Forbes has chivalrously declared that his abilities in this department were quite exceptional, if not unrivalled.

I told Cameron at the outset of his career that there was nothing to hinder him becoming a Forbes. And once he had put his hand to the plough, or rather to the carbine, his friends soon saw that this was a foregone conclusion.

It was curious and interesting to note, as soon as he had shaped his designs for embarking in this line of life, the determination with which he set to work to accomplish them. Throwing all else aside, everything was laid under contribution, men and books, and if an officer was at his elbow, he was not long in leading up to a conversation and discussion on military tactics. By day or night his voice was still for war. If he never saw a body of ten thousand horse advancing on full gallop

altogether, I am sure he must have dreamed of this tremendous spectacle, or like the young cadet in his sleep, after a hard examination, "Yes, yes, it was the great Frederick, the great Frederick," for at this time he seemed fairly possessed with the spirit of embattled hosts. Suffice it to say that in a few days he could have given you the exact strength of every Native State in India, how many old rusty guns were in Haidarabad, why the Kolaba barracks were unhealthy (1879), and how the murderous fire of a square of infantry was far more effective than a charge of cavalry. His graphic and telegraphic sententiousness grew by what it fed on, and was a plant of slower growth.

"Stranger, tell it at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her orders." So lies Cameron with many others in the Sudan, and some of us are beginning to think that they were foolish orders which sent them there. Be that as it may, a grateful country, in whose service his life was offered up, has placed a tablet to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

Orme, who is unquestionably the greatest writer on military affairs in India (1745 to 1761), was not an army man, but a member of the Civil Service. But he had very great advantages. He was the friend of Clive. Think of the long tuition he had on that nine months' voyage when they came home together (1753), night after night, or from morn to dusk, from dawn to dewy eve, under two hemispheres, discussing attack and defence, siege and sap.

Frederick the Great, we are told by General Briggs (1828), was greatly captivated by his graphic narrative of the exploits of the Sepoys under French or English officers. His descriptions of the external and internal defences of an Indian fort are done with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, and there is not a nook or cranny that his genius does not penetrate. We seem to know actually more than if we had personally inspected the stronghold or been among the combatants.

When Corochoilé, the great sheep farmer from Fort William in Scotland, met the Duke of Wellington, he asked him in a jocular kind of way if he could drive 100,000 sheep to the great Tryst at Falkirk? The Duke shook his head, and yet Sir

* Died January 19th, 1885, at Abu Klea.

Charles Dilke seems to have no difficulty whatever in bringing 100,000 men to London—in the *Fortnightly Review*.

We are glad, therefore, to know that something is going to be done for the Bombay troops by one of themselves. We hope that Colonel F. W. Graham, lately of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Poona, will not confine himself within the narrow limits of regimental history, but give us the doings of the Bombay army, for it will be a deplorable circumstance if this body is to cease as a distinctive force, without leaving a complete record of the brilliant actions by which its long career has been distinguished.

Adam Smith declares that the art of war is the noblest of all arts, but the modern school of Political Economy relegates the soldier to the unproductive classes. Did Marathon produce nothing? Or Assaye, which John Leyden's rattling lines, recently dug up,* compare to Marathon :—

> "But when we first encountered man to man,
> Such odds came never on
> Against Greece at Marathon
> When they shook the Persian throne,
> Mid the old barbaric pomp of Isfahan."

Even when he is idle in his barracks, as one might suppose, the soldier is not unproductive, that is, he maintains by his existence a condition of things without which all production of the industrial arts or otherwise could not go on with security to the maker or consumer. Of what good are the Volunteers if, in time of peace, soldiers are of no use? O yes, the soldier has his place in the Providential Government of the world! Even a defeat has its uses, for it rouses to heroic purpose. The hurricane is better than the pestilence,—whether defeat is owing to bad generalship or the weakness of the raw material. We have only two in the whole range of our recorded annals, separated by an exact interval of one hundred years, and, strange to say, they both illustrate the truth that a defeat need not be an unmitigated evil. There stand out for example Wargaum and Maiwan in bold relief to darken the page of Bombay History. Sinister enough events both of them, yet they made us gird up our loins for the conflict, and buckle on our armour to do or die.

* *Ante*, Vol. II., p. 12.

They are written in letters of fire, amid a great gloom, and for our benefit. But we were not utterly cast down by them, for when the Seer on Helmand shouted, "Watchman, what of the night?" General Roberts answered, "The morning cometh," and it came in the battle of Qandahar (1880). So was it with Wargaum. On hearing that our colours were in the mud, General Goddard replied by marching across the continent from sea to sea,* and planting the British standard on the citadel of Ahmadabad (1780). The work was the same, and the lesson was the same, not that everything comes to the man who waits, but, in war, to him who moves with alacrity.

They were two Bengal officers, no doubt, but our readers do not require to be reminded that in the hour of danger the Indian army is one and indivisible, and Bombay has never been backward in the exigencies of service.

Or coming to illustrations from individual instances, do you think Clive or Kirkpatrick were the worse for that *dies iræ* in 1751, when their troops turned back in panic and disorder at Volkonda† between Arcot and Trichinapoly, and when Abdul Wahab Khan, whose men had stood their ground, upbraided them for their cowardice?

Or that Arthur Wellesley's (the hero of a hundred fights to be) bad quarter of an hour after his failure at Seringapatam, the first duty he was entrusted with, did him any harm? These men soon chased the clouds away. There was to be for them a new Arcot and a new Seringapatam emblazoned on their shields of arms long before either of them—

> "Fame's steepest heights assail'd,
> Or walked Ambition's diamond ridge,
> Where bravest hearts have failed."

It is thus that brave men are taught by adversity, *i.e.*, the mistakes of their own or those of others, and to fling them back

* Take up Renuell's map of India of this period. It is suggestive of the duties of a Quarter-master General in those days, through a comparatively unknown country. Goddard was about the first that ever burst through this great wilderness of jungle ere the Marble Rocks had been exposed to the gaze of the Saxon.

† Now Volkondapuram or Valikondapuram (not in Hunter's *Gazetteer*), 38 miles N.N.E. from Trichinapoly; see *Ind. Antiquary*, iv., 272.—B.

with the strong arm of virtue and resolve. We need never, therefore, wish, in the poet's words—

> "From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
> And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

The travellers who come to Bombay nowadays do not inquire much. To *do* Bombay, a day and a half is enough. So they visit Elephanta, and then go away. They look at the city, but do not ask who were the makers thereof. The makers of Bombay were the Bombay army. It was they who made our docks and mills, churches and schools, built our law courts and Government offices, and established our banks and merchants. It was they who pierced our mountains with tunnels, and spanned our valleys with bridges. There is not a letter reaches us, but in virtue of something the Bombay army has done. There is not a Bombay sermon or a Bombay newspaper, but owes its existence, in the first place, to the Bombay army. The ground-plan of this Western Presidency was not cleared in a day, nor did Bombay rise like Chicago with the suddenness of a dream.

What befell was this. Though we got the ground for nothing, we had to send an army to receive it, and when that army sickened and died, we had to send another, and so on. I find from a standard authority,* that the Bombay army dates from the reading of the Mutiny Act in 1754. But we are the oldest army of the three Presidencies, for we were training and drilling *topasses* † on the Bombay Green, in the end of the seventeenth century, before Calcutta had any existence. That was our Black Watch. I make bold to say that the first man of us who jumped ashore in 1666 was a Bombay soldier.

He may not have held a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack, but, nevertheless, he was the nucleus of the Bombay army. Our fight for existence was long over and done before 1754, for in the last quarter of the seventeenth century we stood on the

* *Bombay Quarterly Review*, vol. v., 1857.

† Topaz, Topass, &c. Mill defines as "Indo-Portuguese, either the mixed produce of Portuguese and Indian parents, or converts to the Portuguese." Generally it is applied to soldiers of this class.—B.

defensive, with mighty kings thundering at our doors. You may still see the marks they left on the gates of Bombay Castle. If we had not a Bombay army then, we never had. We went by rapid strides afterwards. There was a young man, Douglas by name, in Thana in the year 1808. That was then the frontier of British dominion, and he lived to see it extended to Peshawar, a distance of a thousand miles as the crow flies.

The Bombay army is composed of all sects and castes, Muhammadans, Hindus, Jews, Christians, Rajputs, Kulis, Bohras, and Marathas. "Does the Brahman refuse to stand by the side of the outcaste in the ranks of the Bombay army?" asks Sir Herbert Edwardes. He himself answers "No." * Hence they will go anywhere. The Oxus or *Kalapani* has no terrors for them, and they are content with little. Sivaji only gave his Marathas a rag and a morsel of bread at their spear end. "Where is the best nursery for soldiers in India?" somebody asked General Goddard. His reply was, Gujarat and the region about Ahmadabad.

It was said of a Roman conqueror, *Solitudinem facit, pacem appellat*—"He makes a desert and calls it peace." Who of us can say that any of our Indian soldiers have done this? If this were so, the army would indeed be an evil. The land we live in, does it look like a desert? Over all its 1,400,000 square miles, the reign of justice is supreme, and the labourer goeth forth in the morning, strong in the consciousness that not one *cowrie* † of his honest wages can be wrested from him. There are goats browsing on the *Balakilla* of Torna, and fatted kine within Sivaji's battlements of Raygarh. Has India ever seen this before? Search Kaye, Grant Duff, Orme, and the Indian historians themselves, you may go back even to the twelfth edict of Asoka, and you will find nothing but the tramp of armed men, and a record of war and plunder, smoke and flame.

* "The annals of the armies of the sister Presidencies show that the highest caste men are not in reality polluted in their estimation by standing shoulder to shoulder with men of inferior degrees. It is in the Bengal Army alone where this groundless and arrogant pretension has been tolerated. Abolish it."—Sir James Outram, Lucknow, 1857.

† *Kauri* or *Kavadi*, the small white shell *Cypræa moneta*, used as small-change, about eighty going to the *ana*.—B.

But never more. Never more is the sword to be uplifted in vengeance or bathed in blood, never more to be used except to emancipate immortal man from the iron grasp of superstition and misrule.

India has already had her *Armageddon*, and now the meek-eyed goddess—

> "Waving wide her myrtle wand,
> She strikes a universal peace through sea and land."

Manakjee Cursetjee, who died lately, had seen a good deal. We all know that he was among the first to meet Dr. Wilson on his arrival, which he did at the house of Mr. Robert Money (1829), that he attended Jacquemont's funeral at Sonapur (1832), and he told us that on the 1st November, 1827, he witnessed from the opposite side of the street Mountstuart Elphinstone receiving the new Governor, Sir John Malcolm, at the top of those stairs of the old Government House in Apollo Street, which are now (April, 1888) being ruthlessly dismantled by that great iconoclast, Abdul Huq. That meeting would have been a scene for a painter. His father, born 1763, died 1845, had entertained Arthur Wellesley * at a garden party, and the bungalow which Colonel Gordon, then commanding in Bombay, occupied, whose name, I daresay, you may see in the Wellington *Despatches*, 1801, was rented from his father, who had a vivid recollection of seeing the Duke and Colonel Gordon sitting of an evening in a summer-house or pavilion, which overlooked the Siri Road and Back Bay, no doubt holding high converse on the Expedition to Egypt or on lighter subjects; for example, the beauty of the young lady who was engaged to Captain Hough, or of that other Bombay demoiselle, whose name no man knoweth, who sent Arthur Wellesley his own portrait, and received from him one of her own in return.

* Mentions taking sulphur baths in Bombay.—*Despatches.* "But, sir, were you not very ill at the time of the Expedition to the Red Sea?" "Yes, but I was not confined to my bed. What I had then was the Malabar itch, a much worse kind of itch than ours—it would not yield to brimstone. I caught it on shipboard at Madras—in a man's bed that was given up to me. Dr. Scott, the same who invented nitric acid, cured me at last by baths of the nitric acid; they were so strong that the towels which dried me on coming out were quite burnt."—Oct. 16th, 1837, Stanhope's *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, 1888.

Manakjee acted on Solomon's precept—"Thy father's friend do not forsake"—and, introduced to the second Duke of Wellington, when in London, he found that he also was animated by the same time-honoured maxim. What followed I must now give in his own words, or as near as I can recollect them: "When I was coming away and taking leave of his Grace at the foot of the grand staircase of Apsley House, the Duke asked me if there was anything I would like as a memorial of his father's Bombay friendship, that I was welcome to it. At the moment he uttered these words, I happened to be looking at a curious inkstand which had been placed between the forefeet of an equestrian statue, life-size, which stood in the great corridor, and which I had been admiring. 'Ah!' said the Duke, 'I will send you a far more valuable memorial of my father than the hoof of *Copenhagen*,' for such the inkstand really was, and the statue in bronze was of that celebrated horse which had borne his father at Waterloo. In due time I received a letter from the Duke with a lock of his father's hair."

What the hair of the Prophet's beard is to the devout Muslim of Bijapur, or the splinters of Buddha's begging bowl to his zealous worshipper in Ceylon, that was the Duke's hair to Manakjee, for he preserved it with a jealous care. Like the Supara relics, one casket was not enough, for he had a nest of boxes which he opened one after the other in solemn silence, when he at length displayed from the innermost one and its faded envelope, the snow white lock which had once adorned the head of the Great Duke of Wellington, of whom, it may be said, in his old age—

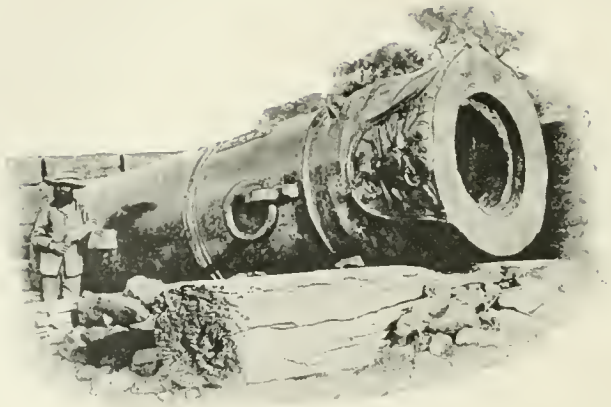
> "To things immortal, time can do no wrong,
> And that which never is to die, for ever must be young."

No notice of the Duke in Bombay is complete without a reference to Mrs. Hough, his only contemporary who lived to our own times. She was a lady of surprising activity, and at eighty could breast four pairs of stairs with ease, or even Elephanta without drawing a very long breath. A great adept in Government Paper, for she did not touch shares, I think, in the wild excitement of 1864, she would make her appearance suddenly in her shighram, under the big tree on Hornby Row,

some of us remember so well, and there from the window, amid a seething crowd of stock-brokers and "budmashes" of sorts, display a piece of faded paper of the five-and-a-half per cents of those days, written within and without with names like the Prophet's Roll (for the next holder, lamentation, mourning, and woe), for she would, when the market had reached a culminating point, say 116, judiciously dispose of the same. Once of great personal attractions, successive Governors paid her much attention in public assemblies, and Frere and Fitz (forgive the brevity) were proud to lead this august lady into drawing or ball room, for had she not leaned in the giddy dance on the arm of the young Arthur Wellesley? "I belong to the Bombay Army,"—a worthy *figlia del reggimento*, in the truest sense of the words, she had something to be proud of. Finally, she did not eat the bread of idleness, and, like the virtuous woman of Solomon, she clothed all her household in scarlet.

But what more can we say of the Bombay Army? *Si monumentum queris circumspice.* There can never come a time in our history when there will be no need of examples from the past, and we do well to remember that some of the greatest warriors of modern times have dwelt among us and found fame and fortune on the tented fields of Western India, and left our shores with loud acclaim. You may change the name of every regiment in it, and extinguish it by merging it in the Indian Army, but the records of its valour can never perish, and the memory of Korigaum (1818) and Honor (1784) will live as long as our annals, or as long as there are pens to record them or hearts to beat in unison with the great deeds of chivalry.

When this generation has ceased to exist, there will doubtless still be men to remember what the Bombay Army did, and what the great men of the days of old thought of it. That Clive was content to command a Bombay force at Geria, and that Bombay soldiers shared with him the glory of Plassey; that it was the army of the Dekhan which Wellington led to victory at Assaye; that Charles James Napier's proudest boast was that he was a Bombay General commanding Bombay troops; and last, but not least, that he, the Chevalier of modern times—the illustrious—of all in his own way beyond compare—Outram, *sans peur, sans reproche*,—was a soldier of the Bombay Army.



THE GREAT GUN AT BIJAPUR.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BIJAPUR.

"I felt nothing of the usual sentiments inspired by ruins in contemplating those of Bijapur. We in general, on such occasions, feel a reverential melancholy, and are lifted above the present time and circumstances. But these sentiments are produced by ruined cities which were the scenes of what is venerable or interesting to us. With these feelings we consider Athens or Rome. But here we see the triumph of force, and the buildings of which we behold the ruins were never the scenes of any other qualities than those of treachery, debauchery, and cruelty, of war without science, or generous humanity without elegance or love."—Sir James Mackintosh, 1808.

THESE lines were written seventy-four years ago, and in the main are as true as on the day they were written, and, like everything by Mackintosh, are entitled to the deepest consideration. But they may be applied by the European to every ruined city in Asia, and, we may add, also to a good many in Europe. We cannot absolutely say that war was without science amid such stupendous fortifications as exist in Bijapur. It seems as good as anything going at the time in this part of

the world. Elsewhere he says that war was without heroism * and love without romance, and an answer to this may be found in Meadows Taylor's novels. The truth seems to be, that public intelligence has drifted towards the subject of this article during the nineteenth century in a way that Sir James Mackintosh, nor any other man in his day, had little or no conception of. That they had plenty of science in Bijapur of a particular kind is patent enough from the fact that we are only now beginning to find out how the ancient builders and architects of this city were able to do things that we could not do ourselves. The big dome, we are told, is a wonder of constructive skill; and the roof in the Rauza Mausoleum, hanging as it were in the air, was a mystery which is now only explained by their method of using concrete. These are Fergusson's words, and he says further that nine builders out of ten will tell you that such a flat roof as that in the Ibrahim Rauza will not stand. It has stood, however, for a couple of hundred years, and may hold together for as many more. The era in which the work was done requires also to be taken into account, and the place. We must not forget that the glory of Bijapur had all passed away before a single Englishman had set foot in Bombay, and that Mahmud had placed the gilded crescent on his sepulchre before half the domes now in Europe were thought of. The big gun *Malik-i-Maidan* surely was a contribution to the science of war. 'Mons Meg,' at Edinburgh Castle, is nothing to it; † and how it was placed in its present position is a question that no man yet has been able satisfactorily to answer.

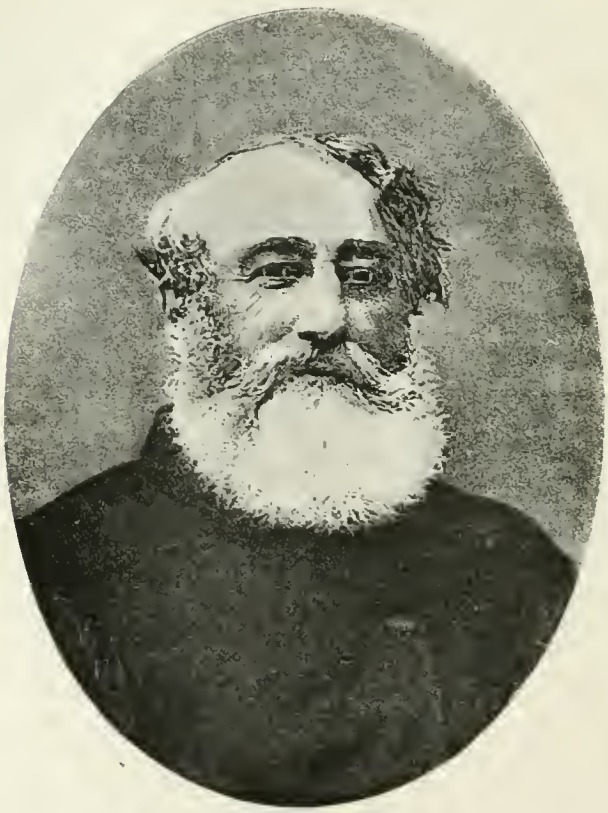
MEADOWS TAYLOR

had the best of all opportunities for writing on the people and history of the Dekhan. He had indomitable perseverance,

* This looks heroic:—A Rajput who had made what he thought a prudent retreat from battle, when he sat himself down in his house, was served at his meat by his wife with a brass ladle. On asking for a reason, she replied, "Lest the sight of iron should turn your stomach from your victuals, as it had done from fighting."—Fryer.

† Measurements of the big gun—diameter at breech, 4 ft. 10 in.; diameter at muzzle, 5 ft. 2 in.; diameter of bore, 2 ft. 4½ in.; length, 14 ft. 3 in. Cast at Ahmadnagar, 1548.

and he who was once an apprentice in a grocer's shop in Bombay in 1824 is now no mean authority on the history of the Dekhan, and his novels are in the hands of all. He admits himself that he owes much in the way of legendary lore to William Palmer. It is a matter of history that William Palmer was allowed to



MEADOWS TAYLOR.

establish a house of business at Haidarabad in the Dekhan in 1814, and came down in the Calcutta crash of 1829-32.

Sir John Kaye gives the whole story in his life of Metcalfe, and we gather from his account that the commercial relations of the Nizam with this house were so enormous that at one time the Government of India found it necessary to pay off the

liabilities of the firm to the extent of a million sterling, and that bullion was sent to this amount from Calcutta. It did no good to Palmer and Company, but rather precipitated the crisis. Our impression is that the existence of Palmer and Company, with their then relations to the Nizam, was a standing menace to the British Government, and the sooner the firm, as then conducted, was ended the better.

Meadows Taylor will now tell his own story. "In 1830 Mr. Palmer's house continued to be my chief resort. There was a fascination about him quite irresistible to me, his knowledge was so varied, classical, historical, and political. His father, who had been Secretary to Warren Hastings, had taken part in almost all the eventful scenes of early Anglo-Indian history, and had married, as was very usual then among English gentlemen, a lady of high rank, one of the Princesses of the Royal House of Dehli, and his fund of knowledge and great store of anecdote made him a delightful and improving companion. On the 25th August, 1832, I was married to Mary Palmer, daughter of William Palmer, Esq., at Sikandarabad."

It was in 1839 he became acquainted with Christopher North (Professor Wilson, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*), who urged him to write his Indian tales. North was no mean judge, and a life of rambling over every part of the Dekhan for thirty years, and his marriage, fitted Meadows Taylor to pourtray every department of Maratha life, military, social, and domestic, in each of which he now stands unrivalled.

WITH THE ACCOMMODATION

provided for us in Bijapur we had no need to grumble. It was the mosque of the Ibrahim Rauza—nothing equal to it, we are told, out of Seville or Cordova. It was a big bed-room, the curtains of which were groined arches. You could not sleep in anything larger except under the canopy of heaven, which may be tried by any one who likes, with perfect impunity, on the Dekhan Hills at this season of the year.* Aurangzeb slept here verging on three score years and ten—a heavy weight of clay! He had just captured the city and wept over it. O! thou old

* Tried it at Mahuli, December 25th, 1890. No harm.

hypocrite and fratricide! He was then worth forty millions a year: Gemelli Careri says eighty millions sterling, but let us take the smaller sum: and that without either license-tax or opium to swell his revenue. I wonder if the people grumbled in those days.

There must have been a soul of goodness about the man, for he it was who invented *dak* bungalows, and built them from Kabul to Travancore. He also took a *scunner* (Scottice for "loathing") at big tombs, very likely at Bijapur. Avaunt all sycophants and mummers!

> "Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
> In a' the tinsel trash o' state!"

Khafi Khan gives us his exact words before his death:— "Carry this creature of the dust quickly to the first burial-place, and consign him to the earth without any useless coffin." So no useless coffin enclosed his breast, for he laid himself down, *actat.* ninety, at another Rauza, on that steep hill above Kailas and Elura, in a plot of ground a man might have bought for ten rupees, which you may still see with a *tulsi* plant and some jessamine covering all that remains of the Lord of the World. He made his tomb, after the injunction of the Prophet, not more than two feet high, and open to the dews of heaven.*

No man will disturb him; whereas in Bijapur rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.

TOMBS.

What Canopus was to ancient Alexandria that was Torwe† to Bijapur, a magnificent suburb for garden parties and *fêtes*

* *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 357.

† "There are said to be 453 wells in the town, but the principal water supply in the days when the city was teeming with a population, if tradition is to be believed, exceeding that of Bombay, was brought into it by the Torwe aqueduct, which is said to have been constructed by Afzul Khan."—*T. S. Hewlett, Acting Sanitary Commissioner*, October 17th, 1875.

"The tunnelling is at one place sixty-five and a half feet underground, but on a re-examination in 1886, Colonel Goodfellow, R. E., and Mr. Reinhold came to the conclusion that any attempted restoration of them would be futile, and that the game would not be worth the candle."—*Bijapur Sanitary Reports*, 1887.

champêtres of sorts. Though there was no afternoon tea in those days, they amused themselves with sherbet and other cooling drinks, among fountains and within the sound of rippling water. Of a truth the dead were well remembered in Torwe, for here, as in Bijapur, there seems nothing else than tombs. We wandered a whole morning until the sun was high in the heavens; and there was nothing but tombs. The tall crop of *jawari* grew superincumbent on the ruined sites of the palaces of the living, but the mausoleums of the dead seemed to shoot up their bulbous domes everywhere. You walk in all directions, but the beginning and end of all is the inevitable. "O vanity of men whose memorials are as vain as themselves, which in a few short years perish, and that which lasts longest lasts no longer than the world!" Every man seems to have prepared his own sepulchre during his life—an old custom. Sometimes the work was cut short. There is a great mausoleum, half finished, that was to have surpassed the dome of Mahmud as much as that dome now surpasses all other buildings. But when the first storey was raised, its author and intended occupant, Ibrahim 'Adil Shah I., was cut off by assassination. The workman threw down his tools, and the cooly his last basketful of earth into the ditch. And now there remains something like the ruins of Melrose Abbey, with this difference, that the rest on which the arch is built, stone and not wood as in our modern times, remains inside the arch. They have never been taken down. The people here, as soon as they arrived at the age of consciousness, seem to have bethought themselves of dying—no, not exactly of dying, but of what design and structure should be the habitation of their carcases. They had no notion of the narrow house appointed for all living, for Mahmud now sleeps in an acreage, over which is suspended a dome as big as that of the Pantheon.

> "Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood,"

muttered the words "Six feet will hold him yet." It was an idle imprecation. Six feet! Why, sixty feet was not enough for the Patil or Mamlutdar. If the ghosts of these old Bijapureans could only now revisit the glimpses of the moon,

they would be astounded at the condition of their own sepulchres.

The stronger they were fastened down with stone and clamp the greater object were they of cupidity to those who came after them. Size, strength, durability, and ornamentation, all increased the desire to see what was in them, and so Pagan, Frank, and Tartar, full of the idea of the gold with which the kings and counsellors of the earth buried themselves, have wrenched the granite asunder, hammered to pieces the polished basalt, and scattered the contents at the grave's mouth. Out of one arched window, tomb of Afzul Khan if you will, within its mullioned frame, stood peering out, and shaking its ears, of all things in the world, a live donkey! A mongoose hastily scuttled down to the vaults of another charnel house on our approach. At the door of a third lay some porcupine quills; and a fourth, levelled with the earth, bore high, in fruit and foliage, our old friend the custard-apple. Vanity of vanities!

Hence Bijapur is the biggest ghost of past times in the Dekhan. Even during its palmy days, say of Tara or Afzul Khan, the dead were more carefully looked after than the living. Every man had his coffin, so to speak, in his own cupboard, and of course there was a skeleton in every house. The only trade for a century seems to have been building mausoleums, and the only commerce carrying stones to them. You can scarcely move without breaking your shins against a gravestone. The moral of Bijapur seems to be that men had better look after their own reputation during their lives, and leave nothing to posterity, for posterity has done nothing for them but rifle their tombs and scatter their ashes to the winds of heaven, though they did everything in their power to prevent this consummation.

DOVES

seem to affect mosques all over the East: * witness the mosque

* Celebrated convents of the East and in the West also, and as far North as Solovetsk on the White Sea. "Pigeons have a good place in the Convent," says the Father at my side. "You see we never touch them; doves being sacred in our eyes on account of that scene on the Jordan, when the Holy Ghost came down to our Lord in the form of a dove."—Hepworth Dixon's *Free Russia*, 1870.

of Omar; and you remember the sacred pigeons of Mecca which have been noticed by every traveller, from Vertomannus to Burton. Burckhardt tells us (1814) that nobody dares to kill them, and that they are called the sacred pigeons of *Baitullah*, the house of God, and another (1503) that they are believed to be the progeny of the dove that spake in the ear of Muhammad, in the likeness of the Holy Ghost. Witness also the two white doves on the body of Hasan at the Muharram. Here in Bijapur, as in Mecca, or, for that matter, before the Bombay Custom House, a man comes daily with food for the pigeons. I watched these white messengers descending from the sky on Christmas Day, our only visitors—emblems of its peace and purity.

There is no smoke in Bijapur to soil their wings. See Cromwell's favourite Psalm of David:—

> "Like doves ye shall appear,
> Whose wings with silver, and with gold
> Whose feathers, cover'd are."

And the "Though ye have lain among the pots" by way of emphasis.

The sky here is very blue and transparent, and throws the outlines of fretted cornice and graceful minaret in sharply-cut and delicate relief. The doves alighted with noiseless foot on the great flat pavement that spreads out in one stony sheet between the Mosque and Mausoleum of Ibrahim. As they stood between the living and the dead, on that space where thousands of worshippers had once bent the knee with their faces to the west, invoking the one God and the one Prophet, they seemed to read a lesson of peace and good-will to men.

The voice of war is now hushed over all India. Long may it be so! The doves of the Ibrahim Rauza have come here for generations, and will doubtless do so for generations to come. There was one day, however, you may be sure, they did not come. That day was the 15th October, 1686, when Aurangzeb, amid the hurly-burly of war, stumbled from his scarlet-curtained palanquin, and, drunk with the lust of ambition, piled his bloody garments in the sanctuary of the Rauza.

SHEEP AND DOGS.

Why do black sheep eat more than white ones in India? Because there are more of them. The conundrum is attributed to Archbishop Whately. Very much the case on the way to Bijapur, where black sheep abound. There are some sheep dogs too. Marvellously like the Scotch colley, and they look quite as astute and sagacious.

> "His breast was white, his touzy back
> Weel clad in coat o' glossy black."

This is his sitting portrait: with his tongue out of his mouth, palpitating, with his eye on, and much exercised about his flock, more touzy than himself. He slinks away, however, on our approach, with his tail between his legs, and in this fails miserably as the counterpart of Burns' next two lines on the "Twa Dogs":

> "His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
> Hung ower his hurdies wi' a swirl."

FAMINE.

No one, in travelling from Sholapur to Bijapur, could believe that this country so lately had been so mercilessly struck down by famine. You can see nothing of it, everything seems gay and prosperous. *Jawari* and other crops are abundant until within a dozen miles of Bijapur, when the country partakes of the character of the English downs. Some of the men seemed to want filling up between the ribs sadly, but no doubt this year's crop will supply the deficiency.

We saw one man, but only one, a relic of the famine days, and apparently beyond all remeid, a veritable Death-and-Doctor-Hornbook business:—

> "Its stature seemed lang Scotch ells twa,
> The queerest shape that e'er I saw
> For feint a wame it had ava;
> And then its shanks,
> They were as thin, as sharp and sma'
> As cheeks o' branks."

THE COUNTRY ABOUT BIJAPUR,

far from being a desert, seems capable of extended cultivation, and in its palmy days, with its garden-houses of the nobility, must have been a mass of greenery. The surrounding country, covered with coarse grass, presents a brown and tame appearance; so the city itself must have been, seen from afar, a green Emerald, like Damascus. There is plenty of water, from wells and otherwise, and in ancient times, like the Damascus of to-day, it ran down the sides of every street, for an aqueduct conveyed water for twenty miles. The Adansonia-trees are African, and of enormous girth;* and we allude to them because if they are weighted with a thousand years, they point to remote times, when the Habshi made his first appearance in the Dekhan. The big dome has been painted white, by whom we know not; but the colour at some distance, and even near at hand, detracts from its bulk, and it is only when the side next the spectator is thrown in shadow that its great size is realised. St. Peter's looks brown from the sea, the tombs of the Khalifs at Cairo are as grey as the desert, and all other domes, east and west, are either gilded, or painted black. Viewed from a distance of twenty miles the sense of colour is lost, and it cleaves the horizon without a single object to compete with it in the view, either natural or artificial, a great hemisphere on the sky-line.

GLOBE-TROTTERS.

The first globe-trotter who came to Western India was Tom Coryat.† Taylor, the Water-poet, thus eulogises him, and perhaps gives us the germs of the word :—

> "Let poets write their best and trotters run,
> They ne'er shall write or run as thou hast done."

The time will arrive when a number of men and women from Europe and America, *blasé* with Greece and the Nile, will come

* *Gorakh Imli, Adansonia.*—Enormous trees under which malefactors were beheaded. William Taylor of Patna, when here, was in search of big trees, and ought to have seen these. They are stumpy, but in girth and consisting of only one trunk must beat anything out of California.

† *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 315.

to Bijapur. The big dome and the Kailas of Elura will take their places as the two great wonders of Western India. We shall, no doubt, in due time, hear much that is novel and interesting about Bijapur. It behoves our Government to see that no so-called improvement mars the antique grandeur and simplicity



ADANSONIA GIGANTEA.

of these exquisite monuments of antiquity, and that in our zeal for their utilization, we do not accelerate their decay, or the decay of that which is most noble and beautiful (we will not say venerable—with Mackintosh's words before us) about them. Time is a ruthless destroyer, but not half so ruthless as that

zeal which, under the pretence of repair, effects only to destroy, and we must beware of this kind of renovation, and see that the iconoclasts do not proceed from ourselves.* The greatest living authority on architecture has declared that these buildings are worthy of all the care we can bestow upon their preservation. Our first great duty is therefore to protect them from ourselves, and our second from the hands of our neighbour.

There are pieces of sculpture in the Mosque and Rauza of Ibrahim which, we venture to say, as sculptured ornaments throughout the world, are unique, and if destroyed or taken away, to use a mild word, could never be replaced. We mean the stone chains, the links of which, cut out of one block, dangle from the cornice and hang gracefully between each arch. They are thirty or forty feet overhead, and far beyond ordinary reach; but they are not beyond the avarice and ingenuity of the stone collector, who could soon devise ways and means to attain them. We all know what has been done in this way in Upper Egypt. For preservation, therefore, and in view of an influx of sight-seers, we would recommend the discontinuance of the Rauza as a hostelry. The Dome of Mahmud and the Mosque † and Mausoleum of Ibrahim Rauza, in fact, require each a keeper to watch these buildings, so that travellers may be taken over them, as they are in the Mosque of Omar, or any of the great sight buildings in the world.

The student who may now find his way from Western India to any of the Universities of Europe, need not be ashamed of his country. It is a great country, and great in its memorials of ancient times. What India has given to Europe is at present an unknown quantity. In race and language, in physics and metaphysics, in religion—and this is a very unknown quantity, and possibly very small—in commerce and trade, in astronomy

* The last Raja of Satara, in whose kingdom Bijapur was, when on a visit amused himself with picking out the gilding, arabesque, and lacquered work with the point of his sword. It is said that the Bombay Government have already spent £80,000 on repairs and restorations, so we cannot be accused of want of interest in Bijapur.

† 1890.—Abandoned for a travellers' bungalow, near the railway station, while many of the ruined buildings have now been converted into public offices and residences.

and medicine, in the arts and sciences, philosophers continue to investigate and grope their way.

One day it is found that Sanskrit is the basis of all European languages; another, that the germs of municipal institutions exist in the village community in India; and an American has just made out that India built Palmyra, Tyre, and Alexandria, and that the world is indebted to her for the discovery of America. Columbus was only thinking of India and the way thither when his vessels were driven against the New World. If the student is taunted with the statement that India exported in ancient times only apes and peacocks, he can tell them that the first iron,* the first silk, and the first cotton came to Europe from India; that before Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, was born, Mahmud had hung in the air a dome, with a larger area than that of the Pantheon at Rome;† that when Catholics were being burned at Smithfield, and Protestants at Goa, Christians were tolerated at Naldurg and Raichor, and received firmans, which still exist, from the Sultans of Bijapur; and that courtesy itself is indigenous to India, and sprang unaided by either the chivalry or the Crusades of Europe. Truly, as the poet hath it, the pathway of human progress has been from the East.

> "Westward the course of Empire takes its way:
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is its last."

* "The supply of iron in India, as early as the fourth and fifth centuries, seems to have been unlimited. In the temples of Orissa iron was used in large masses, as beams or girders in roof work in the thirteenth century, and India well repaid any advantages which she may have derived from the early civilised communities of the West if she were the first to supply them with iron and steel."—*Sir John Hawkshaw's opening address, British Association meeting, Bristol*, 1875. The authenticity of the Book of Ezekiel has never been impeached and "bright iron and steel" are mentioned by him as items in his great display of ancient oriental commerce.

"The Hindus were especially skilled in the art of making steel, and, indeed, they are to this day; and it is supposed that the tools with which the Egyptians covered their obelisks and temples of porphyry and syenite with hieroglyphics were made of steel, as probably no other metal was capable of executing such work."—Smiles, *Industrial Biography—Iron and Tool Workers*, 1884.

† *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 28.

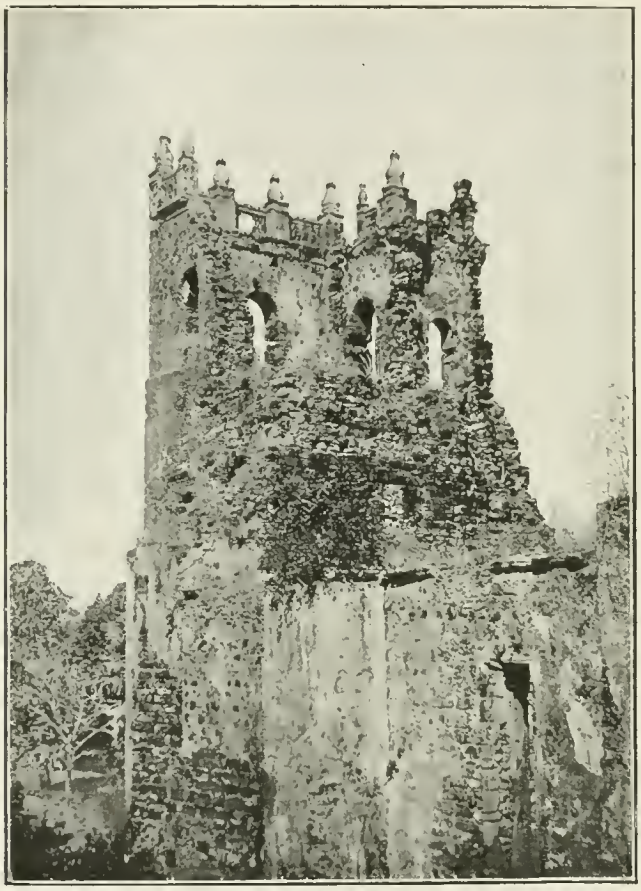
CHAPTER XLV.

Bassein and the Portuguese.

The absolute dominion of Portugal in India has always been a very small dominion. With Diu and Daman it does not cover as much ground as the county of Perth in Scotland (2365 against 2835 square miles), and even in its palmy days Salsette and the Konkan did not add to it more than the shire of Inverness. The Western Ghats, which run like a herring-bone down the map, have been their Grampians, beyond which, like the Romans, their conquests did not extend. But though small, it is the oldest European dominion in India, and, having held its ground for the long period of 380 years, can boast of a history nearly twice as long as either Calcutta, Madras or Bombay. Small as it is, it has made a great noise in the world, and, albeit there is much sound and fury in its early history, it is undeniable that the various men who won it for Portugal have given it an undying, one might say even a classic, interest. Its fame has nothing to do with its size, for little countries, as we all know, may be great. But whether its fame is beyond its merits or not, the fact remains that the Portuguese were the first that ever burst into a sea which was silent until made vocal by the genius of Camoens and the fleets of Da Gama and Albuquerque.

When the Portuguese came north from Goa (a place at the time of no historical note whatever), they took possession of a territory of uncommon interest in Bassein, Thana, Salsette, and what is now Bombay. Place one foot of a pair of compasses on Thana on your map, and with a radius of twenty miles describe a circle, and you will enclose a spot of ground which, for associations *of its kind*, has no equal in the wide world. Here there are great memories, the land is brimful of history, and contains in its story a microcosm of the three great religions

which have held mankind in fee for three thousand years. It is a *terra sancta* of them all. Every one of them has passed like a great wave over its soil and left small trace of its existence. Of the Battle of the Nile you now find only a few



BASSEIN CATHEDRAL.

bits of crusted wood on the beach; in other words, a casket of relics, an inscribed stone, and the potsherds of the earth. When the Portuguese came they could not find a single Christian, when the English came they could not find a single Buddhist,

and yet here in India Christianity had its first martyr (A.D. 1321), and here Buddha had his second birthplace. Supara, three miles from Bassein, is a notable place: hither came Xavier, canonised amongst the saints, Heber also, and read his title in the skies.

We make no account of Fryer (1675) that the greatest Musalman ruins in the Dekhan existed at Kalyan. We now ask the question: Why should religion through all the ages have found a home in these parts? Simply because men were here, clustered in communities, buying and selling, carrying on the business of the world—manufactures in its original sense and trading relations with distant nations: and religion follows in the wake of commerce. The history of the commerce of Western India is greatly comprised within cities in the district we have marked off. Begin with Supara. It may be mentioned in the *Mahabharata* (B.C. 1400); it certainly exists on Ptolemy's map (A.D. 139), and is pronounced by a native now-a-days exactly as it is spelled. But sooner or later Supara as a commercial emporium holds the first place. Nepal and the Himalayas poured gold into it, and Gujarat was and is the land of "apes and peacocks." Kalyan with its Greek commerce comes next. "Where pepper grows there are Christians," quoth Cosmas (A.D. 521). Then comes Thana, with visions of Marco Polo (1254–1324), and on its decline Bassein takes up the thread of the story, and the sequence is complete when, on the 18th February, 1665, an Englishman picks up the "earth and stones" of Bombay Castle in the presence of Antonia Fonseca, Notary Public of Bassein, and writes the initial letter of a page of history with which most of us are familiar. The earth itself is full of the bones of Buddhists, monks, faqirs, pirs, apostles, holy men, heretics and heresiarchs, soldiers of the cross and of the devil, in one burial blent.

Elephanta is still regarded as a wonder of the world by the European and American tourist. If he would take the trouble to go to Kanheri he would find caves much more attractive. The rocks throughout the district are literally honeycombed with caves, and the ground studded with the ruins of Portuguese churches—their names would only distract the reader—while Ambarnath, an almost perfect temple of the Silahara dynasty

(810–1240), still blazons in the light of the nineteenth century Kali and her necklace of human skulls and other elements of an impure worship which then defiled the Konkan. The old temple of Walkeshwar on its sea-beaten promontory was another of the same, but, thanks to the Portuguese and the early Governors of Bombay, it has disappeared. The caves and their great number in such a limited area have long engaged the attention of the *savans*, and Dr. W. Robertson (*Ancient India*, 1791), though he had never been in India, sitting in his room, No. 67, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, evolved a theory which, with the wider and more exact knowledge we have gathered during the hundred years since he wrote, we think will commend itself to the reader. The time necessary to execute such works, he said, argued a large population and a regular continuous government. The existence of the centres of commerce which we have named was not known to this philosopher as they are now known to us, and seem to indicate that from time immemorial down indeed to the dawn of history, a much larger population inhabited the ground we have marked out than has since obtained in this part of the Konkan.*

No suspicion of a compliment to Bombay, a town when he wrote of 150,000 inhabitants, needbe entertained; and Bombay's place as a factor in great religious movements such as we have described is yet to come and may come. It was too obscure then to engage the attention of the men of that generation. Johnson met Eyre Coote at Fort Augustus, and Sir Archibald Campbell, Governor of Madras, met Boswell; but the only allusion we can find to Bombay is that "bumaloes" † were an industry in that neighbourhood.

Bassein.

The crying evil of Bassein (it was the same with Goa) was intolerance, and for this wanton offence which she offered to free inquiry and private judgment, one of the most sacred instincts of our nature, she has suffered a terrible retribution. That sin of intolerance never goes unpunished. It was against Nature, and Nature in another form has had her revenge.

* *Infra*, p. 220. † *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 65, note*.

You can easily recall a gala day in Bassein. You have only to step into a church in Goa to see what her cathedral was like in those distant times; a mass of gilding, paintings in galore, lighted candles, and a redundancy of ecclesiastical furniture. The Hidalgos of Bassein are there with their ladies in rich and gay attire, concealed in Eastern seclusion. I can see one, nevertheless, as she steps from her palanquin, and with dainty feet in sandals treads with measured step that passage which has been constructed to veil her beauty from the vulgar gaze as she enters the cathedral. Now she is seated, clad in silk and *kinkhab*, floating in the muslin of the East; nothing is wanting—ostrich feathers from Arabia and diamonds from Golkonda. She kneels, and the air is heavy with frankincense. As she rises from her knees a monk in a grey cloak, tall, of a ruddy countenance and chiselled features, enters the pulpit with a buoyant step. It is a great day for Bassein, for this is the apostle of the Indies, come from Malacca.

I dare not describe Xavier, but his voice still rings down the centuries calling all men to repentance, "preaching humility to tyrants," as Mackintosh hath it, and "benevolence to savages." Everybody is here—Dominicans in black cloak and cassock, Franciscan friars of orders grey, girded with a cord, in grey cloak and cowl as becometh. He prays, wrestles in agony, pours forth his impassioned eloquence, reproves, exhorts, entreats and grapples with their morals—debased enough, prevenient grace excepted, to render them one day the outcasts of Asia. Doña Maria thrills under the eloquence of the great Jesuit. He pauses as if to gather breath and strength for a final appeal, and in this momentary lull I can hear the twittering of the mainas and the warbling of the bulbuls, see them even as they hop amid the rustling leaves of the tamarind and mango trees.

Not now nor again, I am sure, did Xavier, with his clear blue eyes uplifted to heaven, ever dream of such a destiny as awaited this building. Not now nor again could anyone present imagine that a new enemy, more inexorable than Mughal or Maratha, and more relentless than he of Vijayanagar, of whom Xavier had ample experience, was to spring from the earth beneath and around them and lay waste this house of the

Lord and all its magnificence. And among his hearers, as they looked from ceiled roof to marble pavement, from groin to aisle and chancel, from cloister to clerestory and mullioned window, who among them all on this memorable day in 1548 could ever dream of an enemy of such stealthy approach, concealed in the



XAVIER'S TOMB AT GOA.

bosom of the earth, surer than sap or mine; an enemy endowed with the vigour of perpetual youth, slow, silent and unceasing in its movement, one that never sleeps day or night, in summer sun or winter storm? That enemy was tropical vegetation. We have all seen pictures of Cambodia and Yucatan. Such is

Bassein. A rank vegetation has clambered up her walls, invaded her sanctuaries, pulled down her pulpits and clutched every building in its deadly embrace. By the exclusion from her gates of all who differed from her creed, Bassein merits the doom which has befallen her. Her seven churches are as desolate as those of Asia. Not one worshipper now wends his way to the door of her cathedral; not one candle with flickering light is left to glimmer on her deserted altars; not one matin, vesper or holy hymn.

"Oh here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn!"

Devotion has fled. Her holy places are defiled, and her altars cast down to the ground; and, as if in mockery of her intolerant pretensions, the only temple within her walls which attracts the worshipper is of that religion which she proscribed and sought so industriously to destroy. The sacred bull *Nandi* and the monkey god *Hanuman* now triumph over the symbol of the Cross.

Captain M'Cluer, of the Indian Navy, about 1775 sketched Bassein from the sea, and his view shows little change in the sea walls and bastions, notwithstanding the battering of General Goddard in 1780. None of us remember 1802, but young M. Elphinstone (*ætat.* 23) spent his Christmas holidays between this place and Belvidere, a bungalow which in its day sheltered many notabilities. It was under these walls that Baji Rao and Barry Close concluded that treaty of Bassein (1802) which Elphinstone witnessed. M'Cluer was a bad man: that is, he was unscrupulous and licentious. There have always been one or two such men, the maggots and butterflies of Indian existence, and they always have had troops of friends. He lapsed into the vices of the Portuguese, who became the curse of social life in the East. If all our men in Western India had been M'Cluers, Bombay would now be what Goa is, or say Panjim in 1890.

M'Cluer was not an ordinary man—very much the reverse, for a glamour is round his name. You may find "M'Cluer's inlet" in the *Royal Atlas*, somewhere in the Indian Archipelago. The great seadog, like Ralph the Rover, scoured the sea for many a day, till at length, in a ship of his own and making his way from Benkulin to the Bay of Bengal, he was never heard of.

The claimants of his money, for he left a will, were searching for his gravestone in 1889. They might have searched till Doomsday, for it is at the bottom of the sea, and his will might have gone with him, for it has tortured the minds of solicitors, administrators-general, and possible relatives in Galloway and Inverness for a hundred years. A recent writer (Lowe's *Indian Navy*) compares him to Captain Cook. He provided liberally for his women and his children. There was Rs. 50,000, now grown into several lakhs. The will was proved. In it he states in regard to his slaves: "As I am in a land of liberty, I don't consider them as slaves but servants" (*Masonic Record*, 1867. *Pro bono publico*). The residue he left to "the illegitimate children of master masons."

It will thus be seen that M'Cluer was, like Burns's devil, neither "lag nor lame;" and in his morals we have seen also that he was not "blate nor scaur." (*Anglicè:* neither lazy nor lame, nor modest nor scared).

Apropos of the slave trade the following excerpt* from a Goa letter of 31st December, 1804, is of interest:—

"Insure Rs. 8000 on 91 Caffres from Goa to Colombo. They are very fine fellows, and you will doubtless be highly pleased with the transaction. I have left a dozen weak ones in Goa."

The letter is written in a fine bold hand on cream laid gilt-edged paper, and the skipper's signature is W. Clarke. These slaves were destined for sale as recruits to the Ceylon Government.

HISTORY.

The Portuguese held Bassein from 1533 to 1739, when it was taken from them by the Marathas, who possessed it until 1780, when they were finally driven out by the English. It is curious to note that the same arguments which the Portuguese now advance for their aggressions in Africa were put forward by them in 1774. I mean their right to have Bassein and Salsette because they had held them before. Here is how the astute Hornby deals with this flimsy pretence:—

* Bruce and Fawcett's MS.

"The English attack the Maratha dominions wherever they judge an impression may be made with most advantage to themselves or injury to the enemy; and when their armies come before the walls of a fortress where the Maratha colours are flying, they are under no necessity to consult history before the batteries are opened to discover the ancient possessor, or to deliberate whether any of them may not have possibly an intention again to attempt the conquest at some future period. The Portuguese acquired most of their territories in India by conquest and the force of arms. In the same manner they were deprived of what they term the Province of the North, and their right consequently expired on the same principle that it originated."

TOMBS.

The churches in Goa, from the entrance up to the altar, are literally paved with tombstones. Slabs cover the whole area. The inscriptions are in Portuguese or in Latin, in wonderful preservation, and most of them are legible. The stone is calculated to endure, and the engraved letters are cut deep into it. Moreover, the Portuguese, in church hereabouts and in early times in their own houses, did not wear shoes, at least such hobnailed shoes as in Europe speedily obliterate the most sacred epitaphs on the floors of our cathedrals. The congregations which assembled century after century were mostly native converts, and barefoot.

The history of Portugal bulks big as you walk over the graves of twelve generations—warriors, priests and men of letters, and some ladies (there is a Doña here and there) who no doubt in their day shed a lustre on the social circle, and tempered the violence of the times in this new Lisbon set down on the shores of Asia. Most of the nobility of Goa have their death and birth date recorded—biography *multum in parvo*—and some have their arms emblazoned; one notably significant quarters scallop shell and battle-axe, in which you may read the philosophy of Portuguese conquest in Asia. The portraits of the old Viceroys, too, help one to make dead men live again. They are fierce and indomitable, not the smooth faces we see around us, but iron-visaged men, born on the northern side of the Mediterranean.

In Bassein there are but few tombs *in situ:* most of them have been torn ruthlessly up, and the slabs broken and tossed about the church interiors. One can see what a make-believe the buildings are now that the plaster has fallen down and revealed the nakedness of the land. The veneering gone, there is nothing left but the coarsest rubble, so held together only by lime or concrete, that you will break the stones before you are able to separate them the one from the other. The arches are built of good cut stones, deftly pieced together: door-posts and window-facings ditto. The remark of Francis Pyrard, who was here in 1607, that he never "saw pillars or columns of stone so large as in this place," could never have had any foundation in fact except on one supposition—that he had seen very little.

From Bijapur to Bassein, not to speak of Vijayanagar, you come from the land of the giants to that of the pygmies. The guava, custard apple, fig and papaya trees of the old gardens of Bassein still blossom, but now cast their untimely fruit to the ground. I did not come across the vine or orange. There are of course no casuarina nor *Gulmor*,—exotics of a later introduction, but the banyan, pipal, palms of sorts, some with funereal tresses sighing in the wind, cocoanut, palmyra, neem, cotton tree in scarlet blossom, and a huge *baobab* or *adansonia*, in a gloomy corner, ripe of memories of the *Gorakh Imlis* of Bijapur, lay prostrate, fallen from sheer age and the weight of centuries—a mighty skeleton with roots upturned.

Some of the churches hereabout have had a strange fate. The site of one is a slaughter-house, another is or was a sugar factory, and a third (church and college) lies beneath the Vihar Lake. When Hugh Miller pointed out a burying ground under Compensation Pond, the citizens of Edinburgh felt a bad taste in their mouths for some days.





THE TWIN TOWERS AND GANGASAGAR TANK AT RAYGARH.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Sivaji's Forts.

I.—THE FORT OF RAYGARH.

"Adieu thou palace, rarely entered,
Adieu ye mansions, where I've ventured,
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs
How surely he who mounts them swears."

Byron's *Adieu.*

Raygarh is a lonely hill. No one cares to go to it, for it is rather out of the way and difficult of access. One English lady has ascended it, and Gell, of pedestrian fame, in his seven-leagued boots. From Bombay the journey is—

"Splash, splash, across the sea,
Tramp, tramp, across the main."*

The splashing ends at Nagothna, where we exchange the howling of the *bandar-boat* men for the tender mercies of the "messman."

* "Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
Splash, splash, along the sea."—Scott.

A much-abused man in India is the messman, and yet we could not get on well without him. Let us, therefore, talk of him lovingly as we swoop down upon him at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. He rises uncomplainingly—it is true with something like a grunt—but I am sure, if I were a messman, I should be inclined to say "Get out!" But he is the afflicted man's companion, he strokes him with the hair, and sends him gently away in his tanga at peace with all the world. Forgive him, then if he sings a shrill requiem to himself on our departure. "A fair wind to him. May he never come back again." The morning is cold. There is much fog as we emerge from this creek town, so the driver blows his horn lustily with a "clear the road" twang, which rouses drowsy men and beasts of burden, for we can hear and partially see them, in the gray daylight, hustling and scuffling out of the way. It was there I saw what would have sent away that great wood engraver, Thomas Bewick, crazy with delight, *a dead horse*, and which (I am not sure) figures in one of his tail pieces. The horse lay with extended legs, thrown out from it, its last kick, in the attitude in which death had overtaken it, a picture of weary *abandon* and utter *thowlessness*, so difficult for the painter to delineate. There, too, was the dog on its haunches, with closed jaws, *riving* with might and main at the undismembered carcass. Our driver seems up to his work. At all events we have no need to imitate Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Moor and shout to the postilion, "Drive, drive, drive," for the people are inoffensive, and the tempers of Dekhany man and beast seem to fit each other to a T, and they go at their work as if they meant it. We bowl along, up hill and down dale, sending stones and dirt spinning right and left, taxing wheels and thews to the utmost, until we feel that we are within an inch of our lives: specially so in those long sweeps, as it were in a chariot of doom, thundering down hill to the foot of a *nala*, full of boulders and projecting stones, on which we bump, thump, and crash—happily not to our destruction.

VIEW OF NAGOTHNA CREEK FROM BOMBAY.

We are now on consecrated ground—consecrated we mean to us by many a bright vision from Malabar and Kambala Hills,

for in the early days of the monsoon we have wonderful prospects from Bombay. It is then that distance lends enchantment to the view. Sometimes the curtain lifts, and the clouds clear away from the island of Karanja, the high land of Thal, and the broad lagoon which intersects them. There, across the harbour, lies in all its glory a new heaven and a new earth—a place of broad streams and rivers, fretted with the gold and islands of the blest—a vision to satisfy the weary soul at sunrise, vexed with the miseries of a restless night. One solitary palm tree stands on the extreme verge of the horizon, like a lonely sentinel on the confines of the world beyond. What that world is we now know. No longer mere *glamour* or *chiaroscuro*, blotted out of being by the first rays of the rising sun, but a beautiful country well-cultivated, though prosaic, well-watered and well-wooded, filled with a prosperous people whose *gáms* and farm steadings dot the landscape. Tiffin and a night's lodging at Dasgam, in traveller's bungalow, whence a short morning's drive alongside the creek takes us to Mahad. The estuary is narrow, but seen in its windings and in the long shadows of early daylight, offers some tempting bits of scenery to the artist, water being always a pleasing and grateful adjunct to Indian scenery. The tuft of bulrush, and heron on one leg was not a-wanting. Burns in "The wicked town of Ayr" hits off Mahad,—

> "Low in a sandy valley spread
> An ancient burgh rears its head."

"When I was at Goa I saw in a principal market-place an engine with steppings to go upon, called a *strapado*, which unhinges a man's joints." * Exactly. This is the engine to which you are transferred at Mahad yclept a bullock *gari*. The distance to be done is ten miles, and we do it in seven hours, and can assure the reader that had we been the stiffest-necked heretic that ever existed we could not have been more severely punished. It is not only a knock-kneed existence, but the head comes in for a fair share of beetling. You are cuffed on one side, and then, by way of average adjustment, on the other, until you are

*. Dr. Fryer, 1674.

black and blue, and the only rest you get is when the brutes shamble into some *nala* full of water and boulders, leaving you like Lord Ullin's daughter in the midst thereof. There is great virtue, however, in an Indian tiffin under a tree. An addition of "a stannin drink like the coo o' Forfar," and a rough walk of two miles take us to Pachad.

PACHAD AND THE STAIRCASE.

At Pachad we spent a very quiet night in the Ramswami temple. An owl hooted; and a young jackal threaded its way among the recumbent bodies. There were once 10,000 horsemen stationed here, yet we did not hear the sound of bit or bridle.

Pachad is the ancient *peth* of the fort. Somewhat like the grange attached to baron's keep and castle, the *peth* was the depôt of supplies brought in from the surrounding country for the use of the garrison: a strong place to keep watch and ward, and summon all visitors, friendly or otherwise, to parley. The ordeal by touch at Pachad sent a tremor right up to the bastions of Raygarh. An early start is the best, so we breast the hill at 3 a.m. This enables us to see the sun rise when we arrive at our destination; but I am not sure but that all the Dekhan hills are best to be done in this way. A light to your path is all you want. The precipices and gulfs profound are better in shadow, otherwise the pedestrian, whose nerves are weak or physical education neglected, may be the subject of groggy and uneasy sensations; so the fine scenery and elixir of the cragsman may become man-traps to catch or murder-holes to engulph the unwary. I must say, however, that Raygarh is a noble hill, and does not resort to mean shifts. Besides, in the afternoon, the western sun blazes fierce on the exposed pathway all the way up.

When Sivaji built Raygarh he counted the cost, and it took him years to accomplish. He ran a stair up the side of Raygarh. In the level places it was not wanted, but deflections, up or down, were covered by it as it sidled or zig-zagged up the hill. The transverse blocks were laid down or cut out of the living rock, and a throughgate cleared away in the rock, where needed,

by gunpowder. The horse, the camel, nay even the elephant, were no strangers to the stair of Raygarh. Near the summit the staircase is nearly perfect, and the topmost tiers as entire as the day they were cut. But time and the elemental strife of two hundred years, to which must be added General Prother's gunpowder in 1818, have done their work upon it.

The monsoon deals death to masoncraft on the hillside, and, like the preacher, writes "Vanity of vanities" on the strongest works of man. Every inch in its downward progress a monsoon torrent increases in strength, volume, and fury, until to-day we see the path of the destroyer marked by avalanches of débris and loose stones, spread out like a fan to the plain below, where all trace of the staircase is lost. Any person in good health may ascend Raygarh. There is, of course, a good deal of climbing as well as walking, and breaking of shins in Matheran cooly-path work. The foothold of a heavy man sometimes gives way, but a lighter one will scramble up the hill in half the time we have done.

POSITION.

Raygarh is not *Rajgarh*, which is seen from the door of St. Mary's Church, Poona. They both, however, mean Royal Palace.* Raygarh is in lat. 18° 12′ N., long. 73° 38′ E. Draw a straight line on the map from Janjira due east, and it will bisect Raygarh twenty miles from the coast. It has been called the Gibraltar of the East: † and of all the hill forts in the Bombay Presidency it is the most interesting. It was built and fortified by Sivaji and became his abode. In other parts he was merely a wayfaring man for the night; but here for sixteen years he gathered around him wives and children, Brahman statesmen such as they were, gods and their *gurus*, goods and chattels, the mighty plunder he levied from cities, kafilas, and caravels

* Torna and Rajgarh are in the Pant of Bor's territory. Raygarh is British in the Kulaba Collectorate.

† Not the Gibraltar of Matthew Arnold, in those beautiful lines composed in memory of his brother, who died there on his way from India:—

> "The murmur of this midland deep
> Is heard to-night around thy grave,
> There, where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep
> O'erfrowns the wave."—April 9, 1859.

Whatever wild raids he was engaged in, they all had one natural termination, which was when he sat down on this mountain-top and counted up his gains; and his endless acquisition of plunder, which was his meat and drink, never knew respite except when its massive gates were closed upon him. If ever he slept soundly, it was in Raygarh. Here he was crowned, and through its two-leaved gates, borne upon a litter, came from his bloody raid at Jalna this restless scion of humanity, for the last time, with his battered body, to lay him down and die. Raygarh rises from the Konkan, and not from the Dekhan, and in this respect and in height resembles Matheran or Prabhal. Its area is about a mile-and-a-half long by one mile broad, tapering away,—a wedge like Gharbat Point on Matheran. In superficies, shape and levels the entire hill resembles an isolated Gharbat, but though there are trees upon it, it has not the dense wood of Matheran.

DESCRIPTIVE.

There are three gates to Raygarh. The first is 300 or 400 feet from the summit, flanked by bastions 30 feet high, from which the ramparts diverge on either side. The decay of Maratha power is written on their fort gates. Raygarh stands wide open day and night; you can pick the lock of Torna with a penknife (but don't do it), and a Birmingham padlock marked "patent" dangles idly in the wind on the door-posts of Pratapgarh. Another gate is passed, and we stumble on the brow of Raygarh. Two polygonal towers stand here, vaulted, bomb-proof, and with pointed windows, but without mullions: architecture, partly Hindu, partly Muslim. They are two-storeyed and 30 feet high. Externally much ornamented with projecting masses of masonry, standing at right angles from the wall. Pleasure houses or watch towers we know not. On this limited plateau is the largest tank on the hill, and a goodly number of trees, among which some buffaloes are wandering promiscuously.

We now enter the *Balakilla*. The entrance is by a gateway and staircase, on either side of which rise high walls, well built and in perfect condition, and which may have been covered or arched over—a covered way. We are now within the inner cincture, where everything was kept that was worth keeping:

kingly crown, holy books, with the gold and women of the sovereign. We will speak of the last first. There are seven *jagirs;* each wife had her own quarter. They are walled enclosures as large as a Scotch kirkyard and as gloomy, with a suggestive precipice beyond. Historically the number *seven* is an error, for Sivaji had only four wives.* Some architectural forethought, no doubt, contingent upon his connubial dotage, "We are seven." Then come a congeries of buildings, the walls of which only are now standing, residences of chiefs and gentry of sorts.

ARCHITECTURE.

The buildings (such as they are) are the best of all Sivaji's handiwork, for he was a bad mason. He had too much on hand to busy himself entirely with stones and mortar. When we compare even this, which is Sivaji's best, with Isagarh and Singarh forts, which were built before he existed, the difference is apparent. As for Torna and Pratapgarh, forts constructed by Sivaji: they are slipshod work. The grass grows green or brown between every single stone, while you can barely put a penknife blade between the stones of Isagarh, where the length of the walls (a thousand yards or more) and the magnitude of the bastions surprise as much even an unpractised eye as do their finish and execution. There is a strong Saracenic element in the earlier fort architecture of the Dekhan. Take the Rajgarh and Torna arches for example. The gateways remind one of Cairo or Damascus, and carry us back to those dim and early times when the Arabs first carried their conquests and civilisation into Western India. The Hindu modified what the Arab began, but the disciple in the Dekhan was not worthy of his master.

It may assist us, in filling in the picture, to remember that in Sivaji's time there were 300 stone-houses here; accommodation for a garrison of 2000 men; offices for the administration and disbursement of his revenue, and for the custody of the archives of the kingdom, a mint which coined not only copper coins but

* "To have the queens equal in number to the days of the week is not unusual."—Tod's *Rajast'han, Annals of Mewar*, 1829.

golden pagodas ; a bazaar also consisting of a street nearly a mile long, the sides of which you can still see plinth high, and a sign-board to describe each quarter, standing at corners like a huge inverted slate, six feet high and two broad. Raygarh contains one building which we take to be Sivaji's, and which out-distances in architectural beauty and workmanship anything we have seen in the forts of the Dekhan. It is a stone arch which, no doubt, constituted the great gateway or entrance to his palace, court, or darbar,—apparently a copy of the one at Bijapur. Comparing Raygarh to Gharbat, the arch would be the hotel, and Sivaji's cenotaph the temple at Gharbat Point. It is larger than the arch of Titus at Rome, without posterns, very like it, and is the entrance to a court as big as Solomon's temple.* The arch, of regal magnificence, is seen from afar, and must have been a fine picture when the black eagle of Junnar flapped his mighty wings over Dekhan and Konkan plain, which he had learned to strip so bare. It has an inside staircase, a most workmanlike structure, almost as perfect as the day it was constructed, save that stalactites, finger length, hang from the roof, showing that two hundred monsoons have forced some moisture into hidden crannies.† We creep up in the dark to have

A VIEW FROM RAYGARH.

The sun is just rising behind Torna. There is nothing but hills to be seen north, south, east, and west. At our feet is Mahad, where Sivaji spent so many of his youthful days. Here is Singarh, and there Mahabaleshwar,‡ and to the south-east the

* "Solomon's Temple, 120 feet long, 35 broad."—*Speaker's Commentary.*

† Until the tape and measuring line of the architect comes to Raygarh, we leave on record the foot or "rule o' thumb" measurements:—

Height of arch	60 feet.	
Span	8 ,,	
Sides of arch	12 ,,	broad.
Length of passage through	24 ,,	
Length of court	150 ,,	
Breadth	70 ,,	

It was an open court, and there was a well in the middle of it, now filled up with stones and rubbish.

‡ November 2nd, 1792.—"The village of Mahabaleshwar, at the source of the Krishna, lay on the eastern slope of the mountain; and was barely visible when pointed out by one acquainted with the spot, and one large pagoda was clearly distinguished through a telescope."—Price's *Memorials.*

fort of Kangori, where two Englishmen were imprisoned by the last Peshwah with much cruelty. When we bombarded Wasoté (to which they had been removed) sixty years ago, Cornets Hunter and Morrison crept out with grizzly beards and unbleached calico, not much the worse for their durance vile. The best view of Raygarh is from a place that not one man in a million will ever go to see—we mean the summit of Torna. It is there that its massive bulk and steep walls of rock heave their everlasting proportions on the eye. As you cross the Nagothna plain, Raygarh has little appearance, and the nearer we get to it, the less we see of it, until we arrive at the top, when its external appearance is lost to us. We tried in vain to make it out from the Mahabaleshwar points, and caught merely a make-believe shadow of it from the *coup d'œil* at Wara * on the Par Ghat, and from Pratapgarh.

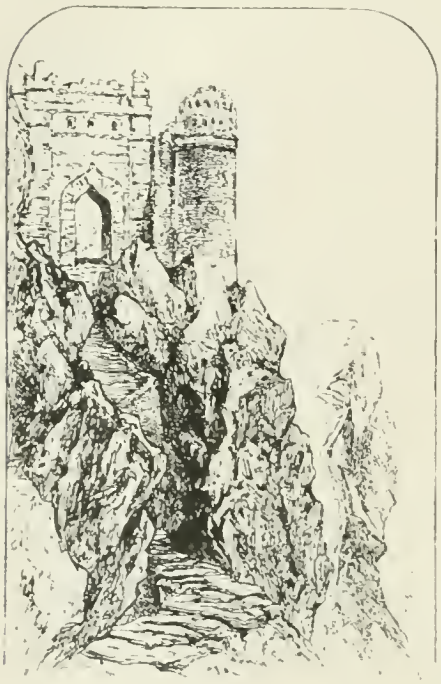
Sivaji had a quick ear, and heard further than we can see. One night when he was fast asleep in Raygarh he suddenly awoke and said some misfortune had befallen Danda Rajpuri near Janjira. It was too true. It was the bursting of a powder magazine which he heard, and his fort was taken. Rajpuri was twenty miles off.

WHY SIVAJI CHOSE RAYGARH.

Raygarh was neither gifted to him nor inherited by him like the *jagirs* of Poona and Supa, but came to him by right of conquest. The time was probably about 1662 to 1664, when Sivaji looking around him for a nest, and taking the measure of events and his own position among them, his eye was arrested by this great quadrangular block. He was then occupying Rajgarh, a strong fort 4000 feet above sea-level, four miles from Torna, and about thirty-five miles south-west of Poona. Rajgarh and Torna are both hills of a breakneck character and well suited for the abode of the youthful chief of a turbulent and unsettled country. But he was now looking for something else. Circumstances were driving him, or he was driving circumstances, to a

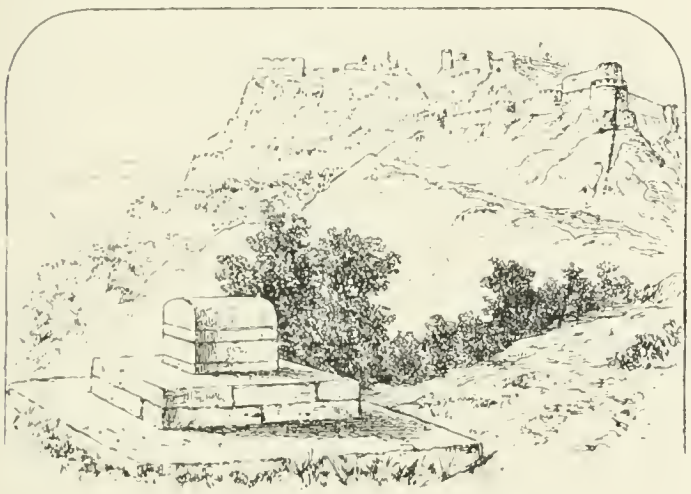
* WARA.—The traveller's bungalow here is a Gothic building like a Swiss chalet among the mountains. We can recommend a short sojourn in this delightful spot.

position where a broader platform would be necessary upon which to exploit. His success was now in a manner assured. He had many forts; in fact, he left 150 fortified places when he died, and among them were some built before his day and in splendid condition to choose from. But Rairi, as it was then called, offered him such advantages, that though its works, out and in, were perhaps the feeblest of them all, and its area unbuilt upon, he resolved to fortify it, and construct upon it a palace and buildings suitable for his government. His reasons for doing so we will endeavour to present to the reader. At first sight Raygarh seems an out-of-the-way place—a lonely hill; but it must be borne in mind that Bombay, with its population of 60,000, had not then the preponderating weight in the commonwealth it has since obtained. A glance at the map shows that Raygarh is nearly equidistant from Bombay, Poona, and Satara. Moreover, it was only a few miles from Mahad, a shallow seaport, it is true, but a base of operations whence supplies were always available, and in communication with the chain of *durys* or sea-forts which he had established along the coast, and to which, should the worst come to the worst—and this was no doubt among his calculations—he could resort. It must be borne in mind that the empire of India was then ruled from Dehli, and that Aurangzeb in person was hurling masses of men into the Dekhan to crush the nascent energies of the



RAJGARH.

Marathas, of whom Sivaji was the representative. The first great wave had already broken, and Daulatabad, Junnar, Chakan, Poona, and Supa had already fallen a prey to the Muslim. Singarh and Purandhar might come next (as they did), and the deluge would be upon him. So he stepped back, not reluctantly or cowardly, but as a matter of stratagem. Looking from Raygarh to the north-east, in the direction of Poona, the sky-line is bounded by a huge breastwork of nature's making, thirty miles away, scarps 4000 feet above sea-level, crowned by the bastions of Rajgarh and Torna; as long as they remained



PRATAPGARH AND AFZUL KHAN'S TOMB.

intact he was safe. They were his natural defence, his munition of rocks, between him and the Mughal enemy; and they did remain so during his life, for, so far as we know, they were never surrendered to force or by treaty or stratagem. They were to stand and fall together. Such are some of the political and military reasons which may have induced Sivaji to pitch upon the rock of Rairi. As far as we know it was unstained by human blood. The same could not be said of Singarh, Purandhar, Logarh and, least of all, of Pratapgarh, under whose flagstones lay the gory head of Afzul Khan. Here,

at all events, he could stand on his own threshold and worship the *tulsi* plant, without being confronted with the evidence of his guilt or the witnesses of his crimes.* Reasons also of a physical and topographical character: Raygarh is a great wedge-shaped block, split off from the Western Ghats, inaccessible on three sides, and wanting only fortifications on the fourth, where a gate flanked by towers and ramparts made it impregnable to his enemies, while it was of easy access to his friends. The avenues leading to it were most difficult of access, and the country round about, being a theatre of mountains, has been described by a contemporary of Sivaji, who travelled over it, "as a specimen of hell," which, *à la* Dante or Milton, represents the long and toilsome march of a thirsty traveller among cactus bushes, thorns of sorts, and dry water-courses, until the Muslim saw the precipices beetling above his head, which encircled the home of this troublesome idolater.

"Black he stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies—terrible as hell."

THE ENGLISH EMBASSY.

During the reign of Charles II., when General Aungier was Governor of Bombay, an Embassy was sent to Raygarh to assist at the coronation of Sivaji. It consisted of Henry Oxinden and two English factors. Henry Oxinden was of good family; his father was a Knight of England.† Bombay sent the best man she had, next to the Governor. He had been chief of Karwar, which place had been taken by Sivaji, and presumably he knew a good deal of the politics of those countries on the western coast of India. He became Deputy-Governor of Bombay in 1676. He was about fifty-six years of age when he ascended Raygarh. The party went in a *balloon* (not aërial

* All this was changed by Sambhaji, the son and successor of Sivaji. The moment he passed the gate of Raygarh, says Grant Duff, he displayed the barbarity of his disposition by putting his step-mother, the wife of Sivaji, to a cruel and lingering death, imprisoning her son and Sivaji's prime minister, confiscating his property, and beheading or hurling from the precipices of the rock of Raygarh the Maratha officers who were attached to her cause.

† *Ante*, Vol. I., pp. 4, 12, &c.

navigation, but)—a small sail boat—to Chaul, and arrived at Pachad six days after leaving Bombay.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Throughout the early history of Bombay there is nothing so striking or worthy of admiration as the attitude of conscious strength displayed by the men who upheld the government of the infant colony. One would say that the Great Powers at that time could easily have crushed Bombay, and that they did not do it because they could not do it in justice to their own selfish interests. At all events Bombay did not blanch or fear either within or without her bastions. The men who constituted the Embassy went on this expedition as on a holiday excursion, or a tour in the districts to collect the cocoanut revenue of Matunga or Sion. They had heard stories of Sivaji's treachery, cruelty, and lustful ambition—stories too well founded. One of Sivaji's forts he called Singarh, the *lion's den*. It still frowns in lofty grandeur over the valley of the Nira and the Lake of Khadakwásla. But in truth they were all lion's dens, with the footmarks inward. * Was not the deed of Afzul Khan still ringing in their ears? So, to many a Bombay household, Sivaji was a Black Douglas, an old Man of the Mountain, or Giant Despair, and the caves of Raygarh—the hole in the hill, from the door of which Mercy came trembling away.

And yet not one word betraying doubt, hesitation or fear exists in their narrative. Gerald Aungier had blotted these words out of the dictionary.

Bombay was not at war with Sivaji. Nevertheless, it redounds greatly to the credit of both parties. Sivaji was not afraid to have the Embassy in his fort, and they were not frightened to go into it and remain there. The Raygarh of the seventeenth century was not the Kabul of the nineteenth century.

THE BURST OF THE MONSOON.

Let us try and picture this grey-haired and grizzly Puritan on

* "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Fox to Lion.—*Horace.*

the heights of Raygarh. It need not be a difficult task, for we have only to ask ourselves what are now the precursors of the monsoon on any hill in Western India to know what they were then and there. The atmosphere weighs down everything, man, beast, and bird:—

> "There's not a bird with lonely nest,
> In pathless wood or mountain crest,"

but drops the eye or folds the wing, and the very foliage seems to hang limp and lifeless amid the oppressive and universal stillness. * As day succeeds day his troubles accumulate.

I doubt not that Henry Oxinden prayed long and fervently (when the insects would let him), for rain, and for wind too; not "the soughin' winnin' wind," but "the rantin' tearin' wind" of the Scotch minister, one blast to shake his house and the very bed he lay on. For long ere this, you may be sure, had come hunger and thirst for the unattainable, the feverish pulse, throbbing temples and bloodshot eyes, for which there was now little left to look at, but a weird and lurid landscape of sand-devils, chasing each other on the plains below him, or, peradventure, the mirage of his own spectre on the neighbouring hill, to mock or confound him with the delusions of witchcraft.† That he cursed the day he left Bombay Castle or his native Kent is not recorded; but recorded or not, with or without evidence, we take it for granted that Henry Oxinden, in consonance with Saxon human nature in Hindustan, threw his wasted body on a

* JUNE, 1821.—"The sky became of that transparent blue which dazzles the eye to look at. Throughout the day and night there was not a zephyr even to stir a leaf—but the repose and stillness of death. The thermometer was 104° in the tent, and the agitation of the punkah produced only a more suffocating air, from which I have fled, with a sensation bordering on madness, to the gardens at the base of the embankment of the lake. But the shade even of the tamarind or the pipal was still less supportable. The feathered tribe with their beaks open, their wings flapping or hanging listlessly down, and panting for breath like ourselves, sought in vain a cool retreat. The horses stood with heads drooping before their untasted provender. Amid this universal stagnation of life the only sound which broke upon the horrid stillness was the note of the cuckoo for about an hour at two o'clock, the period of greatest heat."—Tod's *Rajasthan*.

† We have never seen the spectre of the Brocken in the Dekhan, but this display of the mirage is vouched for by Dr. J. Y. Smith in the last edition of his book on Matheran.

charpai, and muttered in accents, not loud but deep:—"It is a weariness of the flesh; when will it be over?" "I have seen your *naches*, your prize climbing of precipices, your cock-fighting, kite-flying, hawking, archery, spear and *talwar* exercise, performing goats and monkeys; what are they to me? What boots it that Sivaji weighs himself against gold, feeds daily a crowd of hungry Brahmans, or flashes his sword of Bhavani in the morning sun? The Mountain Rat!* His mother dies. Who cares? Or whether he marries a fourth or a fortieth wife? Am I to die and have the earth of Raygarh shovelled on me, that the Honourable Company trading in the East Indies may live, or be spared, merely to exist on goat's flesh,† while, forsooth, the fat factors of Bombay fare sumptuously every day on prawn and pomfret, or royster over-night on their Bombay punch?‡ Give me the hurricane rather than the pestilence, for I would rather see the rack of the monsoon on Raygarh than the coronation of ten Sivajis. Woe! worth the hour! Woe! worth the day!" He rises—gropes his way to the nearest loop-hole in his dormitory. His face is dashed with a whirlwind of dust and leaves swept up the naked surface of the ramparts; half-blinded he peers into the darkness of the night, when lo! a flash from heaven pours a blaze of light over half the kingdom of Sivaji, and reveals the blackened sides of Torna, seamed and

* The name which Aurangzeb gave him (a pun; rat, *chuha* = Sivaji).—James M. Campbell, LL.D.

† A Muslim butcher at the foot of the hill supplied them with half a goat every day. At the end of weeks he began to be surprised and desirous of seeing the *Bolatiwalahs* who had consumed as much as Sivaji's hordes had done in as many years, so he tottered up the hill to have a look at his customers. He had not seen so many animals slaughtered since he had been at Mecca. As for Oxinden and his companion they had nothing else to eat for three mortal months, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring—

> "Goat young, Goat old,
> Goat hot, Goat cold,
> Goat lean, Goat tough,
> Thank God, we've had enough."

‡ *Punch* and *toddy* are both inventions of Western India. *Punch*, five—the five ingredients being lime-juice, rose-water, sugar, arak, and water. Tom Coryat, writing in India before 1617, says he is drinking his friend's health in *Tadi*. Scotsmen have taken kindly to the word. The Bombay Presidency has much to answer for, if we are prepared to accept this statement, that it has given birth to the names of the national drink both of England and Scotland.

ribbed with the white cataracts of the monsoon. Blessed relief: never-to-be-forgotten vision.

The day dawns. The thunder has cleared the air. After a wild and tempestuous night of splashing rain, the misty curtain slowly rises from a panorama of endless hills; rift and corrie, peak and precipice, in sharp relief. A glint of sunshine anon flashes into being, here and there a knoll or slope covered by the magic of a night's rain with a mantle of transparent green. Raygarh is decked with the same delicate hue, a carpet or rather a gauzy robe, thin as Dacca muslin.

Tanks are filling, frogs croaking, and land crabs scuttling out of their hybernation, and myriads of insect life abroad. Wild thyme scents the morning air. The cobra-lily peeps out in the dells, the orchid blossoms apple-like on a leafless trunk, and the wild plantain with its spiked sheath of green and glistering leaves bursts its filaments amid earth and stones, overlapping the sere and rustling fragments of last season's vegetation. Amid these heralds of a new era a Jamadar announces Sivaji's coronation. But we give the account in the Embassy's own words, capitals and all.

THE CORONATION.

"Accordingly next morning he and his retinue went to Court and found the Raja seated on a Magnificent Throne, and all his Nobles waiting upon him in Rich Attire; his son Sambhaji Raja, Peshwah, Mora Pandit, and a Brahman of great Eminence, seated on an Ascent under the Throne, the rest, as well Officers of the Army as others, standing with great respect. The English made their Obeisance at a distance, and Narun Sinai held up the Diamond Ring that was to be presented him. He presently took notice of it, and ordered their coming nearer, even to the Foot of the Throne, where being Vested, they were desired to retire, which they did not so soon, but they took notice on each side of the Throne. There being (according to the Moor's manner) on heads of gilded Lances many Emblems of Dominion and Government, as on the Right hand were two great Fish's Heads of Gold, with very large Teeth, on the Left several Horse's Tails, a pair of Gold Scales

on a very high Lance's head, equally poised, an Emblem of Justice; and as they returned at the Palace Gate, stood two small Elephants on each side and two fair Horses, with Gold trappings, Bridles and Rich Furniture, which made them admire how they brought them up the Hill, the Passage being both difficult and hazardous." *

It was the 6th of June 1674. The distance from their house to the palace was about a mile. The equestrian sentry at the gate was doubtless the typical Maratha horseman in his shirt of mail or case of iron network, his helmet covering the ears and falling on the shoulders. The man who crowned him was Gagabhat, a Brahman Shastri from Benares.

Sivaji's titles were *Kshattriya Kulavotamsa*, *Sri Raja Siva*, the head ornament of the *Kshattriya* race, his Majesty, lord o the Royal umbrella. In other words, as loud as trumpet, conch, or tomtom could proclaim,—Great is Sivaji, King of the Marathas, greater than the gold against which he was weighed or the diamonds that saved his life at Dehli.

Sivaji's standard *Bhagwa-Jhanda* was swallow-tailed and of a deep orange colour, but on a big day like this the *Jari-patka*, or golden streamer, the national ensign of the Marathas, no doubt waved from the great arch which still crowns the highest plateau of Raygarh.

PORTRAIT.

The man who was the subject of this ovation was forty-seven years of age and of a handsome and intelligent countenance. No portrait of him has come down to us in an English work except the one in Orme's *History*, evidently from an oval on glass by some Dehli painter,† and most probably picked up by Orme or his father‡ in their wanderings along the coast of Western India in the early part of the eighteenth century. Their proximity to Sivaji's own time is a partial guarantee of its faithfulness. A keen eye, a long aquiline and somewhat drooping nose, a neat trim cut beard and small moustache

* Dr. Fryer; conf. Grant Duff's *History*, i., 264.

† Given *ante*, Vol. I., p. 331. The accompanying cut is from De Jancigny and X. Raymond's *Inde* (Firmin Didot fr., 1845).—B.

‡ Landed an adventurer in Western India, 1706.

make up for us a face, stolid, feline, and fair for a Maratha—somewhat melancholy but a wonderful face, in which, knowing even less than we now know, we could descry ability and



SIVAJI ON HORSEBACK.

cunning, and the hardihood and daring of a conspirator against the rights of man—one not easily cowed or alarmed, with a strong faith in himself, and a gift to measure his own capacities, and those of the men who were to be his helpers in his career

of aggrandisement. Well worth looking at this man among men; sash across his breast, himself a Star of India, baleful enough, kingly cowl with its tassel of pearls and feathers. No need of a tiara of the diamonds of Golkonda for this man, for his eagle eye (on which all contemporaries are as much agreed as on the eye of Burns) outshines them all, and, by the skinny fingers he beckons to the English Embassy, he proclaims himself the undisputed ruler of dusky millions.

HOW THEY SPEND THE TIME.

There was the legitimate Hindu drama in which Ganpati displayed his histrionic powers, amid battles of the gods, and much sound, fury, and blazing explosions as of a thousand devils. National peculiarities were hit off by the stage-player to the life: the Arab mercenary black in the face and bristling with arms; the Muslim *hajji* with ochry beard redolent of musk and Mecca; the Portuguese sailor, *gallena del Mare* (hens of the sea); the Parsi with hat so big that it toppled over amid roars of laughter; the Sindi, *abu tassa* or the father of the frying-pan; the hatted man *par excellence*, one of ourselves with veritable swagger, flourishing his cane with much *nonchalance* and calling for drink as if his stomach was an unslaked lime-kiln, and his sun *topi* dinted and as greasy and ancient as if it had been worn by Tom Coryat, whereat the English laughed much. There were *kathás*. Sivaji was great at *kathás;* a mixture of recitation, song and anecdote, with a little acting as by-play, like Mr. Matthew's or David Kennedy's entertainments of a later date. There was music. Sivaji was passionately fond of it. He was in Dehli about the time that the Emperor denounced music, and may have originated or assisted in the tremendous piece of waggery it called forth.

"Public proclamation was made prohibiting singing and dancing. It is said that one day a crowd of singers and dancers were gathered together with great cries, and having fitted up a bier with a good deal of display, round which were grouped the public wailers, they passed under the Emperor's *jharokha-i-darsan*, or interview window, when he enquired what was intended by the bier and the show. The minstrels said that

Music was dead, and they were carrying his corpse to the burial." *

Sivaji knew the *Ramayana* and was perpetually singing snatches of it. It would have been a shame to him if he had not, as Valmiki, the Indian Homer—so says the legend—was born at his very doors. You can see his birthplace near Jejuri and the Nira bridge nestling in the valley beneath, as you look down from the battlements of Purandhar. The *Ramayana* contains 20,000 verses. There is no need to translate the whole of it; but the following, done to our hand into English by Dr. Wilson, if ever sung by Sivaji, must have been squeaked out by him in a very low key :—

> "Truth is the foundation of piety;
> In the world the root of religion is truth;
> Truth is the supreme principle in the world;
> Truth is the most excellent of all things;
> Therefore let truth be glorious."

Above all there was the newsman. Henry Oxinden stands convicted of having bribed the press. But, indeed, everybody was bribed, from the sweeper up to the prime minister, nay, even the Maharaja himself. In diamonds and shawls they must have paid the expenses of the Embassy twice over. They were told not to come empty-handed, and paying for early news was surely the most venial of sins, for if you wish news even when the truth is economised you must pay for it. The name of this supple courtier and public intelligencer was Petaji Pandit.† The Embassy at once recognised his genius and utility by a bonus, a diamond worth Rs. 125, which meant something more in 1674. News or not news, straw or not straw, he had to furnish his daily tale. That this man was a most adroit liar we have the amplest evidence. He killed Sivaji several times, and the obituary notice was sure to be followed by some instance of daring activity. The dead man generally came to life a hundred miles off. So, when he was waylaying Surat, the Sibylline leaves had him in Chaul, or chewing betelnut at Bassein

* Khafi Khan.

† "*Akhbarnawis*, or news-writer."—Tod's *Rajasthan*. "Akbar's news-writer was styled *Waqi'ahnawis*."—*Life of Akbar*, 1890.

when he was scrambling like a wild cat up the scarps of Harischandragadh.

It is curious to stumble upon

A TRANSACTION IN PIECE-GOODS

on the top of Raygarh. It illustrates Sivaji as a man of business when brought face to face with the representatives of the English nation. We had a little bill to settle with him, and had dunned him before without success. The amount was pagodas 10,000, or Rs. 45,000, and it stood at his debit in the Bombay ledger, for damage and loss sustained from his troops by our factories at the sack of Hubli and Rajapur. The factors had been taken away also, but we had no claim on account of *them*. Poor bodies! Now, it may be laid down as a certainty that, if the subject of one nation is dealing with the sovereign of another, the subject will come off second best, and if that sovereign is a Maratha, so much the worse. Henry Oxinden was a guest, and it was no doubt an inopportune moment to trouble Sivaji in this way on the eve of his coronation and marriage. We have evidence that he chafed over it. You cannot drive a hard bargain with a man when you are his guest. The ambassador doubtless imagined that at such a joyful moment he would concede everything. But in this, good, easy man, he was mistaken; for though Sivaji had a mint of money and an unlimited *abru*, or credit, there was nothing he disliked more than to part with hard cash. *Lút* in the shape of piece-goods was different. With these he was well supplied, whether it was *sakluth*, the broadcloth of England, or the painted calicoes of India, destined for the beds and curtains of English matrons: Raygarh was full of them.

Now for the facts. The settlement of this claim is a marvel of ingenuity. Sivaji sold the Englishman piece-goods—the market value at the time being pagodas 15,000—at half price. Noble and generous merchant prince of Raygarh!

The goods were deliverable in three years, a long contract, but never mind; time was of little value in the seventeenth century. This would liquidate pagodas 7500 and leave a balance of 2500, which His Highness agreed should be wiped out by absolving us from custom duties on our resuming business at Rajapur

until those amounted to the equivalent. Most wise! Most fair! The historian to whom we are indebted for these particulars says:—"It is doubtful whether the English ever received what was settled by the treaty." * At all events we hear no more of the treaty of Raygarh. It lies on the page of history, a mere expression of amity between Sivaji and the English nation, and of course has no place in Aitchison's *Treaties and Sunnuds of India.*

SIVAJI AND THE ENGLISH.

Whatever miseries were inflicted on the natives of Western India, and they were not a few, by Sivaji, the English had no reason to complain. He did not injure them. Not one hair of their head suffered. Even when he was pillaging Surat he exchanged civilities with Bombay. I fancy he knew the power and mettle of the English too well to meddle with them. Every cowrie he took in the sack of their factories at Hubli and Rajapur he repaid in his own way, on the curious principles of Maratha arithmetic. He agreed to restore them their wrecks cast from time to time on his coasts, an inalienable privilege maintained by native powers from age to age. Native powers! We asked what we ourselves had not then the ability to grant in our own kingdoms of England, Scotland, or France, the boasted homes of civilisation. He agreed to take our money at the money's worth. After showing poor Mr. Smith in his camp at Surat two or three heads and hands chopped off, he was mercifully restored to his friends, clothed and in his right mind. The two Englishmen taken from Rajapur and confined in a hill fort by him were imprisoned on grounds of accusation, of which there was some reasonable suspicion, and afterwards released on paying a ransom. Some small men, such as his Subahdar at Nagothna, may have bullied a stray English *shikari* on the coasts of Karanja. His entertainment, however, of the Embassy, such as it was, for three months on Raygarh, proves his respect for the English. That respect may have been heightened, nay even created, by the attitude and magnanimous bearing of his

* Grant Duff's *History*, i., 265.

great contemporary, Gerald Aungier. Sivaji may have scowled, fumed and gnashed his teeth. Fryer tells us that he cast daily in our faces that the very ground we stood on in Bombay had not been obtained by valour but by compact, and that we were fitter to live by merchandise than by arms—carpet soldiers in fact. True, O King, in part! Not by the sword these lands were obtained, but *with* the sword they were defended.*

ITS MEMORIES.

Raygarh occupies a large space in the history of Sivaji. Suffice it to say that the wealth of Golkonda flowed into it—the plunder of Surat and twenty other cities besides; that he passed out of its gates to Dehli, and through its gates did the fugitive return again. Here on a dark night he despatched across the jungle 1000 of his Mawalis on their famous raid and capture of Singarh—

"The den is taken but the lion is slain."

Here his heart for once failed him, and he reluctantly resolved to sign the Treaty of Purandhar, by which he forfeited twenty forts to the great Mughal. It was from this place that he set out at the head of his memorable expedition to the Karnatic with 70,000 men, levying *chauth* as far as Madras. Here he heard of his father's death. Here his mother died. Here he was crowned, married, died and burned to ashes with a holocaust of his wives, elephants, and camels. His mausoleum is on yonder knoll, its interior a mass of weeds, trees growing up through the pavement of its *dharmasala;* its temple foul and dishonoured, and its god cast down to the ground.†

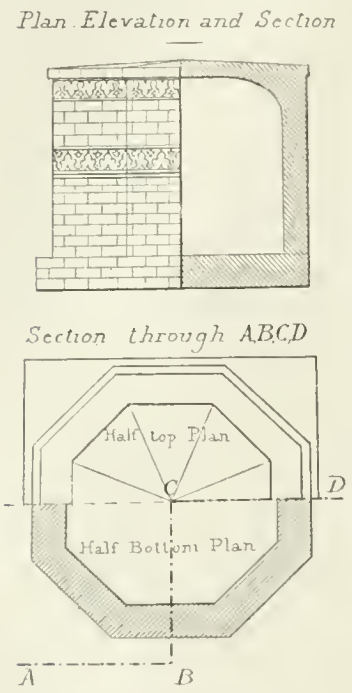
No man now cares for Sivaji. Over all those wide domains, which once owned him lord and master, acquired by so much blood and treasure, and which he handed down with care to the

* We are sorry to impeach the veracity of Fryer, a most invaluable writer on this period. The judgment of Mackintosh comes up against him. He had gone to Kalyan to see some grand ruins described by Fryer and did not find them. This is most unlike the meek Mackintosh. "We all agreed that Dr. Fryer, whose book induced me to go to Kalyan, ought to have been hanged."—Mackintosh's *Life*.

† The sacred bull (Nandi) had toppled over and was lying on its back. Something similar elicited a capital *bon mot* from Dr. Wilson—*Sic transit gloria Nandi.*

Rajas of Kolapur, the Bhonsles of Satara, and their Peshwahs in Poona, not one man now contributes a rupee to keep or repair the tomb of the founder of the Maratha Empire.*

That palace which resounded with acclamation at the installation of Sivaji, King of the Marathas, was destined to witness a complete revolution in their affairs. A strange incident is recorded in the annals of their final overthrow. Their dominion had lasted one hundred and forty-four years. It is a long story, but we now approach the end of it. When the clouds began to gather round the last days of the Peshwah, his Rani was sent to Raygarh. It was bombarded by the English and committed to the flames. On the 10th May, 1818, Colonel Prother ascended the hill. Somebody, on looking into the ruins of the palace, observed a native lady crouching amid the embers of the conflagration—the hunted hare of the Poet, or Lucia di Lammermoor of Romance, woe-begone and mocking at fate. This was the wife of Baji Rao, the last of the Peshwahs, and with her Raygarh and the Marathas disappear from the page of history. As in the last chapter of Ancient History, graven deep on the coin of Vespasian, it ends with the figure of a woman sitting low in the dust under a palm tree.



THE CENOTAPH OF RAJA SIVAJI.

* The British Government conserves the architectural remains of Tudor and Stuart. Will not the Bombay Government do as much for the tomb, the temple, and the arch of Sivaji? A few crumbs that fall from the archæological bureau would suffice to keep in repair memorials of a dashing and most romantic period. Lord Reay, shortly after he came out as Governor in 1885, gave instructions to have Sivaji's tomb on Raygarh repaired, which was done.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Sivaji's Forts.

II.—TORNA.

"Her ancient weed was russet gray,
And wrinkled was her brow."

Torna is about 37 miles from Poona. You can see it from the Library door overlooking the end of Singarh, to the right. You can ride and walk to Peth, the village at the foot of the hill, in a day, ascend next morning, and do Rajgarh, which is three miles from it, on the same day. We did not count on the roughness of the way to it, for when we left our carriage at Gora, two miles from the junction of the Singarh road at Khadakwásla, we purposed doing the rest on a Dekhany tattu, to the foot of the hill. We soon, however, found out that for the greater part of the way our "shanks" was the only possible mode of locomotion. Night found us on the slopes of the Bor Ghat, the range of wavy hills which the traveller sees from Singarh—



THE WAGHNAKH.

"Ribbed as the shifting sand you see;"

and below, the valley of Kanind, which divides us from the Torna and the Rajgarh range. We had sent on our coolies a day ahead, and missed them among the hills, and had made up our mind to remain where we were until daylight. But our men were capital "night howlers," and shouted continually their long-drawn *Rama Ho Rama-a-a*, a cry so well-known in the mountain regions of the Dekhan that its echoes and the waving of our lights attracted the attention of some drowsy Dhangars, who eventually came to our relief. Grass-torches were lighted, which were fed continuously, and blazed high a

lurid light above our heads, and so we were piloted from ledge to ledge, among boulders and loose stones, the dry bed of a monsoon torrent—a four-mile track—to our destination. I am sure that if Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress* had "alighted" upon such a place, he would never have seen the New Jerusalem. Visions of General Wade, Burns's "riddlings of Creation," the "Auld Wives' Lift," Adam's Tomb at Tobermory, with a free coup in the Ninestane Burn, came before us. The Duke of Wellington uttered three groans in this Presidency. The first was when he received quinine instead of iron, the second was when he wished to God he had never had anything to do with the Bombay Government, and the third was when he was detained six hours in the dark in this Bor Ghat (a topographical mistake, as will be seen in the paper on Wellington) * among cactus bushes, twenty miles from Poona, when he was hurrying on, in his celebrated forced march, to save that city from the fire and sword of Amritrao, in 1803.

He says, Poona, 20th April, 1803, "I made a forced march of above forty miles last night with the cavalry (1700) and a battalion, and I was detained about six hours in the Bor Ghat."

Snatching a few hours' repose in a Ramaswami temple, we were awake at three, and soon on our road. It was a beautiful moonlight morning, and, in a four miles walk up the Kanind Valley, the only sound we heard was the cry of the owl. The drowsy watchers of the green crops—human scarecrows, in their thatched habitations—could not make out our somewhat unearthly visitation.

Looking up in the wan moonlight, the bastions of Torna were frowning above our heads:—

> "In lonely glens ye like to stray,
> Or where auld ruined castles gray
> Nod to the moon."

This was Burns's "address to the Deil," but for the moment we accept it. At Peth we obtained guides to go up the hill. It took three hours walking, climbing, and scrambling to attain our object. The long flight of almost perpendicular steps for about three hundred feet, worn and much displaced; or holes

* *Ante*, p. 21.

cut in the rock, indurated by use, time, and the elements, were at length surmounted, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of New Year's Day, 1880, we were battering at the gates of Torna, *first foot*, at all events, in this region. But the withered hag was as deaf as Ailsa Craig. We may add that, owing to the angle of ascent, the gateway was quite invisible to the eye until we were within a few feet of it, and that in one instance the rock jutted out sheer over our heads.

An event here transpired that we did not anticipate. The great gate was shut—barred—and there was no reply. We had thus time to sit down with a feeling of relief, and "rest and be thankful," and leisurely survey the spot on which we were perched. The folding spiked doors were enclosed by a fine piece of arched masonry, a veritable "strength of stone," or munition of rocks.

It was a curious recess, formed by nature between two scarped rocks. At some geologic period the crest of Torna had been rent asunder, leaving this cleft, "the door of Torna," in the rock. Or had the elements of wind and water been doing their work?

> "Who was it scooped these stony waves,
> Or scalp'd the brow of old Cairngorm,
> And dug these ever-yawning caves?
> 'Twas I, the spirit of the Storm."

We *did* get an entrance eventually; by neither storm, escalade, nor capitulation.* It led, however, to a correspondence between the Panth of Bor and the British Government, but the matter was amicably adjusted. So we made our way to the second gate, which enclosed the *Bala-killa*, or upper fort, where the beleaguered could retire in case of need.

Here our shouts were heard, and a fine-looking youth opened the bars and let us in, and led us to a hut on the summit of the hill. His father, an old man, was at the door, evidently offering up his orisons to the *Tulsi* plant. But when he caught

* An opening was made by a clasp knife, cutting away two half-moon segments from the two-leaved door large enough for an arm to get through, and push aside the iron bar which held it fast in the inside. Behold the decay of the Maratha power! what was one of their strongest forts in 1680, opened by a penknife in 1880! Verily we were guilty above all other men.

sight of us, he threw down his *kamli*, or blanket, and staggered into his dwelling. It was Elymas the sorcerer, struck with blindness in the cartoon of Raphael. You might have led him with a straw. How two European *badmashas*—one with a fowling-piece—could have reached his door, was more than he could comprehend. By our mild persuasive speech, he, however, recovered himself, and eventually came out with a dignified salaam, clothed, and in his right mind. He was an old man, weather-beaten by innumerable monsoons, but as ruddy as a winter apple. He told us that His Excellency the Governor had been there, and showed us where he had sat. His Highness, the Panth of Bor, in whose territories Torna is, had come to the foot of the hill, looked up, shook his head, and departed. We did not see beast or bird, tame or wild (crow or sparrow), except a diminutive cat, licking itself smaller and smaller to inevitable death, when the *fauna* and *ferae* of Torna will be utterly extinct. We did not see Sivaji. He had been once here, dug up a marvellous amount of Venetian sequins, gold bars, and sycee silver, and a more unlikely place to find such things we cannot imagine. He took this place when he was a lad of nineteen, and it was well he did so when his bones were supple, and his climbing powers were at the best. Had he waited until his fifty-third, when he had that bad swelling in the knee-joint which ultimately carried him off at Raygarh, he never would have done it. We were two centuries too late to see him, otherwise we might have interviewed him in the language of the Scotch ballad, with the alteration of two words only:—

"As I was walking all alane
Atween a castle and a wa',
O there I met a wee, wee man,
And he was the least I ever saw.
His legs were half an ellwand lang,
And thick and thimbre was his thie,
Atween his brows there was a span,
And atween his shouthers there was three.
He took up a muckle stane,
And flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a giant born,
I could na lift it to my knee.
O wee, wee man, ye're wonner strong."

But leaving romance, we must pull a long face as we approach the domain of history.

Torna is a spot of surpassing interest. It was Sivaji's first conquest, the nucleus around which all the others clustered, making it virtually the cradle of that Maratha empire which shook the throne of the Great Mughal. It has been the scene of many bloody conflicts. On one occasion it was escaladed during the night, and carried sword in hand. This was in 1701. It is specially mentioned that this fort was strengthened and repaired by Sivaji, and we have come to the conclusion that he was not a great builder. The stone and lime in many places are not well put together, which may be very easily accounted for by the troublous times in which he lived. Nehemiah's re-building the walls of Jerusalem, as described by a Scots preacher—"A whinger in the ae hand, and a theeking spurtle in the ither"—is an exact, though coarse, picture of the situation of Sivaji. Torna, therefore, does not rival the great works of his predecessors, for there are piles of mason work in the Dekhan which equal in grandeur the hoary ruins of Tantallon or Dunottar. Hence everything is going to ruin: piles of teak heaped together, masses of stones confusedly lying about, half filled tanks, moss-grown barracks, make up a picture of desolation.

The *Dunjermal*, a long spur fortified in some places, only a few feet wide, like a very long canoe in appearance from the parapet, is very striking, but not the only one of its kind among the Dekhan forts. The aneroid barometer shows we are 4350 ft. above sea-level. There is, therefore, a great and glorious panorama around us. If Singarh is the *Lion's Den*, Torna is the *Eagle's Nest*. From our eyrie we may descry St. Mary's Church at Poona, the bishop's bungalow on Mount Malcolm, and John Sand's bomb-proof *hospice* on the crest of Purandhar, with the *kalapani* visible at sunset. To one who has never seen them, the Mahabaleshwar range and the enormous block of Raygarh, the scene of Sivaji's coronation and death, are novel and interesting. The natives of this country are our masters in the art of climbing. We envy them their endurance, but still more their machinery of heart and lungs. They do not know what it is to be "out of breath," or "pumped

out." As we came to the gate by which we entered, a policeman made his appearance. *His* long pull upstairs did not seem to bother him, and he was perfectly unruffled in speech and behaviour, as he politely proffered his services to us. He left the gate ajar, and from the little platform inside where we stood, we caught a peep of what was before us. The vignette was very lovely—the ground-floor of the world, or a map of Asia Minor—but we begged him to shut out the vision for a minute, as we would have enough of it.

Some one has written that "Torna is perfectly safe to those whose nerves are not affected by a precipice above and a gorge below." So with this soothing emollient we proceed. The Bedawins do not use chairs, and we have heard them say that as we are ultimately to go into the earth, we may as well sit on it occasionally—in fact, make use of it, by way of accustoming ourselves to it Our proclivities being earthwards, we therefore sit down, as inert a mass of clay as we can make of ourselves in this sentient breathing universe, and paddle our own canoe down the notched rapids.* There are some very nasty bits, but, as the Governor did not complain, we are not going to do so. The risks are: stumbles, false footings, slips, stepping on loose stones or grass waving above nonentity, lurches outwards, grasping tufts or twigs that come away in the hand, and a tendency in stout parties to roll over and over, of which there could be only one termination. Then there are slopes, slides, devil's elbows, with slanting declinations downwards. All roads lead to Rome, and these are of them *plus* gravitation. So we get up and advise all those who have legs to use them in the laudable and muscular effort of keeping body and soul together, by planting their feet and hands in such places as art or instinct dictates; and so by grappling rock or bush, and always "making an effort," and avoiding whisky, they will soon find their way to a good breakfast by midday at the foot of Torna. Richard Burton, when in Bombay, suggested the formation of an Alpine Club. There is plenty of scope in the Ghats and Dekhan.

* See some of Whymper's admirable Alpine sketches to illustrate this.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Sivaji's Forts.

III.—THE FORT OF RAJMACHI NEAR KHANDALA.

The Bombay Forts were founded on violence. Many of them were built as fastnesses by the first Arab or Mughal invaders. They were not built like the great structures, for example, on the Esplanade which we have seen rising year after year, and where the workmen received a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. We have no building constructed by forced labour in the Island of Bombay. Our oldest building, the Cathedral, was built by subscription, and the list lies before us, a few jottings from which we give in a foot-note.* This was

* "Some of the entries in the list of subscriptions to the new Church show the liberality of the donors, and others are curious as illustrating the manners of the age. The Company's contribution was Rs. 10,000; Governor Boone, who succeeded Mr. Aislabie, gave in various sums Rs. 3918, and Mr. Cobbe, the clergyman, Rs. 1427—subscriptions more in proportion to the profits which they made by private transactions than to the limited amount of their salaries. Among other entries are, 'a fine upon Bhundarries Rs. 18, and a fine inflicted on Joseph Hornall for a misdemeanour; given by the Governor's order.' The average amount of the sacramental collections made every month was about Rs. 29, of those made on Christmas Day Rs. 72, on Easter Day Rs. 39, and on Whitsunday Rs. 34. 'A commutation for penance corporal' at Surat was Rs. 150. Cornelius Sodington gives 'for my wife when I have her, Rs. 20;' and Mr. Richard Waters, Rs. 11, which were allowed him by Mr. Cobbe for performing divine services when the said chaplain was on a visit to Surat. The names on the list of those worthy of remark are Mr. George Bowcher, who gave Rs. 200 in addition to what he had contributed about thirty years before in Sir John Child's days: Alexander Hamilton, to whom we are so much indebted for our acquaintance with his times, and who gave Rs. 80 for himself, and Rs. 50 on account of his ship the 'Morning Star'; and of Cunsha and Chungua, Chinamen, the one of whom subscribed Rs. 150, the other Rs. 90. The total amount collected was Rs. 43,992, or £5499 (good remitting exchange in those days). Mr. Boone gave the handsome bell which still tolls its summons to the Christians of the neighbourhood."—*Bombay Quarterly Review*, vol. iii.

nearly two centuries ago, and it has been the same ever since. Whether by subscription or the State, the workman has been paid his wages; and as these buildings were not founded on violence, we can aver that their walls have not been stained with blood or crime. Crime is a fearful factor in the tradition and history of old buildings. Witness our own Tower of London, and Holyrood, where the blood of Rizzio still cries for vengeance and half-crowns. But in Bombay you cannot point to a single building where a martyr, political or religious, has been immured, or a Hindu or a Muslim put to death. Now the forts of the Dekhan, and we are bold to say the splendours of Bijapur,* owe their existence to forced labour, to the labour exacted *nolens volens* by the Lord Paramount, be he king or killadar. Nowadays you can either work or stay away. But there were no industries in those olden times which a man could fall back upon from the violence of the oppressor. The people were thirled to their masters, and their "meal and malt" ground out of them until the lust or ambition of their governors was satisfied. If a man in those days were a skilful workman, the fact was soon found out, the wages of mere subsistence were doled out to him, and his surplus earnings pounced upon by the ruler. There is not a single fort in the entire Dekhan which, if its history is looked into, will not be found to be stained with blood and crime. They were all busy weaving the crimson web of war.

"See the grisly texture grow,
'Tis of human entrails made,
And the weights that play below
Each a grasping warrior's head."

There is a tradition that the fort of Satara was founded on human sacrifice, and the place is shown where a son and daughter of the chief Mahar were built under the wall. This may be true or untrue. But it is within the domain of history that the man from whom the then Peshwah received investiture, Raja of Satara as he was, and great-grandson of Sivaji himself,

* "The Ibrahim Rauza cost £528,150 sterling, 6533 workmen were employed; time occupied in construction thirty-six years, eleven months and eleven days."—From inscription quoted in *Architecture of Bijapur*, by Meadows Taylor and James Fergusson, 1866.

was kept in a dungeon of it for eleven years and fed on bread and water. It is within the domain of history that the Angrias sewed up members of their family in sacks and threw them down the steep cliffs of Sagargarh, and everybody who has read *Tara* or been at Mahabaleshwar knows of Pratapgarh and the gory head of Afzul Khan. But the list is endless; Asirgarh, Daulatabad, Raygarh, and Singarh, *ad infinitum*.

THE ROAD TO IT.

Rajmachi was once taken and held by Sivaji (1648), after he had seized a great *lút* from a Government kafila near Kalyan, on its way to Bijapur. This was the first blow he struck at the majesty of Empire; and when one wanders for days among the ruins, still enormous in magnitude and extent, of the capital, one is confounded with the audacity which prompted a single individual to measure his strength with the resources of such a kingdom as Bijapur. It was the combat of Achilles with Hector; and the swift-footed Sivaji in the end gained the day. His dwelling was among the rocks, and his strength the everlasting hills. It was then that the Dekhani forts made their great name in history. Called into existence in a semi-barbarous age, when men felt secure only on the tops of the highest mountains, in the hands of the hardy Mawalis of Sivaji, they probed Bijapur on the one hand, and Dehli on the other, to the quick. Every wild foray seemed to add to their prestige, and when brought to bay, as they were occasionally, the cry was—

> "Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

At length in the course of time they found themselves masters, and Maratha dominion added a new chapter to history. But it was the old story. Conquest precedes luxury, and luxury precedes decline. The Brahman in Poona was not a whit wiser than the Muslim in Bijapur. The experience by which he might have profited was a dead letter to him, for that history which teacheth by examples had come and gone ere Poona became the capital of the Maratha Empire. The 'Adil Shahi dynasty was an old-wives' fable to him, and unwarned by

its doom, the Peshwahs prosecuted the same career of vice and debauchery without a tittle of its elegance or refinement—for the master-builders of Bijapur have left behind them miles of majestic memorials which still engage the attention of the connoisseur. The game, however, went on, and we know the termination of these things.

> "The gates of hell are open night and day:
> Smooth the descent and easy is the way."

The traveller who proceeds to Poona by rail, as he nears Karjat, must have observed a high hill on his left crowned with bastions and encircled with lines of circumvallation. He will see more of it as he emerges from the tunnel where the great Khandala gorge bursts conspicuously on his view; and where the carriages seem to creep along the edge of dizzy precipices, this giant again meets the eye of the spectator. It is now observable that there are two hills, and if the day is clear, bastion and curtain are quite visible to the naked eye on either of them.

This is the fort of Rajmachi, which, though not much noticed in history, is more familiar to the eye of dwellers in these parts than any other fort in the Bombay Presidency, and will doubtless continue to be so. The scenery here is sometimes one of marvellous beauty, and in the grey dawn of early morn, so familiar to us, presents shifting pictures, as grand and beautiful as Glencoe or Killiecrankie. The best place from which the tourist can attack this fort is Khandala. He can "do" it in one day, but it will be a long day, from dawn to dewy eve. A better way would be to take a *razai* and plaid, and sleep in the open all night, and rise refreshed for the work of inspecting both forts by sunrise.* We did it in one day, but it is too much for the ordinary pleasure-seeker to demand of him a start at daylight, a tramp over roughish ground for twelve miles, and then half-an-hour of tough work in which all his sinews will be exercised and put to proof, and then to beat a retreat to Khandala, when he will be fortunate if he is not belated. If it

* Slept all Christmas night of 1890 in the open, on a slope of Mahuli, a Scotch plaid for coverlet, and was nothing the worse.

becomes dark or moonlight—for even the moon projects distances to which the eye and foot are unused—the difficulties increase tenfold, and stumbling among rocks and thorny bushes, even under the guidance of experienced coolies, brings out infirmities in body and mind that are quite astonishing. The place is well worth seeing; besides the healthful exercise the trip affords, the path to it is simply charming. For a part of the way you creep along a monkey path fringing the plateau which faces you when in the railway train, on the opposite side of the abyss. By-and-by you skirt the foot of immense walls of rock, those great sheets of trap rising perpendicularly three hundred feet high which constitute the barriers of the Dekhan, and its watershed.

About five miles from Khandala there is a splendid place for a picnic, and as tats can do most of this distance, it is all easy work, and to those who enjoy fine scenery and bracing air, a morning in December or January in that quarter will not easily be forgotten. There is a considerable amount of cultivated ground at the foot of the cone of Rajmachi, which is walled round; the enclosure constituting the *pettah*, or what we should call the grange land of the baron's castle, whence the inmates derived their supplies: forage for horses and cattle, food for man, and fuel. The walls, we are told on the best authority, extend 5258 yards in length, or three miles. They are therefore as extensive as those round the great Fort of Daulatabad. As we round the base of the block on which the main fort is built, and look up the view is bizarre and extraordinary, and must have impressed the beholder with much awe and sinking of spirit. The rock here, in colour as black as night, rises sixty feet or more, sheer, when it bellies outward in an abrupt overhanging corporation, ending two or three hundred feet from the ground where we stand, on the ramparts, which are so built as to meet the edge of the scarp. You cannot tell where the precipice ends and the bastion begins, but one or two loopholes, all the world like the mouth and eyes of some pictured demon, reveal to us this ancient habitation of Sivaji and the Angria. When you do get into it there is not much; so Rajmachi—

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.

But we are not there yet. As we round the cone, the difficulties begin. We know well enough what broken-up staircases are when a hundred feet of them are converted into avalanches of rubbish and loose stones shot down a hill-face at an angle of 35°. You have plenty of that on Raygarh and Torna. Here you have the stone stairs kicked about in the wildest confusion, loose and movable, their interstices a mass of yielding grit. On this blasted peak we found a grass, or straw, or cane, in great profusion. What had been forced into maturity by the wild lashing rains of the monsoon, now lay in withered swathes (kindly placed for us on those moving masses of whinstone rhomboids resting on a basis of grit), as smooth as the China matting of the Byculla Club. There was no danger to life, but very much to limb; so the instinct of self-preservation induced each man to "gang his ain gait," and so not commit murder on the man that was beneath him. Once we got fairly wedged in the hollow of a double wall, for in some places there is a triple belt round the hill, and were advised by a native—there are natives here who, like oysters, stick to the rock—to clamber cat-like along the crumbling parapet. But it was too shifting a material on which to trust our corporations;* so what with hard pulling and tumbling, climbing and scrambling, we at length found ourselves, not, as the reader will have seen, "without impediment," in "the bowels" of Rajmachi. Here are rock-cut cisterns and plenty of the purest water.

THE LOOK-OUT.

We are now 2730 feet above sea-level (about the height of Matheran), lower fort 2540. Rajmachi means the Royal

* DANGER FROM LOOSE WALLS.—The ruins of Montpezer are six miles from Bassein. "From the wall of the hermitage Mr. J. Forbes met his death a few years ago. He, it seems, imprudently climbed the wall at a corner with his boots on, where the roots of a pipal-tree served as a ladder. He got safely to the top, and after sitting for a while on the wall admiring the surrounding prospect, in the act of rising, it is supposed, part of the crumbling wall giving way under his feet, he slipped and was precipitated into the court of the temple below, a height of between sixty and seventy feet. He never spoke afterwards, but was carried home to Bombay, senseless, and died the same evening."—Vaupell in 1838, quoted in Dr. Da Cunha's *Chaul and Bassein*, 1876.

terrace. It looks down upon the Konkan. The ancients of this place, in their shirts of mail, could look down and see all that was going on in the plains below. The Bor Ghat was the same then as it is now, not only in physical contour and conformation, but absolutely the only pass through which all the commerce of the Bombay Harbour passed to the Dekhan. The railway makes no difference in this respect; commerce is friendly, but war is unfriendly, so sometimes an enemy came, and Rajmachi kept an outlook on him. Kotligarh stood guard below, but Rajmachi was the great bull's-eye lantern held in the face of friend or foe, and flashed upon every man who came from those lower Konkan regions. "Who's there?" was the watchword of Rajmachi. God keep the country, when its vigilance committee is perched up in places like this. We can verify the fact that a great extent of landscape can be seen from Rajmachi. But the following are the places that on a clear day may be easily descried. As for the Duke's Nose, Matheran, Bawamalang, Prabhal, and Karnala: they are barely worth mentioning—the mere kernel of a grand panorama. Our guide sung out to us Tung, Tikona, Logarh. But even they are nothing when Bhimashankar is in view; and Harischandragad, where you may lie on the edge of the precipice, drop a stone, and find it takes eleven seconds to strike the bottom; Nagothna; our old friend of sewing-up-in-sacks notoriety Sagargarh, with the sun setting at Alibagh; and there is Tungar and the Salsette Hills; and, across the flat sow-backed Prabhal, the harbour, island, and city of Bombay. The upper fort is called Shrivardhan, which means, we understand, "increase of prosperity;" the lower fort, in like manner, Manranjan, "mind pleasing." The first commands the second, which is as it should be, for without prosperity either of body or soul there can be no permanent pleasure of the mind whatever. We looked round for a seat, but the *killadar* was dead, and we had no Collector to send us a chair and a table as we had at Raygarh last new year.

"Laird o' Bucklyvie,
May the devil rive ye
For biggin sic a toun
Where there's neither a table
Nor a chair, nor a stule to sit doun."

And with this irreverent snatch we bid good-bye to Rajmachi. This fort was taken by Colonel Prother on the 6th March, 1818.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

Under this head we will select two dates. The first is the period of the *Noble Queen* Chand Bibi, at the close of the sixteenth century. Meadows Taylor cannot be accused, with all his gorgeous descriptions of the bravery of those times, of overstating the violence to which life and property were exposed. The neighbourhood is Gulbarga.

"The place had an evil reputation for robbers at all times. There were not only the ordinary cutpurses and pick-pockets, pilchers, and night prowlers of such gatherings, but there were Thugs from the neighbouring country of Aland, Gangutti and Kalhavi, as well as those that lived in the city itself, carrying on apparently honest trades and occupations, who marked parties for plunder, joined with them as they departed homewards, and slew them when they had gone a little distance with them. For miles, indeed, in every direction, were the unhallowed graves of hundreds and thousands, perhaps, of those who had been decoyed or destroyed. There were, too, dacoits who attacked the lodgings of pilgrims, or waylaid them on the high roads, and plundered with little regard to consequences. Among the latter were many Jatts and Kaikaris, peaceful-looking people by day, but terrible by night."

GHASI RAM.

Our next author is Grant Duff, the place is Poona, the time is the close of the eighteenth century, and the man described is the Police Superintendent of that city.

"No instance of greater neglect on the part of an administration, or of more extraordinary criminality in a subordinate officer, is recorded in the annals of any State than in the case of Gassee Ram, Kotwal, or Police Superintendent of the city of Poona. This man, a Brahman, native of Hindoostan, employed the power with which he was vested in perpetrating the most dreadful murders. People disappeared and no trace of them could be found. Gassee Ram was suspected, but Nana Furnuwees refused to listen to complaints, apparently absurd from their unexampled atrocity. At last, it being suspected that Gassee Ram was starving a respectable Brahmin to death, Manajee Phakray headed a party of the people, broke open the prison, and rescued the unfortunate Brahmin, which led to the detection of the monster's crimes, and he fell a victim to the vengeance of the exasperated populace, by whom he was stoned to death."

An intelligent Poona correspondent, in the *Bombay Gazette*, has given some particulars respecting the event mentioned by Grant Duff which have come down by tradition. The account which we give in a footnote is by Sir Charles Malet, who was resident in Poona at the time—1791. It is more circumstantial than either that of the Historian of the Marathas, or the account of the Poona correspondent. It differs from them in several important particulars, but may be regarded, we think, as the more correct version, as Malet was living in Poona at the time, and familiar, no doubt, with all the circumstances of the great tragedy.*

* GHASI RAM.—Communicated to me by Sir Charles Malet, as a most extraordinary event which happened during his embassy, at the Maratha Court. "On Aug. 29, 1791, thirty-four men of the caste of Telinga Brahmans having been confined in a *chauki* or close room by the officers of the *kotwal*, the head magistrate of police at Poona, twenty-one were taken out dead next morning, and the remaining thirteen were with difficulty restored to life. In the evening the popular clamour became violent against the *kotwal*, who was a Gaur Brahman, named Gaunseram, a native of Aurangabad, and whose office in a city where the most rigorous police is established, necessarily rendered him an obnoxious character. The Peshwah, improperly yielding to the furious mob, delivered up the *kotwal*, who was tied backwards on an elephant, and in that manner conveyed to a prison without the town, amidst the scoffs and insults of the populace, while guards were sent to seize his family, dependants, and property. The day following the clamour grew more violent, being encouraged by many persons desirous of mortifying the ruling minister, through the ignominy of his *kotwal*, his dependant. The unhappy man was tied backwards on a camel, and in that disgraceful manner reconducted into the city amidst the reproaches of the people. Here he was made to alight, and his head having been publicly shaved, he was again placed in the same manner on the camel, and having been carried through the principal streets of Poona, escorted by a strong guard, he was for the last time led to a spot about a mile from the city, and there ordered to dismount. One of his hands was then strongly fastened to the end of a turban between twenty and thirty feet long, and the other end committed to some Halalkhors, the lowest outcastes of the Hindu tribes, who contaminate all other castes by their touch. It was then made known to the Telinga Brahmans that the *kotwal* was delivered up entirely to their disposal, either as a sacrifice to their vengeance, or an object for their mercy: on which twelve Brahmans of that tribe in the most savage manner immediately attacked the fallen magistrate with large stones. The Halalkhors, who held the turban by straightening it, kept him at full length running in a circle, pursued by his relentless murderers, who at length, by repeated blows on the head and breast, brought him to the ground; and then with an eagerness disgraceful to humanity, though merciful to the prostrate object of their cruelty, the Brahmanical murderers dispatched him by a succession of large stones thrown violently on his head and breast."

Behold in these extracts from the historian and novelist how people lived for two hundred years under the shadow of the Dekhani forts.

STREAMS.

As we neared our home, we crossed a stream with a rocky bed. It is a stream which, after this, leaps from shelf to shelf until it makes that final plunge which we see in all its frothy grandeur during the monsoon from the railway as it thunders down the whinstone precipice at Khandala to the great ravine of the Ulas, where it buries itself, as may be said, in sundry places—

"Where Deucalion hurled his mother's entrails on the desert world."

Where we made the passage all was quiet in the moonlight, with nothing but the sound of rippling water, so delightful to the sun-burnt soul in Hindustan. The stream was wooded to the water-edge with scrub and bush. A bard in another land has pourtrayed something similar, and, like everything he touched in nature, with a master-hand. Minus the hazel, it will do very well for this :—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
Whyles in a weil it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night."

The great difference between the Dekhan and Konkan streams is in their clearness. Abana and Pharpar are nothing to them. On the road to Bijapur there are no streams so clear, from the Bhima itself down to the smallest rivulet. In the Island of Arran the streams, rushing down from the granite clefts in Goatfell, become transformed in the plain to apocalyptic visions, clear rivers of the water of life, pure as

crystal. This is the great want in our Konkan scenery. Clear sand and water-worn pebbles, in lieu of the leprous margin of the Bassein and Kalyan creeks, these lovely scenes by moonlight, or the chiaroscuro of early dawn, would transform them into the beauties of Como or Loch Lomond. The romance is sadly dispelled when one jumps ashore ankle-deep in mud.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Cave Temples of Western India.

In A.D. 1306, when Abu Suba, of Gujarat, halted to refresh his army two days among the mountains, some of his troops, without leave, to the number of three hundred, went from the camp to see a famous mountain in the neighbourhood of Deogire, from which city he was then not far distant.—Ferishta, quoted by Dow, 1795.

The number of strangers from Europe and America who have visited the most famous of the caves of Western India during the last few years is, we believe, beyond all precedent. And this influx is likely to continue. Something of this may be attributed to the spirit of travel and adventurous research, which is now so common, and something to the interest which has been aroused by the labours of such men as Drs. Fergusson and Burgess. Those who come, however, are not all smitten with Cave Literature, and most of them, like ourselves, are content with a cursory survey of these interesting monuments of antiquity. These *savans* have made the subject all their own. Our capital stock is very large, for we are told that the geographical distribution of the caves is somewhat singular, more than nine-tenths of those now known being found within the limits of the Bombay Presidency. The interest manifested in the caves is not new, but is one of the earliest facts of their history. Great is their attraction. Major Gill, the father of Captain Gill, murdered in Arabia, could not be dragged out of Ajanta, for he lived thirty years there, and died in the neighbourhood; and, we believe, the father of Dr. Bhau Daji became an eremite at Elephanta.* Fah Hian, a Chinese Buddhist, as early as A.D. 410, visited some of them (which of them it does not matter much), and has left us his account; and a great number of

* Bhau used to pay an annual visit to his father when he was at Elephanta.

Parsis from Iran, under dates A.D. 1009 and 1021, inscribed their names in one of the Kanheri Caves in Pahlavi—an earlier date this, we think, than is generally attributed to the appearance of our Zoroastrian friends in this part of the Konkan. It is curious to note the reasons why each pilgrim came, and what impressed him most on his visiting the caves of Western India.

What each sees is as diverse as the one man is from the other, and depends very much on the spectacles he puts on. Old Pyke, for example, complains, in 1712, that he could make no money at Elephanta. But people do not go to Elephanta to make money. Grose, who had been reading his Bible, found, in 1750, the Judgment of Solomon depicted on its walls. Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in 1808, discovered in the triform god a representation of the Trinity, and for this reason considered Elephanta as great a wonder as the pyramids of Egypt. And Jacquemont, poor Jacquemont! whose bones we saw sifted out of the sand of Sonapur for the French nation,* pronounced in 1832 that Elura, in its glory, was a den of fools, cheats, and knaves who battened on the credulity of the peoples of Central Asia, and probably he was not very far wrong. But the most remarkable statement we have seen is the confession of a Thag to Sleeman that Elura contains all the mysteries of his profession, and that there is depicted on its walls every particular of the bloody work of Thagi, from the first moment the intended victim is marked down, throughout the murderous track, until he is buried out of sight. Speculations, also, as to who made the caves,—this, also, is a subject of much confusion. After reading the memoirs, you may as well ask—Who made the Aden Tanks or the Circle of Stonehenge? The general opinion of the common people is that they "growed." Some say the giants made them; some, the Chinese; and some, the Pandavas. Then, again, they are the work of magicians or of the Devil, of Solomon or Alexander the Great. Some attribute their construction to the Deity. Take Nikitin, the Russian, in 1470,

* "La nation française n'oublie pas ses enfants célèbres, même lorsqu'ils sonts morts à l'étranger."—Inscription on Claude Lorraine's tomb, in the Church of Trinità dei Monti, in Rome. Jacquemont's remains were exhumed from Sonapur, Feb. 26, 1881, and sent to France in a French war vessel. *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 183, and *infra*, p. 214.

on Junnar—"No human hand made it. God made the town" —which is also the theory of the Thags, but that isn't much, as

"Devils they adored for Deities."

It only adds to our perplexity to be told that they were made by the Rashtrakutas or the Cholas; for, not to make light of the labours of Drs. Fergusson and Burgess, life is too short for this sort of thing. Better to allow these extinct dynasties to rest in their graves till the resurrection. They only serve to increase our confusion, like rotten sticks shining in the dark, until we are forced to exclaim—Asoka we know, Porus we know, but who are ye? To the English sailor on the night of the Muharram, the venerated names of Hasan and Husain become Hobson and Jobson.*

There is a moral here, and it is this, that writers on the past ought to recollect that there is a limit to the human memory. Short accounts make long friends. You say that the Buddhist monks made most of the caves. Agreed. This is certain, that the monks of the East and the West always affected the best localities. Show me an old abbey or monastery in Europe, and I will show you a favourite place. As a rule, the land was fertile, the ground healthy, and there was a good supply of pure water. We will not speak of salmon, for we are in India. To sum up, monks' land was fat land. It was so in India. Take, for example, the Temple of Karli, one of the most ancient and perfect abodes of the Eastern monks which exist. I cannot, indeed, show you here the garden of the world, but I can show you a plain which has great natural resources, as old as the hills, or the moonsoon which bursts yearly upon them. Here is a great plain—you know where we are—beyond Lanawli, rich in alluvial deposits brought down by the upper streams of the Krishná from the watershed of the Western Ghats. This plain during the monsoon is a sheet of water for miles, which remains for months and soaks into the earth like a sponge, storing up the elements of production and fertility. It stretches all the way to Poona, though with diminished powers and a lighter soil. But here it seems to possess a never-failing

* Perpetuated by Sir Henry Yule, in the name of his invaluable Dictionary.

supply of moisture, with two crops in the year, and requiring very little labour on the part of the husbandman; this valley must have been in all ages, and could yet be made productive enough to feed thousands of people. It is, we may add, miles in width. On either side rise holy places. On the one side Karli, boasting of an antiquity old as the Christian era, and, on the other side, of a date even beyond the Christian era, are the Cave Temples of Bhaja, scooped out of one of the spurs of Isagarh, which being interpreted means "Hill of God." A favourite dwelling-place, this, of men, for many generations. Or for beauty of situation, take Kanheri; where will you find a more lovely coign of vantage for the spectator, or a richer or more diversified view of wood and water, of which he will never tire? No wonder men became Buddhists when they had such a place to go to, and "no bills to pay." Or Elephanta, with its sea and sky? Or Ajanta, with its bubbling streams, perhaps the finest of them all? Or Elura? I do not wonder that Aurangzeb, Lord of the World, though he died at Nagar, sixty miles away, chose this as his last resting-place; for the brow of the hill, out of which Elura has been excavated, near the Rauza where he sleeps, overlooks a vast plain, strewn with the memorials of an older world—Deogiri before the Mughal had set foot in India, Tagara of the days and map of Ptolemy, and Aurangabad fragrant with the roses of Damascus, and some fruits and flowers that Damascus never knew. Take any of the groups you like, it is all the same, and begin at daylight and go over them *seriatim*, and you will soon get quit of your superfluous energy. The chances are ten to one that ere midday the pilgrim, you—

> "A silly man in simple weeds forworn,
> And soil'd with dust of the long-dried way"

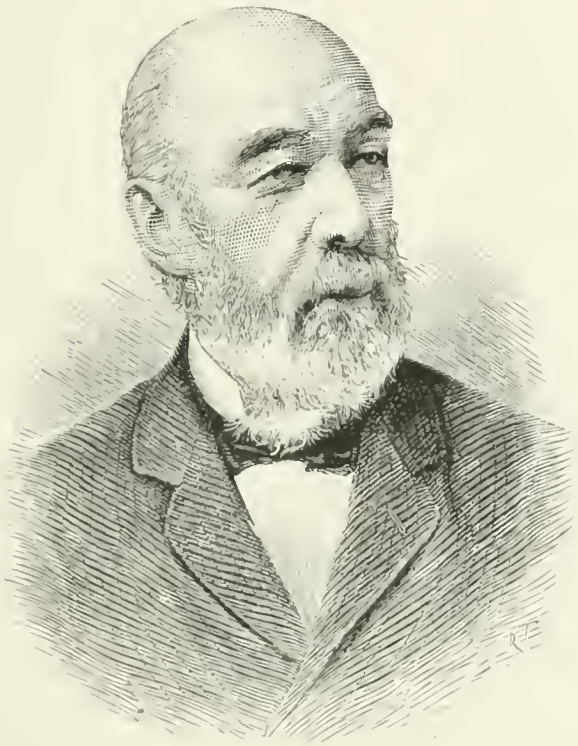
—will be found, say, in the last unfinished cave of Lena at Nasik, where the workman had hastily thrown down his tools at the first blast of some invasion. A recumbent body, a stone pillow, a pilgrim's staff, lying beside him,—here rests one of the Seven Sleepers of Asia, oblivious of the march of time or the progress of civilisation.

What was the manner of life of the Buddhist monks at

Kanheri? Mr. Campbell answers this question in the fourteenth volume of the *Bombay Gazetteer*. The reader will find there, in "Life at Kanheri," a splendid monograph, around which the author throws the halo of romance, while his narration at the same time bears the stamp of truth and authenticity. Here we find how the monks "put in the time," as we should say, from morn to dewy eve. It seems to our energetic and matter-of-fact age a dull and drowsy existence. Most devoted men, no doubt, but with all their devotion these monks must have been a sad set—"the lazy loons and masterful beggars" of a Scots Act of Parliament. They have left us nothing but the caves, if they actually executed them. But we have our doubts about it. Query, did the Buddhist monk, like the hermit crab of marine zoology, merely walk in and take possession when the original owner and maker of the shell was out of his domicile, and defy all comers afterwards? They seem to have had nuns among them, so in this they differed from the monks of Mount Athos. Some of their abodes were most difficult of access, as for example, those near Junnar, which must have required a basket such as is used by the inmates of the convents of Marsaba or Mount Sinai, when they wish to communicate with the outer world. If they clambered up and down on their "shanks," they must have had more agility than we give them credit for.

Sir Walter Scott tells his readers, in beautiful poetry, that if they wish to see Melrose Abbey, they ought to see it by moonlight. If you wish to see the Kailas of Elura in perfection, go and do likewise, and you will see something to dream about. Kailas means "heaven," and you will then see a heaven under heaven, and give it and its architect, whoever he was, all the importance to which they are entitled. This monolithic temple of Elura is unquestionably a world's wonder, a stone literally cut out of a mountain. It is a world's wonder in this respect that it is unique, for the one or two monolithic temples in the Madras Presidency are only half finished. A native of St. Kilda, one of the outermost islands of the Hebrides, once paid a visit to Britain. They had no stone dwellings in St. Kilda in those days, whatever they may have now. He was shown a cathedral, and as soon as he saw it, he exclaimed—"And cut

out of one stone!" His crude imaginings become realities in Kailas. No painting or photograph can do it justice. The only means would be a model, such as that of Paris seen many years ago in the Great Diorama in London; and in this way you might get an idea of the exterior. Kailas is 164 feet long, 109 feet wide, and 96 feet high. There is a building in Bombay



JAS. FERGUSSON, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., C.I.E.
The historian of Indian and Eastern Architecture.*

about this size—a few feet either way does not matter much: we mean the Convocation Hall; and we are safe in saying that Kailas has six times the amount of exterior ornamentation. Dr. Fergusson allows thirty-five to fifty years as the probable

* Born in Ayrshire, 1808, died in London Jan. 9th, 1886.

time occupied in the execution of Kailas. The Bombay Hall took five years in building, and yet Fergusson tells us, and it is in reference to Kailas that he speaks, that "in reality, however, it is considerably easier, and less expensive, to excavate a temple than to build one." * It may be that we "speak leasing," but we cannot see Kailas thrown overboard in this way. *Is* it easier or less expensive, we ask notwithstanding Dr. Fergusson's affirmation? Had Fergusson spoken of the Madras temples, where there are no finished *interiors*, we might have been inclined to yield to his dictum. We will not ask such feeble questions as—Is it easier to sculpture a statue than to mould one; is it easier to carve a drawing room table, say of Bombay blackwood, with an ornamented pedestal and deep fringe, out of one solid block, than to put together piecemeal a table of the same size and configuration? Though these questions bear on the subject, they are not exactly on the same line. Well, then. Given a section of Nauroji Hill, or any softer stone, if you think we are too hard on you: would it have been easier, and less expensive, to cut your Convocation Hall out of Nauroji Hill, exterior *and* interior, than to have built it of hewn stones and mason work, as it now is? In building, if you spoil one stone, you can substitute another. But in excavating you cannot do it either in the sculpture or carving of a rock-hewn temple, without, to that extent, destroying the integrity of the whole. In selecting a block without flaws, to begin with, great care and skill are necessary, and great care and skill

* "Had the Kailas been an edifice of masonry situated on the plain, it would scarcely have attracted the attention of European travellers. In reality, however, it is considerably easier, and less expensive, to excavate a temple than to build one. Take, for instance, the Kailas, the most wonderful of all this class. To excavate the area on which it stands would require the removal of about one hundred thousand cubic yards of rock, but as the base of the temple is solid, and the superstructure massive, it occupies, in round numbers, about one-half of the excavated area; so that the question is simply this—whether it is easier to chop away fifty thousand yards of rock and shoot it to spoil (to borrow a railway term) down a hillside, or to quarry fifty thousand yards of stone, removing it, probably, a mile at least to the place where the temple is to be built, and then to raise and set it. The excavating process would probably cost about one-tenth of the other. The sculpture and ornament would be the same in both instances, more especially in India, where buildings are always set up in block and the carving executed *in situ*."—*History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*, by James Fergusson, D.C.L., 1876, p. 338.

in cutting and carving afterwards. Care means time, and what you get done in five years you shall take fifty to complete your work in; and Fergusson admits that it must have probably taken fifty years to make the Kailas.

The decline and fall of Buddhism in Western India meant the clearing out of the inmates of these temple caves. Then came the work of demolition, but also, strange to say, of preservation. As soon as the caves were left to themselves, to speak childishly, Nature began to assert her supremacy. The rain fell at first with gentle patter, and then with the full burst of the monsoon. Silently it soaked into the superincumbent earth and carried down the mud and *débris* with which it was charged, until it choked up the entrance of some of the greatest caves. The wind came, howled, and blew the dust, gravel, and decayed vegetation into them. Year after year and century after century the tide of earth rose. You can still see the limit of the tide mark where the *débris* has been cleared away on the legs of the colossi, stamped indelibly. Where the earth was deep enough, trees grew. But, unlike the works of masoncraft, the sides of the temple caves and the monolithic structure defied the power of vegetation to destroy, for no pipal tree, as in Bassein, can twist its roots or find a matrix in the crannies of Kailas. In some of the courts the earth stood fifteen feet thick. Bhaja was enveloped in an earthy curtain and had disappeared, until its beautiful capitals and sculpture, as clear and perfect as the day they left the workman's chisel, were laid bare by the hand of man. The cutting of some of the masses of accumulated *débris*, looks like the geological sections in a picture-book. No relic, coin, or tool, if we except a rude chisel and hammer, has been found in the clearing away of this detritus. Nor could such be expected, for the masses which had to be excavated consisted not of the chips and fragments of the work when it was being hewed out, but of the *débris* which had accumulated after the caves were deserted. In this respect they were unlike the kitchen middens of the North, which have yielded such valuable finds of flint and bone to reward the labours of the archæologist. They contained the implements of the time when these middens were in course of formation, and which had been either worn out and thrown away as useless, or lost among the

rubbish and offal. We need scarcely add that the Supara relics* were found, not in a cave, but in a Buddhist tope.

> "On Tintock tap there is a mist,
> And in the mist there is a kist,
> And in the kist there is a caup,
> And in the caup there is a drap."

Thanks to Mr. Campbell and his coadjutors, they have dissipated the mist and laid bare the contents of the *kist* to the eyes of the world.

Some people imagine that the scribbling of their names by travellers on ancient monuments is a modern vice. But it is not confined to any age or nation. Here on the leg of one of the colossal figures of Buddha, twenty-five feet high, which stand sentinel at the gate of the so-called Cathedral Cave of Kanheri, are deeply indented the names of one English lady and three Englishmen—Ann Butfer, K. Bates, John Butfer, and John Shaw—and the date, 1678—all unknown to fame. But these names tell us how soon—we had only arrived in Bombay about a dozen years before—we began to look about us, and give ourselves time to loiter among the curious in art and in nature. Not all work and no play in the Bombay of 1678. The country was quiet when an English lady was able to come here, and the Portuguese could not have been our very stark enemies. It is not to these kinds of inscriptions that we object. They are suggestive, teach us something, and are not of the "Bill Sykes his mark" or "Warren's Blacking" pattern which stare us in the face at the base of Pompey's Pillar. The name of Volney on Baalbek and the sign-manual of Belzoni on the Pyramids are interesting mementoes. So, in like manner, when we meet with the great name of Hadrian deeply engraven on those high walls of rock called the Iron Gates, which overlook the Danube where it cleaves the Carpathian Mountains, and find it again

* Supara relics were enclosed in (1) gold; (2) crystal; (3) stone; (4) silver; (5) copper; (6) stone; (7) bricks and earth. According to Bhagwanlal Indraji seven coverings were the proper numbers; in the same way as there are seven stages or divisions of a roof of a Buddhist monastery, including the umbrella at the top.

Thoth wrote a wonderful book, and enclosed it in a box of gold, in one of silver, in one of ivory and ebony, in one of bronze, in one of brass, in one of iron.—G. Rawlinson's *Egypt*, 1887.

"writ large" by the same hand on the gigantic Memnon of Thebes, our attention is forthwith called to the fact that this man's influence extended from

> "Farthest south,
> Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
> Meroe, Nilotick Isle,"

to the far North, yea, even to the utmost limits of Pannonia.

Two maxims were once current in the East. Work not, said Gautama. Work while it is called to-day, said

> "He whose converse thrilling
> Honoured Emmaüs that old even-tide."

But what is to be done with the votary of idleness and beggary? Leave him alone; he will work out, at all events, his own destruction. A stronger than he shall come upon him. The doom of Kanheri was accomplished on that night in 1532, which has been sung by Camoens, when Da Cunha entered the city of Bassein. Henceforth the idlers and beggars of Kanheri became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Portuguese. Their candle was literally put out. The Buddhists had a long tenure of it, and it seemed as if their reign was never to end. But retributive justice came at last. From the most ancient times known among men, the natives of Salsette had beheld with awe those sombre precipices towering overhead, honeycombed with the habitations of the living and the sepulchres of the dead. From the most ancient times their eyes had feasted on daily scenes of brilliant display, streamers flying, and gay festoons of jasmine suspended from one architrave to another, with groups of yellow-robed priests ascending, amid clouds of incense, those flights of stairs which led to the cells of the monks. But mark the change. A way-worn traveller comes to Kanheri. There, on the stone floor, crouches a miserable *yogi*, with downcast eyes, in sackcloth and ashes, muttering his *mumbo jumbo*. His stick with its iron ring lies beside him; his alms bowl also, the emblem of his religion, and, like it, turned upside down. Some people seem to talk of the religions of the East as if they were immutable, and from their very antiquity possessed a prescriptive right to dominate over the intellect of men to the remotest

times. But we must not be led away in this manner. Doubtless the same ideas passed current when Elura and Elephanta were in all their glory, and their high-priests were, in their own estimation, the invincible and the unshakable. All things continue as they were. Do they? The gates of Baalbek, Karnak, Karli, and Ajanta are open night and day, and who enter in? Some stray European or American. Not one worshipper treads their silent courts, not one devotee of the mighty religions which once swayed over Asia; and of all the millions who bowed the knee in those chosen shrines of antiquity, not one representative could now be found within a radius of a hundred miles who would give a day's wages for the splendid rituals for the living or the dead, or for all the pomp or circumstance of Kailas or Heliopolis.

A few painters, such as Alma Tadema or Griffiths, cull from their imagination, or from the relics that have come down to them, and paint beautiful pictures which delight the eye and the mind of the spectator; a few archæologists, such as Fergusson and Burgess, reap renown by illustrating their architecture, or deciphering or collating inscriptions in strange alphabets which have been forgotten time out of mind among men. The monuments remain, but their worship has passed into oblivion.

There was a time, however, and it is well to remember this, when the religion of the cave temples, venerable as it seems in our eyes, was new. History enables us to travel backwards to a period ere the first stroke of the chisel had been delivered, or the mallet had resounded through the solitudes of Karli or Elephanta.

And in these older times, when the world was young, if we are to believe the voice of History, there was no caste, and there was no *sati*, for the remarriage of the widow was not prohibited, and we believe that infant marriages were unknown. The vermilion stain of infanticide had not then been pourtrayed on her chambers of imagery, and the countless forms of self-immolation—*Jauhar*, *Traga*, *Samadh*, *Dharna*, and so forth—were unknown. "Practices morally wrong cannot be theologically right; when practices which sap the very foundation of morality, and which involve a violation of the eternal and

immutable laws of Right, are established in the name and under the sanction of Religion, they ought for the common welfare of society and in the interests of humanity itself, to be publicly denounced and exposed."*

Is it nothing, do you think, that the British Government, not alone by counsel, but by the strong arm of authority, has cleared away these cruel and bloody rites from the social platform, and paved the way for the labours of the philanthropist? And, in doing so, has she not given back to us and her children something of the India of the days of old?

* Sir Joseph Arnould, 1852.

CHAPTER L.

Elephanta.

I never think of Elephanta without recollecting the story of a young American * who wrote *A Boy's Travels round the World*. When in Bombay he took his grandmother to Elephanta. In those days there was no pier, and you landed from the bandar-boat in a *tony*. The tony capsized, leaving youth in the prow and grandmother, not at the helm, but in the waves, which were fortunately not big. With the calm and unimpassioned countenance of his race, this young man sung out, "Grandmother, have you touched land yet?" "No," says she, "it's only mud," as she hung on by the edge of the tony, bobbing up and down, in four feet of water. But we are off.†

* Master Field.

† Hamilton's *Account of the East Indies*, chapter xx., page 349:—"Two leagues from the Castle is a small island belonging to the Company, called Butcher's Island; it is of no use, besides hauling ships ashore to clean, and grazing a few cattle. And a league from thence is another larger called Elephanta, belonging to the Portuguese, and serves only to feed cattle. I believe it took its name from an elephant carved out of a great black stone, about seven feet in height. It is so like a living elephant that at two hundred yards' distance a sharp eye might be deceived by the similitude. A little way from that stands a horse cut out of a stone, but not so proportionable or well-shaped as the elephant. There is a pretty high mountain stands in the middle of the island, shaped like a blunt pyramid, and about the half of the way to the top is a large cave that has two large inlets which serve both for passage into it and light. The mountain above it rests on large pillars hewn out of a solid rock, pillars curiously carved. Some have the figures of men about eight feet high in several postures, but exceedingly well-proportioned and cut. There is one that has a giant with four heads joined, and their faces looking from each other. He is in a sitting posture, with his legs and feet under his body. His right hand is above twenty inches long. There are several dark rooms hewn out of the rock, and a spring of sweet water comes out of one room, and runs through the eave out of one of the inlets. I fired a fusee into one of the rooms, but I never heard cannon or thunder make such a dreadful noise, which continued about half a minute, and the mountain



ELEPHANTA STONE ELEPHANT, c. 1790.

As we leave the Apollo-bandar and look behind us we are reminded of the words in the old *Gazetteer*: "Bombay is a low-lying place," but you must not emphasize the words, or you will run into inevitable mendacity. It is high tide, and we seem almost to stand on tip-toe to get a look at it, or, like Milton's sun, "pillow our chin upon an Orient wave." Visions of Paidhoni and the feet-washing there in olden days (for our readers will recollect that at high tide a great portion of the native town is under sea-level) come across us: so the proverbial tidal wave would make short work of it. So, no doubt, would an earthquake. But there have been no earthquakes in Bombay during the historic period, as Dr. Wilson informed us, and we believe him, albeit we read under date of Bombay, 27th May, 1648, of "a hellish hurricane so called by Portuguese writers, accompanied by an earthquake." The earthquake at Matheran some ten years since was a very juvenile effort, as it merely rumbled under the beds of the sleepers, though it shook tent-poles at Thana as it passed away. The view of the *cloacæ maximæ* of Bombay, as they disgorge themselves into the sea, carrying towards us a loud perfume, is not inspiriting in the early morning. Yes; "Bombay, thy towers gleam bright across the dark blue sea," but your drains are malodorous. I am afraid you cannot drain the most of Bombay owing to its low level; but not being an engineer, I must not dogmatise on this subject, or even advocate dry sewerage. Will not the sea refuse to have your offal on any terms, and spew it out again on the littoral? This is a question that any man may ask, and a great variety of answers will be given to it. But whatever the answers, the interests of the city demand that a large and comprehensive system, &c., &c.,—you know the rest. In Venice they say the earth is the mother of death, so they try to shut it out wherever they can, with bolts and bars and flag-stones hermetically sealed together, so as to defy the emission of all pestilential gases. Sir Bartle Frere

seemed to shake. As soon as the noise was over, a large serpent appeared, which made us take to our heels, and got out of the cave at one door, and he in great haste went out at the other. I judge him about fifteen feet long and two foot about. And these were all that I saw worth observation in that Island." See also Ovington's *Voyage to Surat*, p. 158, and Capt. Hamilton's *New Account of the East Indies*, vol. i., 241.

thought that Trombay, from its hilly nature, was a proper site for a city. And so it had been found out before, for we read that about the ninth century of our era, the period of the excavation of Elephanta, the city of Chemul or Saimur with a great population had its site here.

We may now take a look at Bombay Castle from the sea. Every time we see it its surroundings become more piebald and amorphous. A huge dyke of rubble now runs along one of the curtains, and shuts out the daylight. We are assured, however, by the highest authority that no sacrilegious hand shall ever touch the main building, which is so interwoven with our domestic history that it seems meet that it should remain until the prophecy of Magduri Saheb be fulfilled and Bombay be no more.* The islands of Bombay harbour are now before us, and they have a history, and a very pleasing one it is. From the earliest times that England had anything to do with these islands she made them, not a battle-ground, but the scenes of scientific investigation and pleasure excursion. No blood has been shed on any of these islands. A few pirates on Gibbet Island were hanged for murder, and a number of Chinese desperadoes suffered in a like manner some five-and-twenty years ago on the Island of Elephanta.

Salsette was a kind of happy hunting-ground. Every year about Christmas, Du Perron tells us in 1761, the Governor went there for a few days with a large pleasure party to hunt the tiger. This beast was not uncommon in the last century, and even in this. Some time in November, 1829, a tiger

* "The name of the celebrated person thus enshrined was Magdooree Saheb, a devotee, who added the gift of prophecy to his other high qualifications, and amongst other things has predicted that when the town shall join the wood, Bombay shall be no more. The accomplishment of what in his days must have appeared very unlikely ever to take place—namely, the junction of inhabited dwellings with the trees of Mahim—seems to be in rapid course of fulfilment; the land has been drained, many portions, formerly impassable, filled up and rendered solid ground, while the houses are extending so fast that the Bara Bazar will in no very long period in all probability extend to Mahim. Those who attach some faith to the prophecy, yet are unwilling to believe that evil and not good will befall the 'rising Presidency,' are of opinion that some change of name will take place when it shall be made the seat of the Supreme Government: thus the saint's credit will be saved, and no misfortune happen to the good town of Bombay."—Roberts's *Overland Journey*, 1844.

landed in Mazagon, having swam from the opposite shore, and was killed in Mr. Henshaw's garden, where it had taken refuge; and, within the memory of man, a tiger was knocked on the head while swimming in Bombay Harbour. A traveller (was it Silk Buckingham?) in Salsette was suddenly surprised by his palkee being dropped and the coolies bolting. The palkee was closed, and he soon felt outside the *jhilmils* something of a *fee-faw-fum* character. Stripes was wide awake, and the coolies, up a tree, were wide awake also. He didn't sleep much himself that night, I tell you.

Niebuhr went three times to Elephanta when he was here in 1764,* but the most formidable party was in 1812. Basil Hall, William Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. Ashburner, and several other ladies and gentlemen, with camp requisites, protracted their picnic for ten days: and we do not read that time hung heavily on their hands, or that they dined up a tree with Robinson Crusoe.

In 1850 sounds of wassail were heard at many oyster feasts (that was what they called them then) in Uran and Karanja. Sometimes there was danger from pirates. In 1718 Alexander Hamilton, the skipper, fired a gun in one of the caves, and a serpent fifteen feet long gave him chase. Sometimes death came suddenly enough. Forbes was precipitated from the ruins of Montpezir. Wales, whose daughter married Sir Charles Malet, died while taking sketches of the caves in Salsette; and Jacquemont caught malaria while botanising there, and died thereof in the Marine Lines in 1832.

But hush! we are now at the portals of Elephanta. The elephant from which it took its name (among Europeans only, however) is now doing duty in Bombay as a rockery. There was a stone horse also here, partly statue, as you may see in an

* Carsten Niebuhr was the father of the historian. Here is what the greatest authority on Modern Arabia says of him, being William Gifford Palgrave's dedication of his book on Central and Eastern Arabia—

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CARSTEN NIEBUHR,
IN HONOUR OF THAT
INTELLIGENCE AND COURAGE WHICH FIRST OPENED ARABIA TO EUROPE,
I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THE RESULTS OF A JOURNEY
ITSELF INSPIRED BY THAT GREAT MEMORY.

old picture of Pyke's in the *Archæologia*. The body of the horse, a statue hewn out of the solid rock. The question may now be asked, who made Elephanta? But the oracle is dumb, as the stone on which it is presumed that all this was inscribed was sent to the king of Portugal by his Viceroy as far back as 1650. We need not very much regret it, as there is every probability it recorded the fact that it was the gift of a merchant, some millionaire of Supara, or Chemul in adjacent Trombay. A merchant! Why not? Did not merchants construct most of the Kanheri caves, as we learn from the *Bombay Gazetteer*, from inscriptions which have been lately deciphered? The same holds good in Syria and Ephesus, where vast ruins of magnificent buildings still attest the munificence of the mercantile body. I dare not speculate on this subject, though I have a strong belief that the colossal Trimurti itself represents the profits of transactions in the gum, silk, or frankincense of India, and other staples which made Sir George Birdwood declare the trade of these parts was like that of the Babylon of the Revelation. In Bombay, it was a merchant who founded our greatest school, another merchant our greatest hospital; and our oldest and most historic Church or Cathedral was erected by a company of merchants.* So that we have the incontestable proofs before our eyes that charity never faileth—never faileth, though thet ongues and prophets of the Brahmanical confederacy about A.D. 800, of which Elephanta is the symbol, have long since vanished away.

I hear many people nowadays declare that Elephanta is an imposture. The imposition is that which they have practised on themselves; for the same thing, when people are buoyed up with false expectations, may be said of the Pyramids, Pompeii, nay even of Rome itself. One thing is quite clear; if we are to believe all we hear and see, we should soon have no Elephanta at all. The water which percolates into chinks and crevices silently works day and night and year after year, and is rapidly disintegrating it, and bit by bit Elephanta will soon go to pieces, like the stone elephant which gave to it its name. Nay more,

* It was also a Lohana merchant, Karamsi Ramnal, who constructed the modern paved ascent up to the Elephanta Cave in 1853–54, at an expense of Rs. 12,000.—Burgess's *Rock Temples of Elephanta*, 1871.

we are told that this is sufficient to account for all its decay, and that Portuguese iconoclasts * and English seamen did it no violence whatever. It is a curious thing that in Ahmadabad, where the Portuguese never were, you will find as fresh and fair as the day they left the workman's hands, carving and tracery, down to the ground, against which the blind beggar leans, which were executed before Columbus had discovered America. It is, possibly, a harder stone than that of Elephanta. Still the preservation of such delicate work is a perfect marvel; and I suppose that the buildings there are more exposed to be knocked about than in any other city in the world, many of them having no protection or fence of any kind whatever. Certainly the people there are as little destructive as in any place of the globe. Something, too, may perhaps be set down to the lighter rainfall, as this district has not the violence of the monsoon to contend with.

When Anquetil du Perron was in Elephanta in 1761 he did not know that he was standing in a Brahman temple. He did not know that he was in a Buddhist one at Karli, knowledge which a few lessons may now give to every schoolboy. Altogether our knowledge of India has been very much a progressive science. There was published in Berlin in 1786, by Jean Bernoulli, a great work which exhibits to us in these days the most exact information which was then available in Europe on the subject of India.† It was the joint production of three master-minds who had made India their study, and they had all lived many years in the country. This book contains only one line on Elephanta. The map of Rennell in it may still be said to be the backbone of our geographical knowledge of India, for all after-information of this kind has only clustered round it. Will it be believed, then, that all that tract of country in the Berars east of Nagpur, Amarawati, and Akola, and which lies between the Narmada and the Godávari, is a complete blank, and unexplored to that extent that Rennell

* See De Couto, *Da Asia* (1603), vii., 251, 258, as quoted in Burgess's *Elephanta*, p. 48.

† *Les Recherches Historiques et Géographiques sur l'Inde*, par Le Père Joseph Tieffenthaler, M. Anquetil du Perron et M. Jacques Rennell. Berlin, 1786. 3 vols. 4to.

has written across it the ominous words, "Little known to Europeans." and the "Pirate coast," in capitals, still dominates the Malabar Coast, south from the mouth of Bombay Harbour? It was the same with the geology, botany, and zoology of India: for of each of them might have been written, "little known to Europeans." Nature was loth to give up her secrets, and from history itself it was long before the veil was lifted up; while the genii of the cave temples, like the serpent which chased Hamilton, would suffer no intrusion. In 1805 Sir James Mackintosh asks if Buddhism be a Brahman sect.

In nothing, however, has the march of events made such progress as in cave literature. For a long time the caves themselves were literally overgrown with jungle and held in fee by wild beasts; and it took a much longer time to find out who made the caves than it did to make them. For two hundred years men groped about, looked up, took sketches, and went away. There are English, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Italians: some write down their impressions; and so they come and go. But among all the train of these travellers and philosophers from Europe who visited the caves of Western India, not one of them all seems to have detected the Buddhist element in the construction of any one of them, or divined what is now one of the established facts of history, that Buddhism had been once the religion of India for a period of a thousand years, and still holds in thrall many millions of the inhabitants of the globe.*

It was in vain that men interrogated the past. The history of India seemed to have been written on sand, and the successive waves of invasion had washed it all away. Everything that men could not understand was relegated to Alexander or the Egyptians; and when, baffled at all points, they appealed to the natives for a solution of the cave problem, they were referred to the jins, devils, and gods of their mythology, as if the Creator himself had come down with hammer and chisel to carve out Kailas, so that they might have something wonderful and beautiful to look at for their delectation. Somebody was found, no doubt, soon to make the discovery, for the tree of knowledge was growing apace, and yielding fruit which would soon be ripe

* "The number of Buddhists can scarcely be calculated at less than one hundred millions."—Sir Monier Williams, *Buddhism*, 1889.

and ready to be picked by the first comer. Indeed, there were two men who had almost unconsciously stumbled on the Buddhist origin of most of the caves. In 1550 Garcia d'Orta and in 1583 Linschoten attribute their origin to the Chinese, and there is more in this than one would at first sight imagine, for China had been made Buddhist by India in the first century of our era; and all through the dark ages, as we would call them, which followed, the Chinese had a wonderful mercantile traffic with India. And though these writers did not say so, it is evident they thought that China (Buddhist) had something to do with the making of the caves.

As far as we know, the man who first spotted the religion of Buddha in the caves of Kanheri and Karli was Henry Salt. He came out to India with Lord Valentia, and was in Bombay the guest of Mackintosh. He visited Elephanta and Kanheri, the latter under great difficulties, the coolies having literally to cut a pathway for him through the jungle. But his genius was rewarded. On his voyage homeward,—no doubt in one of the buggalows or Indian crafts (such as Sir Bartle Frere came to Bombay in) of those days,—on his way to Suez, happening to have with him some drawings of Ceylon by Harrington, his eye alighted upon a dahgoba and a statue of Buddha in his usual sitting posture, and his mind at once reverted to Kanheri. Here was the fruit, and the hand to pluck it. So he wrote in 1805 from Suez to the Bombay Literary Society that the Kanheri caves were Buddhist, and owed their existence to the devotees of the Buddhist religion. So in 1813, when William Erskine walks through these chambers of imagery, and dilates upon them which are Buddhist and which are Brahman, we feel that the master-key has been already put into his possession, as well as that of his meanest disciple, by Henry Salt; and though he and all of us now play with the golden coin, it was Salt who first put it in circulation and made it the standard of value on this subject for all future ages.

The career of Henry Salt after this was by no means inconspicuous. As we have said, he left Bombay, visiting Abyssinia on his way home, and on his return was sent on an embassy to the King of that country, after which he was made our first Consul-General in Egypt, where he died in the year 1827. The

second time that Salt was in Bombay, he was the guest of the Governor and Mackintosh. This was in 1810, and he was then the bearer of a letter from the King of Tigre to George III. Tigre, as we are now becoming aware, borders on the Sudan and Basé country. Strange as it now appears to us, when Salt arrived in England there was not a man to be found in the British dominions capable of translating that document, and almost in despair, he suggested to the Marquis of Wellesley to write to a young man in Scotland, who had been editing Bruce's *Travels*, and he at once returned him a translation of it. The letter was in Geez, the written, as Amharic is the spoken, language of Abyssinia. The young man—Alexander Murray—who thus distinguished himself, had been herding sheep a few years before this. He died young—shortly after he had been appointed Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh. Salt lies buried in an old cemetery in Alexandria (far from the modern one) near Pompey's Pillar Gate, and the spot is so obscure that you may live for years in the city and yet not see the tomb of one who added so much to our knowledge of the origin of the cave temples of Western India.

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* discourses on some of the greatest religious movements of Asia, yet we do not expect to find in it any notice of Buddhism, for it exercised no manner of influence whatever on the fate of the Roman Empire. But in Robertson the historian's *Disquisition on Ancient India* in 1791, where one would naturally look for some reference to it, there is not a single allusion to Buddha or the Buddhist religion. Such being the case, this book is evidence in itself that Buddhism, as an integral portion of the history of India, was not then recognised in Europe. It is true that in his reflections on these Caves of Elephanta (he also speaks of Kanheri and Karli) Robertson remarks that it is worthy of notice that some learned Europeans have imagined that the figures sculptured within them represent the rites of a religion more ancient than that now established in Hindustan. Here it seems to us that he is on the right track, but he does not follow it up, his great intellect, as it were, groping blindfold in an unseen world. How could it, under the circumstances, be otherwise? Suppose, for example, that the Supara relics had been unearthed in these

early times, *Cui bono?* There was not science, we may be sure, in the civilised world to have then rendered any intelligent account of them whatever; for with Burma, Siam, and China our acquaintance was much too circumscribed to enable us to deduce conclusions from the Buddhist religion there. Where would have been your long train of investigators, Boone, Anquetil du Perron, Niebuhr, *par exemple*, nay even, in the next generation before Salt appears on the scene, the illustrious trio itself, of Mackintosh, Malcolm, and Elphinstone, in the presence of these old-world memorials? So true is it that there is, even in regard to waifs like these, an eternal fitness in the ordering of things; for the decrees of Providence vindicate themselves in their discovery at a time when there is wisdom enough to comprehend their meaning, and appreciate the light they are calculated to reflect on the history of India.

Robertson makes one other remark that has something to do with the harbour of Bombay. It seems now to be recognised as an almost indubitable truth that an immense population clustered round these shores, busily engaged for many centuries prosecuting various industries and a great commerce East and West, of which Bombay is the conspicuous revival. This truth, we believe, was first elucidated by Mr. James M. Campbell, and it is to him we owe it, as well as the painstaking researches in the *Bombay Gazetteer*, which led him up to the conclusion; and if we now adduce the testimony of the rocks it is not to prove his position, but to show that the truth had dawned on a philosophic mind in the year 1791.* Robertson's observation is worthy of more than a passing glance. He speaks of the cave temples of Elephanta, and also of Salsette, which makes the argument all the stronger, these caves being at no great distance from each other, constituting in themselves sufficient justification of a large population under some settled form of government or other. "It is only," he says, "in States of considerable extent and long habituated to subordination, and to act with concert, that the idea of magnificent works is conceived or the power of accomplishing them can be found"—a scrap of the Philosophy of History applied to the ancient state of Bombay Harbour by one eminent in the world of letters, and who is still

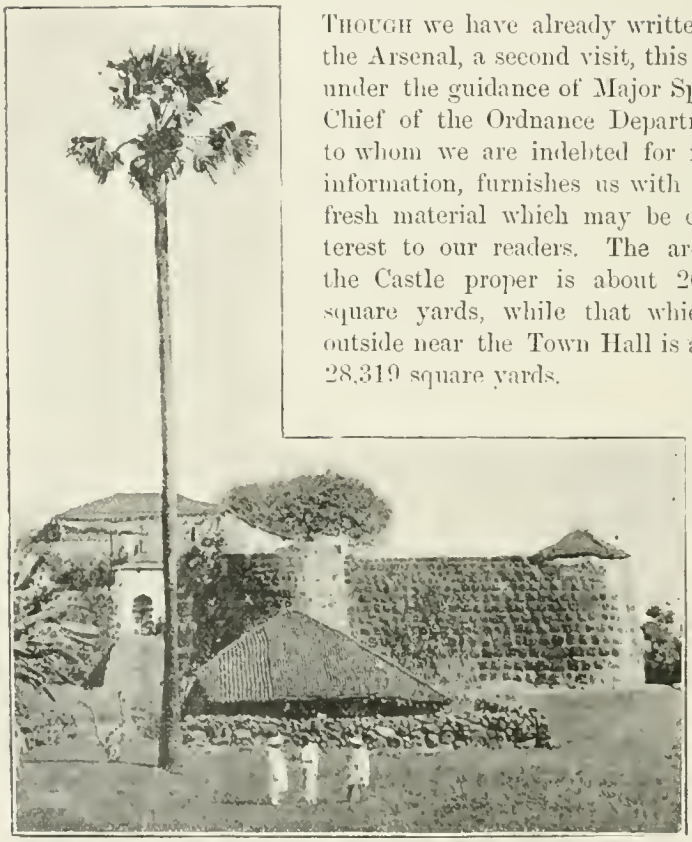
* *Ante*, p. 150.

regarded as an authority which we accept, to the credit of the populousness of the then Bombay Islands and Archipelago.

To relieve the tedium of dry researches on Elephanta we add a story of Bombay Harbour which we borrow from the memoirs of a serving-man, Macdonald by name, a cadet of the family of Keppoch—the one solitary witness, as our readers will recollect, of the death of Sterne the novelist. There is a moral in it, but we must give the story in Macdonald's own words. It belongs to the year 1770:—"In December Commodore Sir John Lindsay arrived at Bombay, with the king's ships of war under his command. According to custom, at Christmas the Governor gave a dinner to all the gentlemen in the island, about two hundred and fifty, and the same on the first day of the new year, and all we English servants waited, for there were a great many in Sir John Lindsay's fleet. We all dined together, and each had two bottles of wine allowed. At this time an evil thought came into the mind of General Pimble, I believe for himself as well as for others—he wanted all the officers to wear boots on duty. It was against the caste or religion of the Gentoos officers to eat beef, or *wear their skins*, even calf or sheep. Some of the principal officers waited on the General to tell him they could not possibly comply with his order to wear boots that were made of the skins of those creatures which were entirely against their caste or religion; if they did, they would lose their caste and be deprived of the company of their relations. The General insisted that they should wear the boots, or give up their commissions. They got three days to consult with their friends, and return an answer. They put up prayers to God; and hoped that God of his goodness would not impute the sin to them or their children, but to the person who was the cause of their wearing boots of skins of those beasts, which was entirely against their religion. The prayers were put up in the pagodas at Bombay. They told him they had determined to wear the boots according to his desire. Since, said they, God has sent you from Europe to give us disturbance concerning our religious principles and to deprive us of our friends and company, and the benefits of our religion, we will submit to God and your Excellency. So they took leave and went home. In three weeks the General was smitten with dropsy, and never recovered."

CHAPTER LI.

Bombay Castle.



BOMBAY CASTLE: THE OLD BRAB TREE.

Though we have already written on the Arsenal, a second visit, this time under the guidance of Major Spring, Chief of the Ordnance Department, to whom we are indebted for much information, furnishes us with some fresh material which may be of interest to our readers. The area of the Castle proper is about 20,903 square yards, while that which is outside near the Town Hall is about 28,319 square yards.

Among the interesting memorials within the Castle walls there is still preserved, in what was formerly the Governor's

House, a book rejoicing in the name of the *Grand Arsenal Weighing Book*, in which the names of a great many Bombay men, long dead and gone, flit before us, and many of them attest their weights by their signatures. This weighing custom is an old one in India. It was a favourite diversion with the Mughal Emperors and Rajas of Hindustan. Both Jahangir and Sivaji weighed themselves against gold, and distributed the proceeds among the poor: a most pious and praiseworthy example to all people similarly situated.* The custom obtains also at our clubs and other places of resort.

The weighing machine at the Arsenal seems to have been the first of its kind in Bombay, and the records commence in 1808, or seventy-five years ago. The weight is given in stones and pounds avoirdupois. In these days they appear to have managed matters somehow as we do ourselves. Our tiffin, however, was their dinner, and they seem to have done little work after dinner. At sunset our citizens, with their wives and daughters, strolled on the Flag Staff Bastion to "eat the air" and talk over the events of the day; and on coming away the weighing machine turned up as a pleasant surprise and agreeable diversion for them.

The first notable man who makes his appearance is Jonathan Duncan, Governor; and I confess to a feeling of shame in not having the ghost of an idea whether he was either big or little. On the 13th January, 1811, he weighed exactly 8–10, good riding weight. Poor man, he was not to last long after this; *obit* 11th August, 1811. Here he is, however, after a protracted sojourn of thirty-nine years in the country; and a wee, wizened body he is, this destroyer of infanticide. As five names are here clustered together, it would seem as if a party on this January evening had sauntered out with the Governor from his house in Apollo Street, as immediately below his name come our Ambassador from Persia, His Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, and his brother Sir William, the Orientalist.

Then follows Dr. Inverarity, closely associated with the Governor, his friend and medical attendant. He is now 11–10,

* "I remember Rao Sahib Visvanath Narayan Mandlik, C.S.I., telling me only a few years ago that he had lately done the same thing as a good act, on recovering from a bad illness."—Dr. Codrington, April 13th, 1890.

at his best probably,—for men after the meridian of life often take a slide downward in weight; so we find him on 13th September, 1817, covering only 11–3, adding, that there may be no mistake, "With coat and boots."

Charles Forbes is an inveterate weigher of himself. You will not prevent a man after a strong fever getting weighed. He is sure to want to know how much has been burned out of him. But in hot weather, weighing machines, thermometers, and even looking-glasses are better out of sight of sickly man. "Where ignorance is bliss," &c.

Forbes comes in evidently alone on the 3rd April, 1810, and quietly registers his name and weight, 11–12, adding below the figures, "After sickness," But *resurgam*. So on 23rd January, 1811, this time under better auspices, and no doubt with a feeling of self-satisfaction, he takes his seat and awaits the soldier's call of 13–2, which he forthwith writes down in a bold, steady hand, with that fine signature of his, so familiar to us, and to which this and many of his letters testify.

On January 16, 1812, two men come in, after a long talk, it may be, on Persia or history. General Malcolm, great in everything, need not try to squeeze himself into anything inconsiderable. He turns the beam at 15–10. Not ungainly by any means, for he has six feet and a half of height, and a jovial presence, and forty-three years of age, which all help him to carry with grace this ponderous weight, a burdly representative of Eskdale, and knight (to be) of Burnfoot.

The Honourable Mr. Elphinstone, his bosom friend, is with him, and he gets weighed also. Elphinstone preserves an equilibrium in this, as he does in everything else. He is 10–10—neither greater nor less than we expected. But stop! we have made a mistake in giving Malcolm the priority, which we have been led into by his bulk and right of primogeniture. But the disciple is not above his master, and Malcolm and the Book of Precedence (an unwritten code in those days) say, "Elphinstone, you go in first."

They are both, however, "men of weicht,"—a substantive phrase well known to these Caledonians. They have been also weighed in another balance (by Wellington first and the public afterwards), and not found wanting.

But time fails us, and we must hurry on. Suffice it to say that there are in this book Wedderburns, Malets, Kerrs, Ashburners, Abercrombys, Grants, Kemballs, Hornbys, Leckies, Ponsonbys, Honners; so that, if any man wants to know the weight of his grandfather, let him come here. Men of sixteen stone are as thick as blackberries; there are even some "whoppers" of eighteen, which make us almost believe that the breed is degenerating. But what about the ladies? Yes, there are ladies here also. Sir Evan Nepean, the Governor, brings in Lady Nightingale, and Miss Vaupell follows: *une petite demoiselle* of 2–10.

Master Thomas Briggs, son of Dr. Briggs, is also thrown into the scale, and a very fine walloping child he is, of 29 lbs. 4 oz., fresh from the hands of his ayah, whom it requires not the vision of a seer to picture in white *sari* and nutbrown visage, leaning over and singing *Tala bajao* to the squalling Baba Tommy, who is never more to be weighed while she has a *Mem Saheb* to bless herself with.

Several small jokers record their observations. For example, somebody writes, by way of satirical parenthesis, and in a scratchy hand, as if he had noted down the words and immediately run away, "A mere shadow." N.B.—This is under an 18-stone-walah. Some make frantic exertions to bring out their net weight, by divesting themselves of sundry articles of clothing. It is no doubt after dinner all this byplay takes place, when every one is in excellent humour. So one adds to his name, "Without jacket;" and another, not to be outdone, is "in a sleeve waistcoat and without boots;" a third proclaims to the world, "without vest and watch;" while a fourth outdoes them all, by relieving himself of his clothes *in toto*, as if about to take a header, adding after his name the unequivocal word "naked." The force of nature can no further go, unless indeed he could realise Sidney Smith's hot weather aspiration —take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

THE PRISON.

There are dungeons in Bombay Castle, and we are now about to make an inspection of them. On a former occasion we had

given a fugitive glance at two big suspicious-looking doors with padlocks on them. We now need a candle, and the *hamal* who brings it is evidently not in love with this business of exploring. It is the old story—snakes—and no wonder, for if you pass a locked door daily for years you begin to have an uncanny feeling, as if all was not right within. But *bon courage!* We pass into darkness and a close atmosphere, and we find nothing but vacuity and a few bushels of old gun-flints, which have been, no doubt, shovelled in here when newer appliances were resorted to in the art of war. The place is a long vault, high enough for a man to stand in upright. It is a perforation of some twenty feet in length, ending in a dead wall; and there are no air-holes, or light admitted except by the door we enter. If this was the dungeon of Bombay Castle, the prisoners must have heard the sea moaning outside as in those dreamy and submarine places under the Doge's palace at Venice, where you are told to listen to the waves of the Adriatic.

I have a great belief in the innate feeling of mercy in the British bosom, and am loth to resort to any other idea than that this was only used for the most outrageous and hardened criminals. We are a merciful, forgiving, and tender-hearted race. So we are; but a book giving a gentleman's experience of prison life and punishment in Bombay Castle in the year 1748 does something to disturb this idea. Dr. Wills, a surgeon on board the "Durington," East Indiaman, Captain Crabb, lay a prisoner in Bombay Castle for some time. In coming out to Bombay, unfortunately, as we should say for him, there was a lady of great personal attractions on board, with whom Captain Crabb and the Doctor fell violently in love, which was awkward enough for all three. We do not think the Doctor could be tried for this, for falling in love has never been held to be a crime, unless it lead to ulterior consequences that come within the range of the law; but we observe the crime laid to his charge was "Shift and Mutinous expressions." Tried he was in the house of Captain Lane, Marine Paymaster, by a jury of intelligent sea captains, of which Captain Crabb was one—hear that, ye lovers of the olden times—and sentenced to be "disgraced by the hangman holding a common halter round his neck, and for ever discharged from the Company's service; to be carried alongside

every ship in the Harbour, and then remanded to the said prison in Bombay Castle."

There is not much more to be said. Wills was conducted to the Castle gate, where he was met by the hangman, who in these days was a Negro; and offering some feeble resistance, this functionary knocked off his hat and wig, and forcibly adjusting the noose round his neck, dragged him through the principal streets in the Fort, giving the halter an occasional jerk, as you have seen a refractory colt tamed into submission. The Doctor was followed by an unruly crowd of European and native sympathisers, and rowed bare-headed in the blazing sun of November to every ship in the harbour, until he came to the "Durington." Here, still with the halter round his neck, Captain Crabb reads to him aloud, with the ship's company in the shrouds, his crime and punishment, which will teach you, William Wills, for the rest of your days, that you are not to fall in love with the same lady that I do.

This is a digression we have been led into by the hole in the wall in the Bombay Arsenal, and indicates the existence of harsher features of naval discipline in those so-called "good old times" than we were prepared to find, scattered as they are through a volume of experiences and love-letters, which are quite as interesting as Sterne's and Eliza's, and not nearly so silly.

THE BELL.

It was on this visit (February 1883) that we copied an inscription on an old bell, which is—we must now write *was*—lying with its mouth downwards within the gateway. It ha now gone to Dabul, to its former owners, the Portuguese Catholics, and I am not inclined to go to war with Goa on account of this bell, as the Pisans and Florentines did for the *Pandects* of Justinian.

We cannot even say peace be with it, for it was too much at peace here, and lay flat on the ground, with its tongue tacked. On the contrary, we join its new owners in wishing it a noisy career, and sweet melodies wherever it may be erected.

> "When I ring, God's praises sing;
> When I towle, pray heart and soul."

But to the inscription. Facing you, and high up on the cope of the bell, is a cross, on the centre of which is the monogram I. H. S., and below is the date 1674. Round the mouth or outside rim of the bell ran the rede—which Bishop Meurin has kindly translated for us—

"Quis mihi det ut ego moriar et cognoscant te omnes fines terræ;"

and we are now enabled to read the holy aspirations of St. Bernard and the Psalmist David in the vulgar tongue.

"Who will give to me that I could die for Thee, and that all nations of the earth would recognise Thee?"

Ofes Hiram Tavarres Bocarro seems to be the name of the founder of the bell. The first word is perhaps *ofex*, an abbreviation of *opifex*, the "maker" Bocarro is perhaps the frequent Portuguese name Boccarro. Hiram is probably Hiron, an abbreviation of Hieronymo. For this explanation, also, we are indebted to the Bishop's courtesy.*

The bell was thus, it appears, not a Protestant but a Roman Catholic, *i.e.*, Portuguese, one. What its history has been we know not. It is a big bell, say 10 cwt., and may have hung in the great tower of the Cathedral of St. Joseph, now dismantled, at Bassein.

You may recollect that when in 1739 † the Portuguese were hard pressed by the Marathas, they wanted a loan from us, and that we asked them what security they had to offer us. They replied church plate and brass guns; and we gave them Rs. 15,000 on this strange collateral security. I think we ought either to have refused the loan, or refrained from touching the vessels of the sanctuary. The duty of the Portuguese was equally plain. They ought to have died in the last ditch rather than alienate one of the sacred utensils. The brass guns, for anything we know, indeed we think it is highly probable, are among those now in the compound of the Arsenal.

* Boccarro and Hieronymo are often met with on the Bassein inscriptions.

† Professor Macmillan in his ascent of Bhimashankar in 1884 found a Christian Bell in the Hindu Temple there. It had the symbol of the cross on it. The temple is on the direct road from Bassein to Poona, and the bell was doubtless left there as a native offering by the marauders who had carried it off among the plunder from Bassein, probably in the sack of 1739.

But the church plate! The idea that it was sold, &c., &c., seems almost sacrilegious. We fear Bassein was not strong enough to take up any loans after this. We have no complete inventory of the articles sent in to the Bombay Government in 1739, but we consider it very probable this bell was among them. In lieu of non-payment we seem to have taken some work out of this bell, for there are people who recollect when it hung outside the wall of the Cathedral on the right of the main door as you enter, a little way round the corner of the building. Whether it was rickety, or dangerous from its weight and proximity to the heads of the passers-by, we do not know, but it was taken down from its elevation some twenty years ago, and lay in the Cathedral compound until 1869, when it was handed over to the Bombay Government by the Cathedral trustees, for safe custody, and was placed in the Arsenal, where it remained until its translation in April 1883.

When the Cathedral trustees handed the bell to Government, we understand they mentioned that it had been originally a gift of the Bombay Government to the Protestant community worshipping within the walls of what is now our Cathedral.

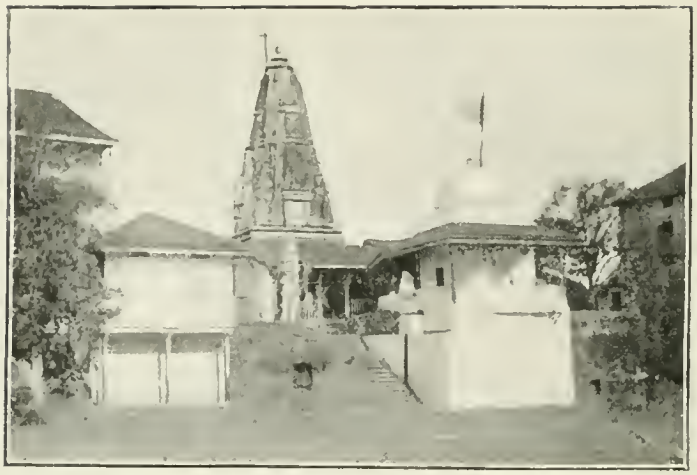
Our present Cathedral bell, though a smaller one, has done duty continuously since 1719—Governor Boone's time; so this Portuguese bell, the subject of our remarks, could have been little else than supernumerary any time since the year 1719.

Having now exhausted bell, book, and candle, we beat a retreat.

We take a glance at the avenue of trees leading down to the wharf gate, where many a Cleopatra received her Antony after the wars; a look and measure of the dividing walls of the Governor's House also,—seven feet and a half thick, under bomb-proof vault, making this place a building of uncommon strength, which it behoved to be, as for a hundred years it was the heart of the Bombay Government. Farewell, Bombay Castle—

> "Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
> But left the glory of the past thine own."

There is one consolation, that whatever fate befalls it, it can never be burned to the ground.



WALUKESHWAR TEMPLE.

CHAPTER LII.

Malabar Hill.

The Arabs have a saying that all Europeans who come abroad for purposes of travel or research are doomed, by the curse of God, in the following way to expiate the crimes they may have committed:—

To collect flowers and weeds, and by a painful process to subject them to classification; to chip stones with a hammer, and carry away specimens of every rock duly labelled and packed in boxes; to gather together all the spiders and beetles which crawl over the surface of a countryside,—are some of the methods of Divine punishment. But the worst fate of all is reserved for him, who, an exile from his father's house, his country, and his gods, is doomed to wander and mope among the tombs, desolated temples, and ruined cities of the children of men, and become, like the Bedawin of Uz, a companion of the dragon and the owl.

Malabar Hill is not a new name. What is now called Kambala Hill, in the last century was included in the same name, and is merely an upheaval of the same chain.

The earliest notice we have of Malabar Hill under this name is by Fryer in 1673, *i.e.*, eleven years only after we put in an appearance on the Island of Bombay. But why Malabar? The coast of Malabar does not begin until you proceed as far south as Kurg. We suspect that Fryer himself gives us its derivation in describing the tank at the end of it, when he says that it was to bathe in it "the Malabars visit it most for," a place of pilgrimage in fact, to which came people of the coasts south of Bombay, who were all then lumped together under the generic name of "Malabars." Hence Malabar Hill. Not quite satisfactory, you say? Of all things the most perplexing is the origin of names.

The old lady in our Cathedral had no such perplexity. On seeing the tomb of General Carnac, and knowing well what a power the name of Carnac had been in Western India for the last hundred years—"Dear me," she exclaimed, "then that's the origin of the word Carnatic!"

Malabar Hill seems, like Clive and Carnac, born to command. On looking at the map, you will find that it juts out like a beak into the Indian Ocean, and seems the most conspicuous headland on the sea-coast of Western India for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. It early attracted the attention of geographers, and in a map representing the knowledge of these coasts in 1583, we find it named Cape Bombaim. Its oldest name, however, is Walukeshwar, which means Lord of Sand. A story goes that Rama, an ancient Indian divinity, came here in search of his wife: she being the first grass-widow recorded in these parts—and learning that she had taken her passage on to Ceylon, he sat down, wearied, on this then nameless promontory, when a great thirst fell upon him. There was water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink; so Rama pierced the earth with an arrow, and forthwith the water gushed out. Such is the legend of the sacred tank and its holy associations. Here we may observe, however, that Lord of Sand savours suspiciously of Back Bay, for Malabar Point is rather a rocky place, and conspicuous by the absence of sand. There is a large deposit of

sand left by the modern sea in Back Bay, and a still larger one, shall we say, left by the ancient sea on which most of our palatial buildings are erected. But in any place between Chaupaty and the Sailors' Home, if you drive your spear deep enough down, you will come to drinkable water.

Every man, therefore, may become a Rama, and every spear a divining-rod. At all events, Bombay had no other water than what was obtained in this way until the Vihar Lake was opened.

Fryer also mentions that when he was here in 1673, there were on the end of Malabar Point "the remains of a stupendous pagoda." Fryer at times talks big: for which see his remarks on Kalyan; for you have only to walk across the narrow space which divides "the two seas," when you will soon recognise the abiding truth that nothing "stupendous" could be constructed thereon. The fact, however, to which we wish to direct attention is clearly stated, and when the English arrived in Bombay, there was nothing but a heap of ruins to mark the place where stood the ancient temple of Walukeshwar. We had, therefore nothing to do with the destruction of it. The fragments which lay about the place even in Moor's time (*Hindoo Pantheon*, 1810), he tells us, bespoke a building of rather an elegant description. The site of this temple is now occupied by the Governor's bungalow. The tank, whose legendary origin we have given, was a small one (its position in the hollow, near the spot where the big guns are now placed), and it continued to be used by pilgrims, as a bathing-place, long after Fryer's time.

Besides these two objects, Malabar Point had another attraction. On the jagged crust of trap which divided this tank from the sea, the stranger looking towards Bandara—for it is often erroneously supposed to have been on the Back Bay side—was shown, until recent times, a cleft in the rocks called the Yoni or Stone of Regeneration, up which, head foremost, ardent enthusiasts, if not too stout (and if stout all the more meritorious, provided only they got through), forced themselves; and so emerging indicated to the world their title to be "twice born," and among the number of the regenerate of mankind.

This was one of the things that the restless Sivaji was sure to be at. Thin and wiry, no man needed regeneration more than

Sivaji: provided it was of the right kind; so one night, in the dark half of the moon as they say in the Maratha country, when he knew, no doubt, that much Bombay punch was being consumed in the Dhangari Killa and Modi Khana, Sivaji, with a small band of armed followers, landed stealthily, and getting under the black spout, he wriggled through, and made a triumphant exit. I have never learned that it did him any good. If Lady Macbeth had one, he had many a "damned spot" that would not come "out" in the washing. Or did it rouse him to the commission of some new crime? Crime! The word was not in his dictionary, of anything he was act or part. But the stone was put to other uses. People who go to "kissing," "wishing" or "blarney" stones generally, do so for their amusement, and we gather from Moor's account, in his time, that the English residents, ladies and gentlemen, at picnics here, had a good deal of amusement out of it, and much fun and merriment as each tried the experiment. It was no joke, you may depend on it, to Sivaji. He was far too serious and grim for this sort of thing; and if anyone had ventured to tickle his soles, when he hung like Muhammad's coffin between heaven and earth, woe betide him, for his bones would very soon thereafter have whitened the steep cliffs of some of his *Bala-Killas* in the Dekhan.

There was in 1883, at Walkeshwar, an old man, the last of the dusky regenerates, who in his youth passed through the Yoni, and was even then looked upon as a wonder in the odour of sanctity.

The oldest road on Malabar Hill is without doubt the Siri Road, which now leads from the Wood Wharf up to the Ladies' Gymkhana: *Siri*, i.e., ladder or staircase. It may date back to primæval times, that is, to times before either the Portugall or the Englisher had set foot in India. It is, no doubt, contemporaneous with the first temple of Walkeshwar, for as soon as it was opened and a place of pilgrimage, the Siri Road would become a well-beaten track.

To create a picture of Malabar Hill in the olden time you must blot out all the bungalows and all the carriage roads from the canvas. The carriage roads are certainly within the century. Mr. W. W. Cargill, when here some time ago, mentioned that

when he lived on Malabar Hill in 1842 there were only four bungalows. The topographical features are as they were in the days of Marco Polo, and we do not forget the fine Victoria Road, which has been claimed or reclaimed from the dominion of the sea. In the pre-Portuguese days the pilgrims, *i.e.*, "the Malabars," would land at Mazagon, or at a small haven near our Castle which the English on their arrival called Sandy Bay, or, in the fair season, at what is our present Wood Wharf in Back Bay, convenient enough and right opposite the steep ascent.

Here buggalow and pattamar would discharge their cargo of "live lumber" or faithful devotees, as you are disposed to view them. Now they proceed to breast the "Siri," halting, no doubt, at the Halfway House, where the Jogi would give them a drink from his holy well. Here they would have time to draw their breath, chew betelnut, or say their prayers. Thence, refreshed, to the summit, and now along a footpath studded with palmyra palms, sentinels by sea and land on the ridge, and very much on the track of the present carriage road, they make their way to those old pipal trees at our "Reversing Station," old enough in all conscience to have sheltered Gerald Aungier and the conscript fathers of the city from the heat of the noonday sun, and how much older we know not.

And now they descend the brow of the hill, pass the site of the present Walkeshwar temple, past the twisted trees in the Government House compound,—of the existence of which we have indubitable evidence as far back at least as 1750.

And here we may remark that the Malabar Hill of these days was much more wooded than at present. When land is left to itself, everything grows to wood. It is so in Europe, and it is so here, as we can see with our eyes in that magnificent belt of natural jungle which clothes the slopes down to the water's edge of Back Bay (and which reminds one of the Trossachs on an exceedingly small scale), where, among crags and huge boulders, the leafy mango and the feathery palm assert themselves out of a wild luxuriance of thick-set creepers glowing with flowers of many colours. The hare, the jungle fowl, and the monkey were doubtless no strangers to these bosky retreats. At length the temple, ornate with many a frieze and statue, bursts upon the view amid a mass of greenery. Black it is, for the Bombay

trap becomes by exposure to innumerable monsoons like the Hindu pagodas among the orange groves of Poona. And now, the journey ended, the white-robed pilgrims, and some forsooth sky-clad in the garb of nature, bow their faces to the earth, amid jessamine flowers, in the old temple of Walkeshwar, on its storm-beaten promontory, with no sound on the ear save the cry of the sea-eagle, or the thud of the waves as they dash eternally on the beach.

The stranger visiting Malabar Point about 1883 would find that one plinth or pedestal of a pillar was all that remained of this ancient temple. There are a few other stones lying near the site, and there are, we daresay, many built into erections and walls, or lying in odd corners in and about Walkeshwar. A recumbent life-size statue on your left as you descend near the gate of the present temple, and a stone with a *Trimurti* on it—that figure which you see in colossal proportions at Elephanta—is now in the Indian Museum. This last was forwarded by Dr. Moor, who tells us that when he wrote (in the beginning of the century) many of the stones were being taken away to furnish materials for the new buildings at Walkeshwar.

Dr. Burgess and Pandit Bhagvanlal Indraji, Ph.D.* (so distinguished for his antiquarian researches, and a resident at Walkeshwar), were good enough to accompany us on a visit, and we are indebted to them both for much valuable information. Of the ancient temple, we have seen that little remains, yet from these fragmentary memorials Dr. Burgess is inclined to reconstruct a temple of the size, style, and, most probably, of the age of Amarnath. Thus Professor Owen from a single bone builds up some inhabitant of the ancient world. Amarnath is 87 ft. long by 50 feet high, and was probably built by one of the Silahara kings of the Konkan (A.D. 810 to 1260), whose immoral proclivities and cloven foot remain graven on its walls with a pen of iron. Built by Silahara or Balhara does not matter much, for it is more to the point to know and believe that the form of religion embodied in Amarnath has vanished from the Maratha country—Dr. Wilson is our authority—and if Walkeshwar was like unto it, we think the Muslim and

* The latter died at Walkeshwar March 16th, 1888.

Lusitanian were right in pulling it to pieces.* You have heard of Muhammad Bigarah, of Ahmadabad,

> "whose daily food
> Was asp, and basilisk, and toad,"

according to Hudibras—a saint compared with the builder of Amarnath, and which, no doubt, accounts for the demolition of its engener.

Sir Evan Nepean (Governor 1812 to 1819)† had a small room at Malabar Point, and Mountstuart Elphinstone, when Governor (1819 to 1827), built a bungalow on the site of the temple, and someone, not so long ago, filled up the tank and broke the Stone of Regeneration in pieces, which looks rather like a desecration of what was once one of the holiest places in Western India. It seems from this, at first sight, that in these times there was less deference paid to the religious susceptibilities of the natives.

No doubt these Governors knew their own powers and asked no questions, and the governed were not so squeamish as to cry out before they were hurt. Besides, old Walkeshwar, as we have said, was an obsolete thing, and the natives well knew that the English could both give and take. I suppose that a burying-ground is a holy place—at least, a place which gathers round it sacred associations. Well, the English had such a place in Bombay, Mendham's burying-ground, and their only one for a hundred years; and yet when the exigencies of the city demanded it, they gave it up without a murmur. This was in 1760, and you could not to-day, without a map, tell where it stood, so utterly has it been swept away. So, on the other hand, the old temple of Mumbadevi had to go to the wall and find a new site. Its sacred tank now does duty as a work-a-day washing-place in the Dhobi-talao. The answer is the same in all these cases. The sermon in stones is that duty is more than sentiment, and there are times when we must give up our cherished associations for the general good.

* "I contemplated the elaborate sculptured ruins of the ancient Hindoo Temple near the Point which had been brutally demolished by the bigotry of Portuguese zeal."—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

† Malabar Point, "The Governor's (General Medows) occasional retreat, 1789."—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

Lady Falkland, wife of Viscount Falkland (Governor 1848 to 1853), loved Malabar Point dearly, and, if we mistake not, she spent one or two hot seasons here. She came out here when Europe was in the throes of revolution, and found this place a little Goshen. She was a clever, witty woman, wrote in a sparkling feminine way, and has left us in *Chow-chow* graphic descriptions of all the phenomena—torrid heat, sand storm, and burst of the monsoon.

She could wander about, or sit sketching Walkeshwar Pagoda and its tank for hours together. She had a great deal of the animal spirits of her mother, Mrs. Jordan, who had been in her day one of the greatest actresses. Her father had been King of England. She it was who, on sitting down to dinner, asked Mrs. Harding, the Bishop's wife, if she had ever been in a hack-buggy: and if hack-buggies were as dirty in '48 as they are now, I do not wonder that she replied in a decided negative. "Well, I have. When I arrived in Bombay nobody expected me; I jumped into a hack-buggy and drove to Parel. The sepoys would not allow me to come in. I soon showed them the way, and arrived at Parel in a hack-buggy."

Malabar Hill is, no doubt, the part *par excellence* of Bombay which Sir John Malcolm had in his eye when he compared our harbour to the Bay of Naples.

Ah! my friends, this soaring vision of Parthenope will not do:—Capri, Sorrento, Castellamare, Vesuvius! And yet though no two faces are alike, look at this Malabar Hill as you please from the bandstand,—and was there ever such a marvellous likeness? An exact counterpart, it seems to be, of Naples for three miles from the Castle of St. Elmo to Virgil's tomb on the Promontory of Pusilippo, and which any man may verify at his leisure from the deck of the steamer when he comes to his voyage end in the Bay of Naples.

You cannot institute any comparison between the work done here and the work done there, for men in Naples have been piling up architecture for a thousand years. It is the ridge we speak of—the right arm of both cities—and though Naples has more bulk, the symmetry is the same in both cases.

The view of the Fort, to which the new buildings on the Esplanade add so much beauty, is exquisite, but it is so familiar



LADY FALKLAND.

to everybody, and has been the subject of so many descriptions, paintings, yea, even poems, that we merely allude to it. Across the harbour you can see in dim perspective those lands from Nagothna to Thal—highland and island—and which Mr. Campbell, in volume xi. of the *Bombay Gazetteer*,* tells us belonged to the Angria family till 1840. Yes, so late as 1840, so that it does not require a very old man to remember these times: and you may see the territory from your own doors. We sometimes hear of the advantages of the old Governments of India—Peshwahs, for example—to the working man, from Sir W. W. Hunter and others. Well, here was a native Government which survived to our own times, and had all the advantages of proximity to a great city full of life and activity. Was it bad or good? You know Kheneri lighthouse. Well, if the day is clear, if you look to the left of it, you may descry something like a floating island on the horizon. This is Heneri Island, a dim point at night, on which Kheneri glimmers a weird and uncertain light. When we came into possession of this country in 1840, we searched this island, and on it we found a low, dark dungeon 12 feet in diameter by 7 feet high. A flight of steps hid by a trap-door led underground to a strong door at its entrance, out of which we took two prisoners loaded with chains. They were covered with vermin—a loathsome spectacle—and one of them had become blind of an eye for want of light. There were originally fifteen, but thirteen of them had gone raving mad for want of light and water, given up the ghost before our arrival, thus giving a chance of existence to the other two: for Death and the Sarkar were running a hard race which should get them first. Their sentences had been various—five, ten, fifteen, and twenty years' imprisonment; and for what? Gang-robbery and dacoity; and they would never have been there but they were poor and had not the means of bribing their jailors. Mr. Campbell adds, "As their sufferings were disproportionate to the vague and unrecorded charges against them, the Political Superintendent set them free."

We were concluding without a word on the modern temple of Walkeshwar. All we know about it is, that it was built by a

* *Bombay Gazetteer*. Kolaba and Janjira, 1883.

wealthy Hindu, Rama Kamath, about the year 1715; and this man was the only influential native who was present at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Thomas's Cathedral.* It is curious to note, on Malabar Hill, that what has become the latest and, in some respects, the most favourite abode of our citizens, appears to have been the very first site chosen by man on our island. And it is still equal for the accommodation of any amount of progressive population, and that without Back Bay or other reclamation. "I will engage," said the elder

* Dr. da Cunha.—"I may note as connected with this subject, that in a retired, shady vale, on that beautiful part of the beautiful island of Bombay, called by the English Malabar Hill—I know not by what name by natives—is a fine tank, surrounded by temples and terraces, and trees and buildings, constituting a village; if I ever knew its name I have forgotten it. There resided, in my earlier days, Brahmans and contemplative Hindus, many of whom had never in their lives been in the city or fort of Bombay, though only three or four miles distant. And many more of the English living there had never, I daresay, visited or heard of this cool, quiet happy 'Brahman village'—its usual designation when spoken of. It was a favourite resort of mine; and I became tolerably well known to some of its sober philosophers—and I have sometimes, when tired of the heat and turmoil, and vexations and excesses of business and society, been more than half disposed to envy the peaceful inhabitants of 'that shady blest retreat,' the life they there led, and seemed to love.

"Since the time of which I speak, this village, then unapproachable except on foot, is probably no longer secluded, or inhabited by the same description of people. The Hill has become studded with villas—the Point, a bold sea-chafed promontory, where the fine temple once stood, from the blasted and ruined foundations of which I dug out and brought to England, the ponderous triune bust represented in the cubic pedestal of my mystical Frontispiece—the Point has become the marine residence of the Governor—roads for horses and carriages intersect the Hill—and ere as many more years elapse as have passed into the ocean of eternity since I first wandered, and chased the hooded snake over it, steam coaches may, for aught I know, traverse it on iron roads.

"I have not had an opportunity of examining Dr. Borlase's *Cornwall*. I shall expect, if he is circumstantial, to find considerable similarity between the British and Indian superstitions in this particular. Of those of India I will here observe that the lithic Yoni at Malabar Point, Bombay, is used both by women and men—as is at some length described in the *Hindu Pantheon*. The famous Brahman Raghoba, the father of the last of the Maratha Peshwas, when at Bombay, passed through it frequently—and it is said that the great Sivaji jeopardised his liberty and life for the advantages of such regeneration. The said Raghoba sent two Brahman ambassadors to England. On their return they required purification from having passed through, and lived in, debasing countries. They were regenerated by a transit through a golden Yoni, made expressly for the purpose—and of course with other presents to an immense amount, given to the Brahmans."—Moor's *Oriental Fragments*, 1834.

For Rama Kamath, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 95.

Ormiston, "to house a million of inhabitants on Malabar Hill alone." Something ought, however, to be done to repress the temptation that every man is led into to build according to his own caprice. The space that we are so anxious to guard with jealous care is of course the *coup d'œil* or frontispiece of Malabar Hill as it is seen from any of the shores of Back Bay. You cannot have your own way in everything, and no Committee of Taste, say in Naples, would allow some recent instances to appear and offend the eye. There is such a thing as beauty and harmony of form; and if every man is to be permitted to erect anything he pleases, then we may bid adieu to the inheritance of beauty that has come down to us in Malabar Hill, blessed with the poetry of Nature, but deficient in the poetry of Art.

There is one gleam of light which has come to us. Somebody has proposed to terrace and plant with shrubs and flowers that ugly scar on the face of the Hill—the remains of Back Bay excavation work, and which has been an eyesore for nearly twenty years to not only all dwellers in the Fort and Kolaba, but even to "Malabars" themselves, when driving homewards. The man who suggested this deserves a vote of thanks, and when carried out, a testimonial from the citizens of Bombay, even though the terraces should not rival the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Bombay Cathedral.

The English church, now the Cathedral, has been more fortunate than the Roman Catholic one. Bishop Meurin, to whom we are under obligations, writes us that the Roman Catholic Cathedral was taken down in 1804, when Government formed the Esplanade for protecting the Fort by its guns within a circle of a thousand yards, and that a cross indicated where the Cathedral stood, its site being where the stairs of the Elphinstone High School are now, and that this cross was removed only when that building was erected. He says, "In compensation for the place taken from us in 1804, we got the ground in Kalbadevi where our Cathedral is now standing, and a grant of money for building a new church."

The English church being within the walls of the Fort was a mere accident, and not owing to any forethought, we presume, on the part of our Protestant ancestors. Be that as it may, it is a great matter that we are still able to look upon a building, the foundations of which, at least, are coeval with the earliest events of our Bombay history; for had the English church been built outside the walls of the Fort, the same fate would have inevitably befallen it.

The design of this church was not the work of Aislabie (Governor 1708 to 1715), nor of Boone (1716 to 1720), nor of Cobbe the Chaplain, who has the merit of raising the subscriptions in 1715, and seeing to the completion of the edifice. That outline—for the walls were perfectly good as far as they were built—upon which the present superstructure is raised was the design of Sir George Oxinden:

Insulæ Bombayensis Gubernator,—
Vir
Sanguinis splendore, rerum usu
Fortitudine, prudentiâ, probitate,
Pereminentissmus.*

This was the man whose wisdom and prescience grasped the religious requirements of the future of his Church in Bombay: for it may be said with truth that the conception of the seventeenth century does no disgrace whatever to the architectural ideas or exigencies of the nineteenth. He either did it consciously or unconsciously; if conscious, he was the wisest man of his generation; if not, it was a most happy accident. For who in 1669, let us ask, could tell what Englishmen or the English Church might come to require, or what kind of a city, if any at all, would ultimately grow out of the handful of Englishmen who had come here, and the ten thousand of the riff-raff of Asia?

Had a prophetic roll of the History of Bombay been unfolded before his eyes, Oxinden could not have designed a building better suited to the wants of the English then, and as these wants have developed themselves from age to age. But Rome was not built in a day; neither was the Bombay Cathedral. Oxinden died in 1669. Then came Aungier, a man of a kindred spirit, and no doubt he did his duty to it. At his death in 1677 began the great interregnum, during part of which Child held office (1681 to 1690); and Child is the *bête noir* of the Cathedral. It was then, the historian sayeth, "piety grew sick,"—very sick; nearly unto death.†

* From his tomb at Surat.

† The charge of the misappropriation by Sir John Child of the Cathedral funds, £5000, it is only fair to add, rests on the unsupported evidence alone of Alexander Hamilton. But, as far as we know, it has never been denied. Hamilton was a man of violent likes and dislikes—a good hater in fact; and the man he hated most of all was Child, and he had, no doubt, a personal grievance; but living as he did in, or on, the shores of India for forty years after 1688, he had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the circumstances, and he would not have dared to publish in Britain what could so easily have been contradicted by so powerful a family as the Childs. Cobbe is of a later date, and, as we might naturally expect, in his sermon in 1715, frames no specific charge against any individual by name. What he states is this, that the original sum destined for the building of the church

For thirty years the walls, five feet high, stared everybody in the face, a ruin and a reproach, at which the passer-by wagged his head, cursed Child, and doomed this remnant of his church to the dogs, bendicoots, and badmashas of all sorts and sexes, who prowled about this corner of the Bombay Green.*

By day men looked askance at it, and by night as the solitary citizen was wending his way homeward from the rattle of the dicebox and the orgy of Bombay punch, the shriek of the jackal from this gloomy enclosure would startle his drowsy intelligence. It had come even to this of it, that it was considered to have a baneful influence on the lives and fortunes of men, one of those huge evil eyes of the East that blast all human intents and purposes; and at last it began to be believed that it was really of very little use trying to make money in Bombay as long as this work remained unfinished, for the curse of God on this score verily rested on the whole place.

Thus I think that it was a masterful stroke in Cobbe's sermon announcing his project of rebuilding the edifice, when he asked, "Hath there any one yet returned home from this place in peace to enjoy the blessing of his native land, and the fruits of his labours, since the time that the House of God hath lain waste?" It was too true; the cardamoms had turned out bad, the pepper tasteless, and the diamonds had become dim—more particularly since the death of Charles II.—and there was nothing to remember but a weary tale of commercial woe and disaster, and cleanness of teeth from one year's end to

had disappeared by the fraud and collusion of the persons entrusted with its administration. It must be borne in mind that a part of the intervening period had been one of great trouble and confusion. In the ambitious projects of Sir Josiah Child, Chairman of the East India Company, of which his brother was the tool, and worker out of that which ultimately became his ruin, the Sidi was brought to our doors with 20,000 men. This event to the men of Cobbe's day was what the Indian Mutiny is to us, and people in 1715 talked about it as the antediluvians are beginning to do now—the men who have lived before that great flood of popular commotion and disturbance. It is in such periods—we mean of invasion or mutiny—that the characters as well as the lives of men are so often dashed to pieces. *Ante*, p. 51.

* "By another authority we are enabled to discover that above the masonry, woodwork was raised, so as to afford a comfortable covered building for the performance of public worship."—*The Monthly Miscellany of Western India*, 1850

another in all our borders. You may depend upon it that in that upper room in the Castle some of the thirty-year-wallahs shook in their shoes as these words were uttered.

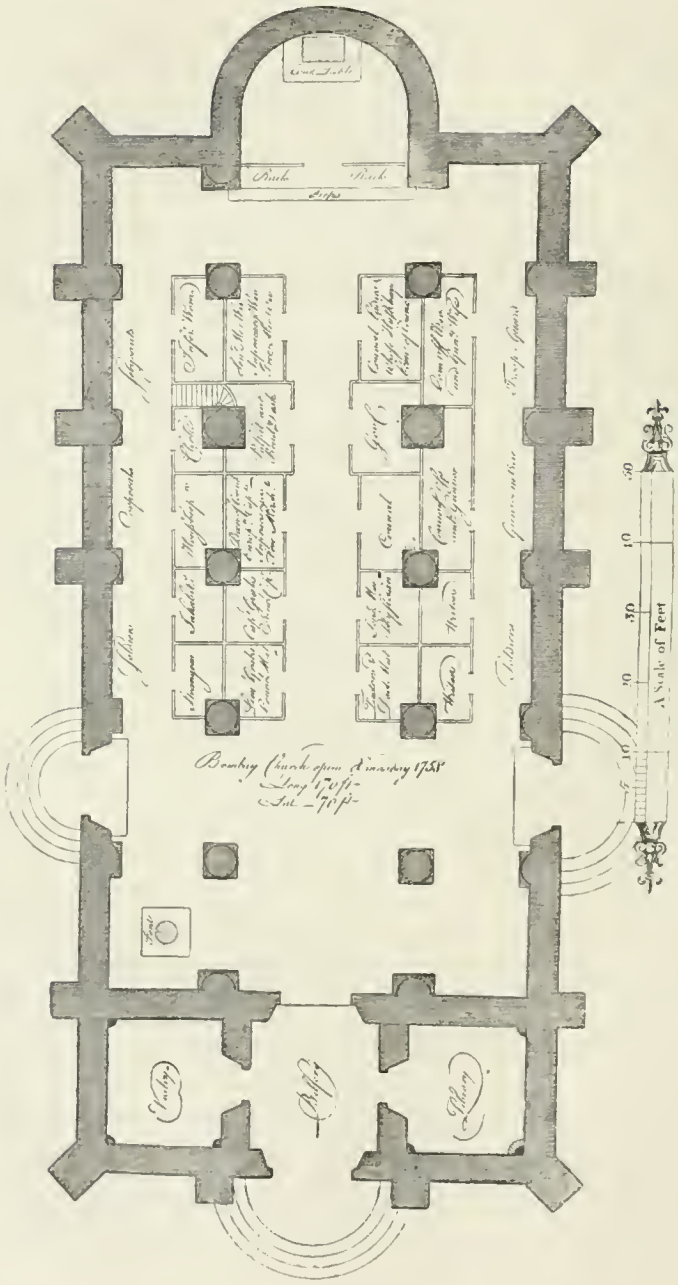
There is no denying it—Cobbe's expostulations gained the day; and the rest is easily foreseen. When his hearers got home, there was a creaking of the hinges of ancient almirahs, a fumbling among old stockings, the improvised banks of our bewigged and queued ancestors, and a withdrawal of gold-mohars old as the days of Akbar or Shahjahan, and a mighty jingling of lions and xeraphins into the coffers of the joint treasurers. Hundis were quickly manufactured at Calicut, and old George Bowcher of Surat,*—who had contributed thirty years before to the fund which had been so grievously misappropriated, and put his money into a bag of holes,—sends two hundred new Surat rupees, with the mint sauce still fresh upon them, accompanied by these wary words of counsel and reminder gathered from past experience:—"I wish you better success than your predecessor, who built little, raised and destroyed abundance of money to no purpose. He had finished a stately organ, which I saw in the Fort. What has become of it God knows." †

It was a great day for Bombay, the Christmas of 1718. The church was going to be opened. Not the church as we see it to-day, black and comely, but spick and span like our grand Rajabai tower of 1883, its façade decked with palms and plantains, and all festooned inside from pillar to pillar with flowers and evergreens. I can see the Governor and his Council wending their way from the Castle across the Bombay Green, preceded by the halberdiers in scarlet; and as they enter the gateway, the *Gloria Patri* and the Hosannahs of the 24th Psalm burst upon the ear. Then a mite is carried into the church and baptised by the name of Susanna—Mary Crommelin and Mary Parker standing gossips.‡ The church is crowded, as we may well believe, and every social section is relegated to the

* This was the man who sent to England the Zoroastrian manuscripts, a copy of one of which was the first thing to stimulate the zeal of Anquetil du Perron, and lay the foundation of his magnificent acquisitions in Parsi Literature.

† Some of these men saw a clergyman but seldom. In 1717 Mr. Adams in Calicut writes that he had seen no divine since Sir John Gayer's time in 1693.

‡ Hon. C. Crommelin was Governor 1760 to 1767; *ante*, Vol. I., pp. 9, 163.



BOMBAY CATHEDRAL, 1718.

exact place destined for it in future ages in this ecclesiastical edifice.

The Governor sits opposite the pulpit and reading-desk, with a bevy of the wives of councillors, or the wives of those who had been councillors, on his right. The Council are on his left. Opposite the council ladies are the senior merchants' wives, the supercargoes' wives, the free merchants' wives. Behind them sit trembling the "inferior women" (the name in the original plan of 1718, now before us), clad in the former bravery of their mistresses. Behind the council ladies sits the gunner's wife, the ladies thus forming a band of bright colour between the altar rail and the congregation. There are writers here, and physicians there, and the captains of grabs in their rough jackets. The strangers take their seats with becoming modesty on entering the north door. Every available space outside this is packed by Ramjis and Bapujis and other proselytes of the gate, relieved by an inside fringe of blue and scarlet, consisting of soldiers, troop guard, corporal and sergeants, gun-room crew, and sea-lions of sorts. The font, the vestry, and the library are all in the places you see them to-day, and it is the same bell now which then awakened the echoes of Churchgate. You may be sure Mr. Cobbe preached his best, with fervour and unction, as he witnessed such an auspicious termination to his labours.*

After service there was an adjournment. The Governor, Council, and the ladies proceeded to the vestry and drank a glass of sack † to the success of the new church. And to show that there was to be no bad feeling on such a memorable occasion, the Governor asked every man, woman, and child of Anglo-Saxon blood in Bombay to a great feast in the Castle, where there was as much meat and drink provided as they

* Cobbe was suspended in 1719 for sedition and other weaknesses; went home; and in 1766, fifty-two years after he had been appointed chaplain, published the account of the building of the church, a perusal of which we have been favoured with. His son was chaplain to Admiral Watson in 1757, and was much esteemed. We believe that a son of this last was long Political Agent at Murshidabad; and again, in the fourth generation, General Cobbe, who retired from the Bengal Army somewhere about 1877, continued this most interesting genealogical succession.

† Probably Bombay *punch*, with a mingling of Burgundy.

could set their face to, their ears being meanwhile regaled with most exquisite music,—we mean exquisite for 1718. A salute of 21 guns from the Castle was answered by every ship in the harbour; and so ended the biggest Bombay day of that generation.

What the Presbyterians of Bombay did on this important day I have no means of knowing. All Scotsmen in India at this period had a hard time of it. But the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew. Our Scotch friend, the skipper Hamilton, about 1700, says of Calcutta: "All religions are freely tolerated but the Presbyterian, and that they browbeat." It would be very much the same in Bombay. The kirk was then a voice crying in the wilderness, a kind of church in the catacombs; and its great triumphs in India had not even dawned yet, but were still to come, for it was not until 1815 that William Erskine, the son-in-law of Mackintosh, welcomed the first settled Presbyterian minister on the shores of Bombay.*

It would be an insult to our readers to attempt any description of the monuments in our Cathedral, for to many of them the inscriptions must be familiar in their mouths as household words. But the sculptured forms in marble awaken many associations, and call up some most memorable scenes in Bombay history. Not all war, nor the piercing asunder of that big Maratha cloud which hung over Bombay for a century, but conquests as real, as permanent, and as noble over ignorance and vice. The godly life and the heroic death are here portrayed and point the way to the regeneration of mankind. Every man, whatever be the sect or creed that claims him, must feel as he enters these walls that he is in presence of the illustrious dead—illustrious so far to us that they have shed a glory round our island.

But we do well also to remember that men have been here, and on this very spot, who have widely extended the margin of

* December, 1815, Scotch Service first held in Courthouse.—*Bombay Courier*, 1815. The Bombay Tract Society was founded in the vestry of St. Andrew's Church in 1827.—*Statement of Agent, Bombay Tract Society in St. Andrew's Church*, December 4, 1887. First missionaries (American) landed 1813, were threatened with expulsion.—*Ibid.*



history and the bounds of philosophic research. As we tread these silent aisles we seem to hear voices coming back from the ancient days, for you need not doubt that Clive and Nelson and Wellington have all been here, though history records it not.* So, nothing doubting, we in our own way fill up the gap. Yes, here Arthur Wellesley on bended knees with Anngier's silver chalice at his lips may have thanked Almighty God for his great deliverances at Argaum and Assaye from battle, murder, and sudden death. Here Mackintosh may have breathed the words which he afterwards penned at Tarala: "I feel, as in the days of my youth, that hunger and thirst after righteousness which long habits of infirmity and the low concerns of the world have contributed to extinguish." † Or Napier may have stammered out, "I have conquered Sind, but I have not conquered myself." ‡

Long ere this some of the noblest and the fairest in our little colony had been gathered into this granary. One notably so, Eliza Rivett by name,§ of the days of Clive—she who had been the wife of him, a second only to Clive himself at the great Battle of Plassey.‖ That she was a celebrated court beauty of England in the days of George III.; that her portrait was

* The dates they were in Bombay are: Clive, 1756; Nelson, 1775; Wellesley, 1804. On one occasion when the Duke was in Bombay, an officer at dinner impugned the evidences of our religion. The Duke asked quietly if he had ever read Paley's *Evidences*. He said he had not. "Then you had better do so," said the Duke. He did so, and with the most satisfactory results.

Upon the first publication of his *Despatches*, one of his friends said to him on reading the record of his Indian Campaigns, "It seems, Duke, that your first business was to procure rice and bullocks." "And so it was," said Wellington, "for if I had rice and bullocks I had men, and if I had men I knew I could beat the enemy."

† *Life of Sir James Mackintosh.*

‡ *Life of Sir Charles Napier.*

§ "1799. Mrs. Rivett gave colours to the volunteers."—*Bombay Courier.* (Aug. 10, 1889). *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 166, note.

‖ This was the acceptable version in Bombay, but surely Eyre Coote and Kirkpatrick were Clive's seconds-in-command. In Orme's *History of Military affairs in Hindostan*, ii., 168, 176 f., there is no mention of Carnac's name. It embraces 1715 to 1761 (1200 pages), and contains a full account of the Battle of Plassey, no doubt taken from Clive's own lips.

John Carnac's name, alone with Clive, is signed to the Allahabad Treaty of August 16th, 1765.—*East India Company, Facsimile, July*, 1890, by Sir Geo. C. M. Birdwood.

painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; that it is now in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace, and that she died in Bombay in 1780, at the early age of twenty-eight, are facts for which we are indebted to Colonel Rivett-Carnac, a representative of the family. She sleeps in a grave within the pale of the altar, on the right hand as you proceed up to it.

Outside the church lie the representatives of many Bombay families: Warden, Lodwick, Willoughby, Perry, Awdry, Wigram, Crawford, Hadow, Pollexfen, Willis, all of this century; and Mrs. Rawson Hart Boddam (Boddam was Governor 1784 to 1788) and Henry Moore, of the last, two names great in their day, but now nearly unknown. These are exclusively English or Irish names; but Scotland also can claim her dust, now so widely scattered on every region of the earth. Under the green waving branches of the "goldmohur-tree" * sleep together side by side four young men who all died in their prime—Stewart, two Forbeses, and Finlay, the scions of families which were well known in Bombay in a past generation, and not unknown in this, and all hailing from the braes of the far North.† So true it is—

* "A vulgar corruption of *Gulmor* (H.), the 'Peacock flower,' *Cæsalpina pulcherrima*."—Yule.

† Their names are:—Robert Finlay, son of Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Castle Towart, a member, so says the inscription, of the firm of Ritchie Finlay, Esq., died in 1830, aged 28; John Forbes, Boyndlie, of Forbes and Company, died December 29th, 1829, aged 34: George Forbes, of Forbes and Company, died 1828, aged 28; Charles Edward Stewart, son of John Stewart, Esq., of Belladrum, died 1840, aged 23. J. Forbes was accidentally killed by falling from a ruined wall at Montpezir. Kirkman Finlay, senior, was a man of note, M.P. and Lord Provost of Glasgow. The firm of James Finlay and Company there, of which he was the head, is now more than a century old. On the Indian trade being thrown open, James Finlay and Company despatched the first ship direct from Scotland to India. This was in 1816. James Taylor, late secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Bombay, delighted to tell that Kirkman Finlay in his day was the progenitor of five Indian houses:—Finlay, Hodgson and Company, London; Ritchie Steuart and Company; Finlay, Scott and Company; Finlay, Clark and Company; and Campbell, Mitchell and Company, Bombay. There is a story preserved which is worthy of Dean Ramsay. Mr. K. F. was entertaining a number of electors of an ancient borough while on a canvassing tour. The meeting was a jovial one; some of them were rough-and-ready fellows, and "the nicht drave on wi' sang and clatter," when suddenly the chairman was interrupted by a voice in an expostulatory tone coming from the foot of the table. "*Kirky*, I say Kirky, they're no drinking fair here." On hearing which Mr. Kirkman

"Man knows where first he ships himself, but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be."*

But yet another memento more. In Dean Lane, a hundred yards from the Cathedral, there is lying while we write, in the gutter, a block of whinstone, two feet long, and on which is deeply engraven:—"Erected by order of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, 1783." Here the inscription ends, for there are evidently wanting a piece or pieces, but you can fancy anything you like—"in memory of" officers or men drowned or slain on the Indian Ocean. Sir Edward Hughes was the man in a ship of whose squadron Nelson learned the art of war, and gained his Indian experience as a midshipmen; who fought a great seafight with Suffrein, and on four several occasions gave a good account of the French fleet. Has this stone crept out of the Cathedral compound? It has evidently been used to grind curry stuffs on, and—more recently—as a door-step!

The reason why we have so few tombs in our Cathedral between 1669 and 1760,† we suspect, is the fact that during this period Mendham's constituted the sole burying-ground of the English. We had not been long here, we are told, before the tombs in Mendham's made "a goodly show" from the harbour. But they were all swept away in 1760, for fear that they should afford cover to the enemy; and we fancy that those nameless mausolea on the left as you enter Sonapur cover a mighty heap of bones gathered from the earlier charnel-house.‡ But from Commodore Watson, who was killed at the siege of Thana (1774), to General Ballard, who laid himself down to sleep in 1880 on the plains of Thermopylæ, be it tomb or

Finlay with a genial smile, beckoning to the company, entreated them in a kindly but earnest way to take off their glasses. "Na, na, Sir," was the reply from the same quarter, "that's no it. There's a man here taking aff twa glasses for *my* ane."

* Thomas Hodges, Governor 1767 to 1771, was no exception to this. A wizard told him he should die in India, and he believed it. We know for certain that he was buried in this church, but all trace of his resting-place has disappeared.

† "The Cathedral burial records go back as far as 1763, Byculla to 1830, the Scotch burying ground to 1826."—Crawford and Buckland, Solicitors, Bombay, June 28th, 1888.

‡ Some workmen digging foundations about the Sailors' Home, we learn, came upon human remains.

cenotaph,* our readers will see how limited is the period upon which we are now called to expatiate.

The original steeple ended in a kind of lantern, as we see in Grose's print. The upper portion of the present clock-tower dates only from about 1838. The bell of St. Thomas's, half-way up the steeple, was the gift of Governor Boone, and is a most interesting memorial. It was cast in Bombay, and a very fine bell it is, considering that it has been in constant use for 164 years. The inscription on it is now almost undecipherable, and cannot be read without a considerable craning of the neck. *Laus Deo. In usum Eccles. Anglii, Bomb., An. Domi.* 1719. *Sine charitate facti sumus velut æs sonans.*

There is a silver chalice in the vestry,† on which these words are legibly inscribed :—"The gift of the Greenland merchants of the Cittie of Yorke. 1632." We do not know how this vessel found its way to Bombay. We know that York was an early seat of the whale-fishing industry, and can merely guess that some sea-captain who had been the original recipient of it, gifted it away to the Protestant community here a great many years afterwards. It was not uncommon about this time for men who had been in the North Seas to come away out to India, and two of our most illustrious Arctic navigators, Baffin and Davis, ended their careers in Eastern waters.

The church of Arthur Wellesley's time, some of our readers

* "To the Glory of God, and in Memory of General John Archibald Ballard, C.B., LL.D., Royal (late Bombay) Engineers. He distinguished himself greatly in the Russian War of 1854–56. In the defence of Silistria, at the Battle of Giurgevo, and in the advance to Bucharest; also at the Battle of Eupatoria, at the siege of Sebastopol, at the occupation of Kertch, and in Omar Pacha's campaign in Mingrelia, including the Battle of the Ingour, where he commanded a Turkish brigade. When only a Subaltern of Engineers he received the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Turkish Army, the military Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and the third class of the Order of the Medjidie. In 1856–57 he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General with the Persian Expeditionary Force, and in 1857–58 during the Indian Mutiny he held the same post with the Rajputana Field Force, and Malwa Division of the Indian Army. In 1861 he was appointed Mint Master at Bombay, and subsequently, in addition, Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust. The former post he held until his retirement from the service in 1879. He was born on the 20th June, 1829, and died suddenly at Molos, near the Battlefield of Thermopylæ, in Greece, on the 2nd April, 1880, and is buried at Athens. This brass is inserted by his brother-officers of the corps of Royal Engineers."

† *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 78.

will be surprised to learn, was floored with cow-dung, and lighted with panes of the pearl oyster-shell instead of glass. We give in a note a curious piece of fossil conservatism.* The trellised windows of the Taj or Ibrahim Rauza are specially adapted for tempering the rays of the Indian sun, but oyster-shells, who ever could imagine that they would have defenders ?† No further record is left of discussions on these mighty themes, and perhaps it is as well. The addition to the chancel, begun in 1865, necessitated the temporary removal of some monuments and marble tablets. Those of the Carnacs, which, if we understand Mackintosh correctly, were on your right as you faced the altar where Jonathan Duncan was buried, have been moved by the reverential hands of their collateral descendants, Sir Richard Temple and Colonel Rivett-Carnac, to the quite opposite end of the church right and left over the main door. The General died at Mangalor in 1800, aged 84, and Mr. Rivett, his wife's brother and a member of the Bombay Council, taking the name of Carnac, inherited the General's property, which was of a very considerable amount. He died in 1803,‡ and it is on record

* Bombay: change of fashions (1810):—"This pleasant and salutary article (cow-dung) is falling into disuse with the English, who in their habitations and habits, are departing more and more from the sober dictates of nature, and the obedient usages of the natives. We now, for instance, build lofty rooms admitting insufferable glare and heat through long glazed windows fronting the sun, reflected by marble or polished floors; domestic comfort is sacrificed to exterior decoration. No man of taste would now build a low sun-excluding verandah, nor mitigate the intensity of the heat by a cow-dung flooring. In Bombay the delectable light that, twenty or thirty years ago, was so commonly admitted through thin, semi-transparent panes, composed of oyster-shells, is no longer known among the English except in the church; and these, perhaps, will, when the present worthy clergyman shall vacate his cure, give way to the superior transparency of glass. The church will then be like our new houses, insufferably hot, and the adaptation of *punkas*, monstrous fans, ten, twenty, thirty, and more feet long, suspended from the ceiling of sitting-rooms, and moved to and fro by men outside by means of ropes and pulleys, will be necessary. These *punkas*, it must be admitted, are articles of great luxury in warm weather: the idea is taken from the natives."—Moor's *Hindoo Pantheon*.

"At Nuncomar's trial in Calcutta, 1775, punkahs were not invented. I have somewhere read that punkahs were invented early in the present century. Lord Minto mentions them in 1807 (*Lord Minto in India*, p. 27)."—From Sir James Stephen's *Story of Nuncomar*, 1885.

† January, 1891.—Plate glass has just appeared in shop windows.

‡ "Died July 16th, 1803, aged 43 years."—Tombstone in Cathedral. See *ante*, Vol. I., p. 166, note.

that his funeral was the largest that had ever taken place in Bombay. He was the father of Sir James Rivett-Carnac (Governor, 1839 to 1841).

It has been pointed out to us by a native of Forfar that the words "born at Wardhouse," on Jonathan Duncan's monument, are a mistake. The register of his birth in Lethnot parish is as follows:—"16th May, 1756, James Duncan and Jean Meiky, tenants of the farm of Blairno, had a son baptised, named Jonathan." His parents removed to Wardhouse afterwards, and the error may have arisen from the fact that, when in Bombay, he purchased this property of Wardhouse, on which he spent his boyhood, and where he hoped, after his retirement from India, to spend the remainder of his days—a hope which we know was not fulfilled.* But we have left ourselves no time to speak of the Bishops; so we conclude with Pope, "Even in a bishop I can spy desert." Yes, but our readers may find no desert in us if we write on subjects of which we know nothing, and less if we did not thank the Rev. Mr. Sharpin, the senior Chaplain, without whose aid this article could not have been written.

* *Ante*, pp. 33, 34.

CHAPTER LIV.

Bombay Harbour.

To begin a sketch of Bombay Harbour by quietly sailing out of it is barely respectful to the subject or the reader. And yet to get a good view of anything, and know what it is, you must get outside of it. So here we are at Alibagh. It were a bootless task to relate the voyage in a bandar-boat, for all that has been often done before. Suffice it to say that we started at 3 a.m. from our boat, and reached the top of Sagargadh, 1800 feet up, at sunrise. You know what is now coming. The view was splendid. The whole coast-line far away down lay at our feet, sometimes indented with creeks or trending away in sandy reaches, or anon jutting out into promontory or peninsula.

We could almost hear the murmur of the Indian Ocean, and saw its green flecked with white where it touched the beach,—a kind of map spread out before our eyes to look at, or rather a bright and golden vision to live in the memory afterwards. I could see the island fort of Kulaba, and further to the south, standing out of the sea, the old forts of Korli and Chaul, not much shorn of their ancient grandeur. Sagargadh is a wild and weird place, awfully lonely, high up among the rocks, built of great unhewn boulders which the Angrias had dragged from the sea-shore, and heaped one on the top of the other, until they made of it such a den as wild animals might rear to protect themselves and their quarry from invasion. There was an embrasure or look-out, into which I crept, and lying down upon my breast, I peered over the battlements which are here perched on a mighty wall of rock, down which a stone let loose thundered away to the jungle.

The men who once lived here had all come up the way that I came, and up the stony track which I had traversed for miles



BOMBAY HARBOUR, 1790.

had come in former days much spoil and plunder, taken out of ships, and some sailors also, wearing their last pair of boots. Bags of Venetian sequins, English guineas, Arab taffetas, and Dacca muslins, all were fish in their net. They wrecked first, and sung afterwards, sung until their meat and drink were done, with an occasional nudge of a prisoner over the precipice by way of variety; and then went for more. These lubber fiends, the Angrias, were made to destroy, not to create; and when necessity compelled them to make anything it was of the rudest fashion, an exhibition of mere strength. If you wish to see what uncultivated men with brute force at their command can do, you will come here; and if you wish to see what science in architecture and a settled Government can do where men have a thought above themselves, however bad they may otherwise be, you will go to Ahmadabad.

Kulaba is an island, about half a mile long, covered by a great stronghold of the Angrias, now mostly in ruins. But the ground must have altered, as it is impossible to conceive a more unsuitable place for a harbour and dock. There is a mosque and a tank which is green and slimy, and walls built up of huge boulders with which this part of the seashore abounds. At high tide it is surrounded by water, and when the tide comes in it swirls round the miniature isthmus with much sound and fury, threatening to engulf you and your tony. But it is a mere make-believe, like everything about it, as Kulaba is now toothless, and grins through its eyeless sockets upon a great sea covered with the peaceful commerce of nations.

You land upon rocks about the size of tramway cars, covered with seaweed and encrusted here and there with white shell-fish, as slippery, as treacherous, and as lethal to life and limb as ever the Angrias were. Thorns and quickset stuff devour its interior, and its half-buried cannon stare at you, their mouths choked with rubbish.

The tide being now out, you walk ashore amid soft sand and slime, your feet often sinking in the sludge to the ankles. Where the ground is hard it is intersected by shallow runnels of limpid sea-water, across which you leap and splash, dirty and bespattered, to your bandar-boat.

I had seen Chaul before: no more classic ground exists in India.—

Alfonso D'Albuquerque	1514
Vasco da Gama	1524
Francis Xavier	1544

These are the names of "three mighty men," and the dates, so far as they can be ascertained, of their visit to Chaul. Camoens, the greatest genius that Portugal has ever produced, has sung their praises. The poet may have seen "the lofty towers of Chale" in vision, but the priest and great sea-warriors must have beheld "*Il morro di Chiul*" very much as we can see it to-day, for it is nearly in a perfect state of preservation, and its topographical aspect is unchanged.

The water battery is still there, though the bronze lion with the inscription, "None passes me but fights," has disappeared, as well as the bronze eagle on the summit of the "Tower of Resistance," "None passes me but flies." You may still see on the highest plateau the socket, worn and indurated by many ages of use, in which was planted that flagstaff, "the mast of some great ammiral," crowning the summit of the bastions of Korli, and which bore aloft the standard which told the world of the proud dominion of Portugal by sea and land.

On every gate is inscribed the name of some saint, Philip, Peter, James, and the Apostle Xavier. Da Gama driven in here during the monsoon on his way to Goa. Xavier *en route* to Bassein. Albuquerque on his way to Aden. Does it not all look like a chapter of yesterday? You may see there also Xavier's house—his body is at Goa, but his grave was dug in Japan.

An Englishman lately, in his wanderings in Nipon, saw something sticking up, which turned out to be a great flat slab, and clearing away the long grass from it, the first thing he discovered was these two words—"Francis Xavier." "I asked," says he, "some Chinese on the spot what they knew." "Oh!" they said, "one big priest makie die there a long time since; he come from another country; but he very good man." There is a stone in the museum of the Asiatic Society in Bombay brought from Chaul, on which is an inscription in Portuguese, "Consecrated to Eternity. D. João IV. King of Portugal in the

Cortes which he assembled in the year 1646, made tributory himself and his kingdom with an annual pension to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Lady, and under a public oath promised to defend that the same Lady the elect Patroness of the Empire has been preserved from the stain of Original Sin. In order that Portuguese Piety should last, he commanded to carve this perpetual memento on this stone in the 15th year of his reign and the year of Christ 1655. This work was done in the year 1656."

But in case we drift into the History of Doctrines, we return to Bombay Harbour and take a view of the Prongs. Until the



BOMBAY HARBOUR, 1765.

new lighthouse was erected this was a fatal place for vessels to be sucked in or driven on the rocks, notably one, the "Castlereagh," where 184 people perished. You can walk from the mainland at low tide four days before full moon and four days after to the Prongs Lighthouse; but you must not linger too long with the keeper, or you will be isolated for twelve hours. It is a very much longer journey than you imagine, and picking your steps and wriggling from one smooth and wet stone to another render it infinitely troublesome. If any man walk from the Fort to the Prongs Lighthouse and back within five hours, he will perform a feat that deserves to be recorded.

The old Kolaba Lighthouse has a history, but it is very little

known. Parsons in 1771 notices it. The first story seems much older than the upper ones and may be Portuguese, and built for a watch-tower by day and to hold a watch-fire by night. Our Kolaba is a curious place, having a lighthouse without a light and, since the Extramural Act, a burial-ground without a burial.* Some people fancy there is always a great noise as of Bedlam about this spot, but I am sure a buggywalla will make more noise haggling for his fare than all these irrational creatures in the Asylum. Sometimes, at midnight, even when the moon is at the full, it seems as if the wand of a magician had passed over the whole place. "He giveth his beloved sleep:" and there is not a sound to break the silence except the cry of some sea-bird.

When Du Perron was in Bombay in 1761, he notices that one of the Councillors had a country house here, where he gave afternoon tea. It was, no doubt, on the site of Morley Hall, now the Gymnasium. Bathing is now made easy at Kolaba, but in former times at the Point it was a matter of some difficulty to catch the water at a sufficient depth in those screened enclosures of the fishermen. Once afloat in the water it was pleasant enough to lie and watch the first segment of the sun making its appearance above the horizon. While thus cruising partly on land and partly on water, we may as well notice, in the distribution of the two elements, a resemblance between Bombay and Alexandria. That it is not altogether fanciful any one may judge for himself by placing plans of the two cities before him. You see in each case a double-pronged promontory running out to the sea, with a shallow and useless haven on the one side, and a great harbour on the other side, that could shelter, if need be, the navies of the world. Such is the topography of these two great maritime cities, and a closer inspection will discover several other features of resemblance which have been noticed in Alexandria † by Bombay people, though we have never heard who was the Alexander who first pointed

* Kolaba churchyard is full of champak trees. The *champak* flowers all the year round, the blossoms falling on the graves from January to December. In the *Cruise of the Marchese*, 1881, this is noted, and the fact that in the Far East for this reason they are called "the dead man's flowers."

† The plan of Alexandria in ancient times was likened to a Macedonian cloak, which in its turn is like a Mexican Poncho.

out the site of Bombay. Are not the barren rocks round Cæsar's Camp and the shifting sands of Mareotis and the Libyan desert a poor apology for our noble background of everlasting hills?

I am glad the authorities have long since ceased to call Kolaba "Old Woman's Island."* We have ugly names enough in Bombay without having this one inflicted on us. We have Back Bay, Apollo Street, Hog and Butcher and Gibbet Islands, with Kennedy Sea Face and other monstrosities; and I am sure the name of that new health resort which was being extemporised the other day near Lanauli will be the death of it unless it is changed, and that it will be a long time before Matheran with its fine name is superseded by the new comer.

If we were asked to cite the man who has played the most conspicuous part in Bombay Harbour during the olden time we should say Commodore William James,† he who knocked Suvarnadurg to pieces and endeavoured to pull Sterne the novelist together—a fruitless labour on his part. For twelve years, 1747 to 1759, he was perpetually in or about the Bombay Harbour, looking out either for squalls or for pirates, exercising his talents and laying the foundation of that great fortune which culminated in the Chairmanship of the East India Company.

There is in Surat a mausoleum, with door and lock, wherein all that remains of Brabazon Ellis lies entombed, and over him a slab of black jasper on which is engraven his encomium. While standing here lately my eye alighted upon a marble tablet inserted in the wall to the memory of Frances, wife of Commodore James, who died in 1756. This was not the Lady James of Sterne's annals, but a previous wife. Frances had a romantic history. When James was a young sailor he frequented a public house in Wapping under the sign of the "Red Cow." She was the pretty barmaid. He married her, and brought her out, poor thing, to the bagwigs and furbelows of Surat, and she died there in the year that witnessed his greatest success—the capture of Suvarnadurg.

But we are off to Butcher's Island. We observe Niebuhr

* Grose makes a curious mistake, from the pronunciation no doubt: he calls it *Coal Harbour*!

† *Ante*, Vol. I., pp. 117, 118 and 420.

calls it by this name, and so does Hamilton, who goes back to within twenty years of our occupation of Bombay, and he adds that it is used for grazing cattle. If they killed them there the fact may account for its name. Butcher's Island is a kind of microcosm, for there is everything in it except a church and a hotel. There is a pier, a railway, a manufactory of destructibles, and a graveyard where every turf beneath your feet has been a soldier's sepulchre. There are he-goats and she-goats, and innumerable swallows which darken the air or flit overhead like mosquitoes in a sunbeam. There are the biggest banyan trees to be seen anywhere in the neighbourhood of Bombay. There is long grass, now lying in swathes, but which during the monsoon will overtop your head. There are many snakes on the island, but it was not a good day for snakes when we were there. There is a fort, a kind of martello tower, the round nucleus no doubt built by the Portuguese, and buttressed afterwards by the Anglo-Saxons. Elephanta had once a fort also. Butcher's Island was formerly a sanitarium of the Indian Navy, also a state prison about 1860;* it is now considered unhealthy, but for what reason we are at a loss to conceive.

We run over to Hog Island. At a distance, across the water, the pillars of the Hydraulic Lift look for all the world like the pillars of the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. I see that I am accredited in the *Bombay Gazetteer* with the statement that it was so called because ships were careened or "hogged" there. This will do until some better reason is given. The Hydraulic Lift does not enhance this view of the subject, and I await with patience the resumption of the careening business, so that the truth of this theory may be substantiated, as from present appearances the said interpretation of the name of Hog Island is rather at a discount. We must therefore either change the name or resume business.

I did not like Uran. There is too great a smell of drink there. Distilleries abound; and it is possible to have too much of alcohol. By driving two miles in a bullock-*gari* you can get quit of it, and breathe freely in the Collector's bungalow which stands on a woody knoll that commands a most striking

* E. Legget, Karachi.

view of all our Bombay neighbourhood. We can here see ourselves as others see us. The approach to this bungalow is unequalled in Western India, for it is through an avenue of *Adansonia digitata*, the baobab tree of Africa, or monkey bread-fruit tree, out of the fruit of which the fishermen of our western coasts make their floats. But I never think of them without remembering the big trees at Bijapur, under which the victims of that power in ancient days were decapitated. Their trunks are formed like a cone, and their branches are abortions that end in nothing but a few green leaves. Formerly they were the old Parrs of the Eastern forest, and were said to live a thousand years—a fact deduced from the annual rings in the trunk. But science has demonstrated that the annual deposits of cellular tissue do not apply to a few trees, and this is one of them ; so *Digitata* is now shorn of its hoary antiquity, and nobody will insure its life on those old lines. It is called *Imla* in Western India, and I had a theory that the Habshis had brought it with them from Africa, but I now find that Khorasan claims it from Africa before the Dekhan had it.

It is some distance to Bassein or Wasái. The finest view of Bassein is from the railway bridge which spans the creek. In the grey of the morning, when the train slows after thundering down from Gujarat over the "sleeping shires" while it crosses the viaduct, if the traveller has time to look from the carriage window he will see a landscape that will repay him for the miseries of a restless night. I am not quite sure but that it is even better than a personal inspection of the ruins, for after trudging up the muddy beach there is much breaking of shins over stones in dismal churches and charnel houses. The grey and sombre towers and arches of Bassein are then seen to stand out finely among the palm woods a mile or two across the water, and are positively lovely when touched up with that warmth of colouring which the first rays of the sun always impart to an Indian scene. But not all of Bassein except her sun is set, for the sea and the sky and the palm groves are as brilliant and picturesque as they ever were to the eyes of Xavier or Almeida.

To Sion Fort in the north end of the Island of Bombay is an afternoon trip by rail. The ground, as one can see from the carriage window, rises in a ridge, on which is visible the

Catholic Church, and on an outlying knob a watch-tower, in a corner of which has lived for many years a witch who, in this age of enlightenment, professes to *spae* fortunes or otherwise diagnose the future. If she had predicted the fate of Sion Fort, which is now, in this month of March 1884, being con-



summated before our eyes, she would have been a remarkably clever woman, and have saved us the trouble of comment.

Here is a picturesque old fort. You cannot see it from the station, but it is discernible far and near, by land and by sea, crowning with its battlements this projecting woody ridge of Bombay Island, a fort interwoven with our earliest history and

almost coeval with the arrival of the English race in this quarter, now being levelled with the dust. The fiat has gone forth, and already the work of demolition has commenced, for the iconoclasts are at their work tearing down in fury what their genius will never be able to put together again. A more wanton piece of aggression we never knew, for Sion Fort was not injuring anybody, and there are hundreds of acres in its immediate neighbourhood—an ample space—unappropriated by anything except toddy trees and cactus hedges, on which to build a leper hospital. Are eligible sites so very scarce in this neighbourhood that this choice one should be pounced upon for a receptacle of the most loathsome disease that oppresses humanity? What need we care? No doubt. But there are people to come after us, to whom also the grace of God will be given and an eye to measure the picturesque and the beautiful: for wisdom will not die with us. The pickaxe and the basket are at their work, the stones from keep and bartizan are rolling down, burying our sixteen-pounders in their *débris* at the bottom of the valley, and Sion will soon be a desolation.*

BOMBAY ISLANDS.

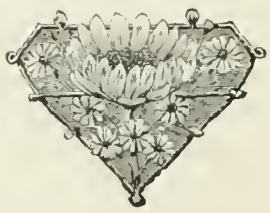
For the following list we are indebted to the courtesy of Captain Sir H. Morland: †—

* The scheme of converting Sion Fort into an hospital, we believe, has now been abandoned, and Trombay substituted.

† Captain Sir Henry Morland was provincial Grand Master of the Royal (Masonic) Order of Scotland in Western India, Past Commander of the Mount Zion Encampment of Knights Templars (English Constitution) at Bombay, and a member of the Thirtieth Degree of Ancient and Accepted Scottish rite. He was of an old Westmoreland family; born 1837, he was educated for the Indian Navy, which he entered as midshipman in 1852, and became lieutenant in 1863. He served at the blockade on the north-east coast of Africa, and as Prize Master, 1854–56, at the occupation of Peram, 1857, at the bombardment of Jiddah, and in the operations against the Waghirs in 1859, in command of the armed boat expedition to avenge the murder of officers and crew of H.M.S. "Penguin," and landed as hostage for the Sultan of Bandar Muria, N.E. coast of Africa, 1862, and with the Abyssinian mission at Masawa 1864–5. On the abolition of the Indian Navy, he continued in the service of Government, and was made captain in the Indian Marine 1877, when he was also appointed Port Officer at Bombay. He was knighted 1887, and died July 28, 1891.—*Conf.* D. Murray Lyon's *History of the Lodge of Edinburgh*, 1873,—to the author of which we are indebted for the portrait;—and Debrett's *Baronetage, Knightage, &c.*, 1891.—B.

English Name.	*Native Name.*	*Meaning.*
Butcher's Island . .	Divadiva . .	Light.
Cross or Gibbet Island .	Chinai Tekri .	A little hill.
Elephanta	Gharapuri . .	City of excavation.
Green Island . . .	Namadevi . .	Name of a goddess.
Gull Island	Chaul Khavai.	A place for eating rice.
Hog Island	Nava Siva . .	New frontier.
Henery	Vondari . .	An island like a mouse.
Khenery	Khandari . .	Place of the idol Khandara.
Middle ground . . .	Salamuttah .	To keep safely: to preserve.
Oyster Rock	Kachehha .	Resembling a turtle.

We conclude with the words of one who had a fine eye for the picturesque, the late Dr. Norman Macleod:—"The Islands of Bombay, as they unfold themselves, with their masses of verdure, and the bays and the vanishings of the sea into distant river-like reaches, lost in a soft, bright haze, above which singular hills rounded, obelisked, terraced, lift themselves,—all combine to form a complete picture, framed by the gleaming blue sea below and the cloudless sky above, full of intense heat and light of burnished brightness. Beyond, the ships and masts, white houses among trees, and here and there a steeple indicating the long line of the Kolaba Point, tell us where the famous city of Bombay lies with its worshippers of fire and of fine gold."





LOUISA POINT, MATHERAN.

CHAPTER LV.

Matheran.

It may be your lot in October to wander up the hill in the dark, and, to find the way to your abode with difficulty, through a maze of entanglements in woody lanes. Night has closed in, we will suppose, on the scene. You will be all the better that the first view of Matheran bursts upon you as a surprise, and without a preparatory view of any kind. If you have walked up you will sleep the sleep of the just, and awake as soon as you can see your finger before you, to look out on a new heaven and a new earth. Men call this view Artist Point (it is the same we are speaking of), but who can paint like Nature? says the poet, and the Prophet and angels reply—"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. The earth is full of Thy glory." But Matheran can be great as well as little, and these celestial visions are unfortunately few and far between. You have seen it in the *chiaroscuro* of morning and its misty twilight when everything looms big, vague, and undefinable—your hills are all Alps and your

hollows Vallombrosa. Clouds help to make scenery and your valley of illimitable dimensions. But when the Sun comes up —and its fiery coursers are not long in doing so—when he pours from the zenith the fierce light of his effulgence on sky and tree, and bathes everything in an atmosphere of yellow ochre, all this is changed. That Konkan which you lately saw clad in verdure, glorious in apparel, with its silver streams and delectable mountains, seems now merely a raised map, or some gigantic toy to amuse mankind, and the Cathedral Rocks themselves appear as if they were clipped out of card-board, with a fret-work of naked and barren peaks trailing at either end.

Perspective there is none: for the hills now appear so near, you can almost touch them with your hands. All life, all motion, all sound is banished, save the rustling of a lizard among the leaves. Heat shimmers on the horizon, so that you have not even the glimmer of the clock-tower in Bombay to remind you of the busy hum of men. Nature has converted your glorious mountains into a skeleton—the ribs and cross-bones lie below you in the plain—from which every vestige of the picturesque and the beautiful has fled, and your new heaven and new earth seem to have resolved themselves into a white heap of volcanic dust and ashes.

When Solomon built the House of the Forest of Lebanon, he began the first of hill stations, and the *Speaker's Commentary* tells us that he had iced drinks there.* But whatever were his reasons—the coolness or the scenery, or both,—the appreciation of fine scenery belongs very much to the modern world. At all events the Muslim and the Maratha did not know it—

* "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the soul of his master" (Proverbs xxv. 13). Here again we have a picture of the growing luxury of the Solomonic period. The "snow in harvest" is not a shower of snow or hail which would in fact come as terrifying and harmful rather than refreshing; but rather the snow of Lebanon or Hermon, put into wine to make it more refreshing in the scorching heat of May or June. The king's summer palace in Lebanon would make him and his courtiers familiar with a luxury which could hardly be accessible in Jerusalem, and here also he finds a parable; more reviving even than the iced wine-cup was the faithful messenger. That the custom above referred to was common in ancient as well as in modern times we know from Xenophon and Pliny.—*Speaker's Commentary*, 1873.

do not know it now, and the more's the pity. To Tughlak and his caterans the fastnesses of the Dekhan were what Loch Tay and the wildernesses of Schiehallion were to General Wade, or the Grampians to the legions of Agricola. That fine scene, for example, from Wara on the Par Ghat, upon which we are now so much disposed to expatiate, Khafi Khan dismisses as "a specimen of hell." This was two hundred years ago. The reader asks—Why did the English with all their vaunted superiority not go to Matheran when it was at their very doors? Matheran has been only thirty-five years an English settlement, and we have been here buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying or giving in marriage, for two hundred and twenty years, and there was not a day during that time, in fair weather, that Matheran did not stare him in the face, as the Bombay citizen, whether in cap or bob-wig, looked out from his garret-window. Eliza saw it and, we may be sure, did not like it—liked London or Paris better. Mackintosh also, with a glow of enthusiasm from Tarala; but Tom-na-hurich—the Hill of the Fairies—near Inverness had more attractions for him. This much, however, may be said of Elphinstone the first, that, as soon as was practicable, he ran up a wattle-and-daub tenement—a *mandwa*, I think, they call it—on the Khandala cliff. They went elsewhere, to Bankot for example—"a fine airy situation as any in India," says John Macdonald, the valet, in 1771, and he adds:—"People are sent there just as gentlemen are sent from England to Lisbon, or the South of France, for the benefit of their health." * Sir John Lindsay, Commodore Watson, and Colonel Dow about this period made up a party for two months on the banks of the Tansa at the hot wells there, rejoicing in the name of Vajrabai, little dreaming that Bombay would one day get her water from that quarter.

Why did we not cross the harbour? The answer is obvious. The land on the other side was not ours, for though we obtained Keranja in 1775, the dominions of the Peshwah did not come to

* Here an Australian interrupts me—"Can ye not go to that place by water?"—meaning Matheran. I trow not, and it is perhaps as well, for there have been some bad accidents by water to that favourite resort of the past, Bankot, among others the drowning of the Malet family.

us till 1817, and Angria's lapsed only in 1840, and it was as much as we could do—and that not always—to obtain a safe through-gate from Panwel to Poona. To fall into Angria's hands was no joke—an English merchant was ten years in durance vile at Giria.*

You require to know Matheran to appreciate it. As the daisy is among flowers, so is Matheran among the mountains—the "Daisy of the Hills," "wee modest crimson-tipped flower." All the hills in the Dekhan have some tale to tell. Matheran has none. She is dumb and speechless as to her past, and her simplicity is untouched by either history, tradition, or romance; so much so indeed, that when the veil was lifted from this part of Western India, she stood forth pure and uncontaminated by the hands of man. She does not vaunt her charm, and at a distance looks the most commonplace of hills, and was so hidden in obscurity that she had actually to be "discovered" in 1850. We have said that Matheran has no history, and one of the most wonderful things about it appears to be that no part of it was fortified. If the Marathas were ever here they have left not one stone upon another to tell the tale, neither cistern, nor ditch, nor counter-scarp. It does not require much imagination to cover the long neck of Panorama, an exact fac-simile, on a smaller scale, of Sagargadh, with draw-bridge, portcullis, causeway or covered passage leading up to the donjon or *balakilla* on the storm-beaten promontory. Otherwise we see no meaning whatever in the name given to it—Gadacha Sond—Fort Head.† "Stat nominis umbra." From this very spot, on a clear day, you can see fifty forts within a radius of half as many miles, and on some of the most unlikely places, *e.g.*, the Funnel Hill, Chanda and the Cathedral Rocks, Peb (Vikatgadh), with only a nick between—you could almost throw a stone on it; and over the way Prabhal,‡ the twin sister of Matheran, with cistern, bastion, and outwork. The land bristles with forts, and their name is legion. No, there is

* "Mr. Curgenven, whose widow became Countess of Sommerville."—Sir J. Bland Burgess's *Memoirs*, and *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122, note.

† "God of Forts."—Kinloch Forbes.

‡ Prabhal was the summer residence of the Muslim chiefs of Kalyan before the time of Sivaji.

not a haunted chamber, a holy well, nor a hoary ruin in Matheran ; no scene consecrated by heroic act, or desecrated by violence. We are within the Terra Sancta of Buddhism, and no Cave Temple exists, not even the clumsy attempts to begin one which we see in other places, though the scarps are magnificent. We are well assured that the excavator's mallet has never resounded from the depths of the primæval forest. Even Brahmanism is at a discount, and the crimson-stained figure of Maruti, conspicuously portrayed on the rocks as you approach Raygarh or Isagarh, is wanting.

Though the Hindus who accompanied Baird's expedition bent the knee to the gods of Thebes, we may venture without fear of contradiction to assert that no trace of Egyptian art appears in the Cave Temples of India. Had they ever been in any force or held dominion in Western India, that bluff, for example, at the end of Louisa Point would not have been allowed to remain *en bloc*. Nature had already done half their work in shaping a human head out of it ; nay, even the shoulders are dimly scarped in outline. But had the chisel of Cheops or Cephrenes—"architect of either Pyramid that bears his name"—been there, we should have seen to-day something that would have outrivalled the Sphinx and dwarfed colossal Memnon into insignificance.

But if Matheran has no history and no antiquities, she is not deficient in objects of another kind. I bow with reverence to the dictum of Livingstone, in 1865, contained in the words—"I don't think I have"—when he was asked by a friend * who accompanied him to Panorama Point † if he had ever seen anything finer in the course of his travels than the view from it. Another traveller of great reputation a few years later, on the self-same spot, on hearing this conversation, replied :—"Livingstone had not seen much of the world. He had seen Africa and—Scotland!" ‡ There is no accounting for tastes. The native of Malta when he returned from England to his island home told his friends that the glare of her green fields was insufferable to his eyes!

* Mr. D. E. Owen, now of Liverpool.

† Now, April, 1890, abbreviated by the hamals to "Pan Ram," quite in Hindustani fashion.

‡ Sir R. Burton.

J. A. Cameron, the *Standard's* correspondent, loved to wander about Matheran, and tried his "'prentice han'" in writing about it in the *Gazette*, and a few days after he had been there on a visit I stumbled on a printed passage of his, gummed by some admiring hand on the trunk of a great tree in the primæval forest.

Poor Cameron! He now sleeps in the sands of the Sudan—

> "Far from his country and his home removed,
> From all who loved him, and from all he loved."

Will no one write over him, as Warren Hastings wrote over the grave of Elliot *—

> "An earlier death was Cameron's doom;
> I saw his opening virtues bloom
> And manly sense unfold,
> Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
> Record his name 'midst hordes unknown,
> Unknowing what it told."

The Covenanters believed that their mountains would follow them to the Great Day of Judgment. I have heard it whispered that old Indians at home are haunted by the spectres of the Indian hills, and that lonely exiles in England, driven thither by age, indolence, broken health, surplus of wealth, or mere love of change, dream of Matheran and its fair scenery in the visions of the night, and are stunned by awakening to the sad reality of a November fog—

> "Not there—not there, my child."

It is needless to say that tender associations spring up in Matheran. They are the natural growth of the soil. Every English mother takes her child there, as the little children were

* It is not an easy matter to keep tombs in repair in the Sudan. Mr. Melly, senior, of Melly, Romilly, and Co., Liverpool, about thirty years ago died at Abu Hamid on the edge of the Desert of Korosko. His family subsidised the Shekh of that place, and they may still do so, to watch over his tomb. We fear the unsettled state of the country at present would render a similar arrangement much more difficult to accomplish. Cameron has now got a better memorial—a tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral.

taken once a year to the Temple of Jerusalem. We add that Matheran is a native name and means "Wooded Head." Other associations cluster round this beautiful spot that are not dependent for their existence even on the price of silver or the appreciation of gold, for the fine gold becomes dim in comparison thereof. Attachments are formed, pure as the blossoms of the *wuras* tree, and, like Matheran itself, green with the verdure of an eternal summer. A strange legend exists in Spain, that Cupid was born at Elora. For some people he has been born at Matheran, and they could not have their Kailas storied in a more delightful place. But every coin has its obverse, and there have been sad and bitter partings at Matheran. Sometimes Afghan clouds lower on the horizon, or the vultures of Abyssinia or the Sudan hover on the wing. It is then that the words of Ossian are wrung from the reluctant breast of the soldier:—"Retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair; retire to the hall of thy fathers and think of the times that are gone, for I will not return until the storm of war be past." He returns.

But let us talk of beetles and of creeping things. The golden beetle (or bug) of Elephanta has been caught on the wing at Matheran. Some such creature as this was, no doubt, the foundation of Edgar Allan Poe's story of the *Golden Bug*. You will not find much about it in Natural History books, but Frank Buckland received two specimens from this quarter, and pronounced them the most beautiful insects he had ever examined.* When the locusts were in the Bombay Presidency they alighted in myriads on Chauk Point, and every green thing was covered by them. The trees were all of a bright red colour, their branches as of coral. It was a marvellous sight. Darwin noticed this same red appearance on the Pampas. They arose

* "I have also received two magnificent specimens of the golden beetle from India. It is about the size of a very large ladybird, and certainly the most beautiful insect I ever examined. Its appearance is that of a small golden tortoise, delicately set under a transparent shield of thin horn or pale tortoise-shell. The colours are a most beautiful emerald and gold mixed, so beautiful that a lady has borrowed the beetles from me for her jeweller, who has made an enamel model of them, forming most lovely ornaments."—*Life of Frank Buckland*, 1885.

at our approach with a whirr—feeble language this when compared with the Prophet Joel's which is graphic for all time—"Like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble." In this respect the same as they were two thousand and six hundred years ago.*

Is this a good day for snakes? said an American, after surveying the "Gothic architecture" of Tommy Dodd. There is no good day for snakes at Matheran. If you wish to see a snake you won't, and when you don't wish you may chance to find one in your bed, or your boot, or in your bath-room, walloping about. They meet you in the most unexpected places at the most unexpected times, just as you see on the frieze of Rosslyn Chapel after the twelve apostles in procession, the devil looking out of the mouth of an alligator. You may be a month in Matheran and not see one. Still there are some good snake-stories—of the lady who took one up in her handkerchief; of Michael Scott (1864) (a wizard name) taking a dead one out of his pocket which he had squelched on the way down to Narel; of the cobra which charged Dr. Simpson on horseback and was put to flight by a blow from his riding-whip; of Peel's dinner-party, where a snake crept out of a basket of flowers, and glided across the table, to the consternation of the ladies and gentlemen. This is the best story—has a classical air about it, for it savours of Cleopatra's asp in the basket of figs, without the tragical dénouement. It was after the wine and the walnuts, and the reptile was knocked on the head by a book—a heavy one no doubt—McCulloch's *Dictionary*, or the *Penal Code*, and not any of the light literature of the day. Professor Blackie was greatly delighted with this story. "Couldn't you kill the old serpent with a book?" said he to Dr. Hanna, the eminent divine, adding significantly and with a half serious air, "But then where would be the use of your theology?"

Of all the places of worship I have ever sat in, Matheran English Church is the most pleasant, though I cannot say

* Job xxxix. 20, New Version, "Hast thou made him (the horse) leap as a locust?" Whoever has seen a locust pulling himself together will appreciate this.

the most profitable. Even when the service is perfunctorily rendered, or the sermon "dry," the air is ambient, and the quiet rustle of a leaf or the twitter of a bird, those "purling bird quavers," even the "shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hum," "bidding fair to drown" the music of the harmonium, offer no disturbance, everything seems so much in harmony with the worship of the Almighty One. Of course, from a man like the late Bishop Douglas, upon whom the mantle of Henry Melville, the Golden Lecturer, seemed to have fallen, the thoughts that breathe and words that burn in such a place, breathe and burn for ever. It is a quiet resting-place, and has a simplicity all its own.

If you wish to see a rude church, come with me to Pishamath —a heap of stones for a temple and a boulder for a god. You will hear also the priest chaffing his god, as the priests of Baal were told to do on the stony heights of Carmel in the days of Elijah. As the Dhangars are in the scale of civilisation, so is their worship among the beliefs of man. This temple is in one of the gloomiest recesses of the forest. We did the like ourselves, or history is belied, so we must not be too hard on them.

I wonder if there are any Dissenters among the Dhangars, and if the erring member is brought back by apostolic blows and knocks. "Hit him hard—he is a Dissenter," no doubt prevails there, as in other parts.

Matheran is essentially a quiet place. If a man is too much troubled with noise, he will find perfect peace and quietness there. The sound of a wheeled carriage is unknown, so in this respect you are as noiseless as in Venice, or Jerusalem, or Tangier. There may be lots of people there, and you may not see them. "By all the world like a rabbit warren," says our Hibernian friend, "you know the rabbits are there, but you do not see them." Indeed when the sun sets—which everybody in these days agrees that it does too soon if you are in a solitary bungalow—the feeling is rather eerie.

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us."

There is something *triste*, even in the cicala's grating cry kept up to all hours, the grasshopper becoming a burden from which there is no escape, and the clattering of flying foxes does little

to break the monotony or allay the gloom, as they hustle one another on the wild fig-tree for the best stances, or to speak more correctly, for the best hanging-places in Academe the Grove.*

The big boom of the Wandern monkey comes up from the valley in the early morning, and the krok-krok of the spur fowl, so identified with Matheran that it seems part and parcel of the place, and almost a home sound to welcome one back on returning after a lengthened absence. The Bulbul is essentially the singing-bird of Matheran, and this "wee tappet-hen" (it may be the male congener, but never mind) chooses the topmost twig to pour forth her orisons. We can assure our readers that the paper bird is not extinct, but in secluded places still skims along with a snow-white train, the grace of which any of our Victorian dames might envy, and so noiselessly that if you do not see it you will not hear it. But though birds are plentiful wherever there is water, be it tank or well, or rippling runnel, the dearth of animal life is great, and in some places appalling. Heave a block of stone into any of those great masses of jungle which stretch for miles beneath you in the Panorama gorge. Not a sound of any kind comes up from the valley—not even a chirrup to break the silence. Darwin says that where monkeys abound birds are scarce. If it is true that singing birds follow man, they ought to be found in greater numbers as population increases.†

The principal objections to Matheran are Mrs. McClartie's in the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, "I canna be fashed." Then there is the going up and the coming down, which last you do with a kind of grudge. The time it takes is not much. Mr. Piercy Benn rode up to Lynch's in thirty-five, and Mr. J. A. Cassells to Malet's bungalow in forty minutes from Narel.

"Ah, had you seen those roads before they were made."

This is seven miles, and a height of 2500 feet, Narel being only

* A wild boar rushed past me furiously in 1866 at the "Devil's Elbow," two miles from Narel. About the same time Mr. W. A. Baker Barker saw a bear. The peacocks there introduced seem (1890) extinct, though there are (1891) plenty of them on the spurs of Mahuli.

† The monsoon rains (300 inches) must extinguish them.

about sixty feet above the sea-level. Then there are the dusty roads, and when the dry winds in March set in, the days and nights are a caution. You feel that you are nearer the sun than in Bombay. It is then you begin to blame the lanes and the trees and everything. The trees are so closely packed you can get no ventilation, and every avenue seems specially blocked to prevent the free circulation of the air. You will then, like Burton, rail at the very finger-posts, "To the Church," as if people did not know that already, and required to be told it at every corner; rail at the sky above and the earth beneath, and your tobacco that it is like the dust of the earth or the ashes that remain of a furnace. Mr. Stirling, the blind traveller, who came to Matheran for a few weeks in 1871, was not long in finding out the denseness of the jungle. He *felt* it, and was loud in his objurgations that he could not get a breath of fresh air except at the Points, all of which he visited.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the grass jewelry made by the Dhangars and Khatkaris. Sir George Birdwood tells us all about it in his *Handbook of the Paris International Exhibition of* 1878, how these tribes make grass collars, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and girdles, which are the types of a distinctive gold jewelry worn all over India, the gold collars being identical with the torques (from *torqueo*, I twist) worn by the Gauls. This theory may be all correct. No doubt it is, and I throw in my contribution in support of it, in the shape of a footnote, which seems to shed a sidelight on this most interesting subject of the development of art in its earlier stages.*

Matheran and Mahabaleshwar each have their votaries, and who shall decide between them? Mahabaleshwar is the source of five rivers, one of them the holy Krishná, which flows into the Bay of Bengal, and its temple may be as ancient as that of Banias at the source of the Jordan. The Yena is finer than the Ulas. Mahabaleshwar is a big brother, and more robust, but his characteristics are not so sharply cut or well defined. Nature has combed him down, and there is no doubt he is

* Ptolemy says of Massinissa, King of Libya, that his dishes were all made of gold, made after the fashion of those that are plaited of bulrushes and of ropes. Athenæus flourished A.D. 228.

thoroughly respectable; but what he has gained in the smoothness of his face, he has lost in that rugged contour so dear to all Caledonian lovers of the stern and wild. But small as it is, Matheran has been more broken up into sections, more seamed and ploughed up by the forces of Nature, *tormenté*—yes, that is the word;* every portion of it, except what has been cleared by man, or the violence of the elements, is clothed with timber, for the laterite holds as within a sponge the moisture that keeps it ever green. It is observable that the leaves become more



BAWAMALANG, OR THE CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

glossy before the burst of the monsoon, and that, when the plains are as brown as the Syrian Desert, Matheran is greener than Damascus. If you crumple up a piece of coarse paper in your hand and lay it on the table, it will open up very likely into a miniature Matheran—a piece of Nature's handiwork, full of steep ravines and woody defiles, and great gulches, up which the ancient sea must have rolled tempestuously on monsoon nights.

* The orography of this fringe of the Dekhan is exactly that of the Barrancas of Mexico pictured in Stanfield's *Compendium of Geography*.

They say that Matheran and Mahabaleshwar were once islands—of the blest, whose flowers were born to blush unseen —the outlying skerries of an elder world.* The geologists tell us, moreover, that you can still see the ancient sea-margins on the Dekhani Hills, never more to be washed again by salt sea-wave, and great tunnels scooped in the hills through which the seething waves lashed tumultuously, brewing their foamy yeast in devil's caldrons. It must have been a wild night when the ancient sea forsook its limits, and rushed down those steep declivities to its oozy bed of the Konkan. That night, however, ushered in the dawn of a new creation, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, for as the last wave broke on the Sahyadri Hills, the first river (Krishná or some other) burst away joyously from the Western Ghats, and formed a pathway for itself which the vulture's eye had never seen. The dry land became earth, and through many channels the rivers poured forth their abundance. The palmy plains of India rose in all their magnificence, destined as the abode of man for thousands of years.

* "As yet the Western Ghats were only traceable by lines of palæozoic islands, and nearly the whole of the Dekhan, Kachh, and Gujarat were sea. What existed of India was an island with irregular chains of islands, stretching south in the direction of Africa."—*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1875.



MAHULI.

CHAPTER LVI.

The Valley of the Tansa.

"And thus my Christmas still I hold
Where my great grandsire came of old,
With amber bead and flaxen hair
And reverent apostolic air."—*Marmion* (last canto).

There is a story how four gentlemen of Bombay went to Vajrabai, on the Tansa river, during the hot season of the year 1770,—duly set forth in a book published in London, 1790, by John Macdonald, who was then valet to one of them, Colonel Dow. The book is scarce, scurrilous and objectionable, but like Pepys' *Diary* in this, that some of the trifles therein related enable us to understand the manners of the time better than we do in the more dignified tomes of history. "John" had been in fashionable service, that of earls and others at home, and had been present at the death of Sterne the novelist. I do not think we can impeach either the authenticity or the veracity of the narrative, though he sometimes calls places by wrong names,

"Dahoo" for Dugad for example, which is not to be wondered at, writing as he did twenty years after the events took place which he describes. He was with James Forbes at Bankot and Alibagh, and his account tallies exactly as an independent narrative with that in the *Oriental Memoirs*. No man is a hero to his valet, and Colonel Dow is no exception to the proverb. "John" is his own hero, and had little need to put up the prayer: "Give us a guid conceit o' oursels."

The details of this sketch are taken from this book, but we have not scrupled to draw on other sources available to us on the subject.

Vajrabai, we may as well explain at the outset, with its temples and hot springs, celebrated for ages for the cure of cutaneous and other disorders, lies fifty miles north-east of Bombay; and a new interest has been added to the district, that our waterworks are being constructed in that neighbourhood.

The Tansa river rises in one of the slopes of Mahuli, called Mauli, by the natives, that great three-hatted chimæra of a mountain, which you see across the lagoon, just as you emerge from the tunnel at Deva, a little beyond Thana on the railway, and which on a very clear day, once or twice in the season, you can descry from a Bombay elevation.

The lake district of Thana creates a gap in the barrier of hills which bounds Bombay on this side, through which, to the experienced eye, on the extreme verge of the horizon, appears a small blue cone like a summer cloud or exhalation. This is Mahuli "end on" to the Bombay spectator. Mountains differ wonderfully in appearance, from whatever direction you approach them. Who would believe, for example, that the great amorphous mass you see from the window of the railway carriage near Kalyan on your left as you approach Bombay is the symmetrical Bawamalang or the Cathedral, so familiar to us all from Artist and other Points in Matheran? The Tansa joins the Vaitarna twenty miles below the hot springs, which eight miles lower down falls into the Indian Ocean, fifty miles north of Bombay. This exhausts our geography of the subject. Now for history. From the date of the cession of Bombay to the English, down to the year 1756, a period of about ninety years, they had no hot weather resort out of their own island.

Bandara was foreign territory till 1774. So was Karanja; Trombay was shut; Elephanta a dead-letter.

True, the world of Bombay was all before them where to choose their place of rest. A climb to Walkeshwar, a ramble to Matunga, a dip at Mahim, a lodge in its vast wilderness of palms, a scenery of salt marshes and the enemy's country from Sion Fort, or watching the angry waves tumbling over the stones of the Kolaba Prongs. I often wonder how our ancestors managed to keep body and soul together without ice, their only drinking water being from the wells in the Island. Doubtless a good Providence watched over them, for they marched on uncomplainingly, sweltering in the heat, fulfilling the Divine behests. Not one groan or murmur has come down to us. "Ye had need of patience, O my fathers! Yea, verily!"

When Bankot was acquired in 1756, a new era dawned upon our Island. Men called it then Victoria, little deeming that a great sovereign of that name would rule over these realms for fifty years. Bankot was a new lung, and people breathed more freely. The mere idea that you could get anywhere, anywhere out of this Bombay, did good; and men began to talk as if they were free agents, and not doomed for ever to Modi-Khana or the Dhangari Killa. There was an hospital (I now speak of 1770), but it was only for the servants of the East India Company. The non-official or "interloper" had no part or lot in this inheritance, unless he was possessed of that mighty silver key which opens so many doors. And let the truth be told, the doctors were not mealy-mouthed.* Sonapur claimed a moiety, and the survivors shivered their way in ague down to Bankot.

By-and-by there came a great scare (this was in 1771) at Bankot. The Governor of Bombay and the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces died there. Both Hodges and Pimble were ailing before they went, but the astrologers told them they would die there; it made a great sensation, and a black funeral pall for some time hung over Bankot.

It was about this time—but I must be particular with dates

* "When I found that Dr. Richardson would take me under his care, I sent him, the same afternoon, a fashionable silver mug that cost me five pounds in St. James's, London."—*Macdonald's Travels.*

it was early in the year 1770), for I am now no longer to deal with Hodges and Pimble, but men of historical repute—that a group of four of the leading men of Bombay might have been seen one afternoon sauntering on the Back Bay sands,—a fine breezy place in those days, in no way intersected as it is now by Lethe's streams struggling seawards. Admiral Lindsay was one of them,—but we may as well explain that the British Fleet was riding at anchor in the harbour; in fact, you could see over Mendham's Point, that is between you and Karanja, the masts of a great three-decker tinged with the burning red of the setting sun,—next to Warren Hastings, perhaps the most important man in India. Colonel Dow* was a second; he had already written his *History of Hindostan*, but he is now pointing out his fortifications, which stretch their massive proportions in a zigzag way from Church Gate to the Apollo. All that work is mine: no doubt, and all the glory of it. But we must now make a draft upon Lord Rosebery. Some years ago, unless our memory greatly deceives us, he mentioned in a speech an incident which has a moral in it like Æsop's Fables. Dow was once offered the government of a Native Principality in the East, and conning the matter over, said to himself, "What would my old schoolfellows think of this?" and declined it. The third was Commodore John Watson of the Indian Navy—destined to perish at the siege of Thana in 1774—killed by a small stone and a few grains of sand, testing "wooden walls *versus* stone walls,"† and which his great namesake, Charles the Admiral, in conjunction with Clive, had inaugurated so successfully at the siege and capture of Giria‡ in 1756.

* Colonel Alexander Dow, born at Crieff, Scotland. Quitted Scotland owing to a duel. Dow died 1779, July 31st, at Bhagalpur. H. Beveridge, (*Calcutta Review*, January 1891), who saw his tomb, presumes it is of the Translator of Ferishta. *Sethona*, said to be written by him, was put on the stage by Garrick.—Stephen's *Biog. Dict.*, 1889.

Murray's Guide says there is a monument to Col. Dow, killed at the Siege of Thana in 1774, in the Bombay Cathedral. Dow's monument has been discovered; the inscription is wanting, but *Clio* the Muse, with eye on the "History of Hindostan" carved in marble enabled us to identify it. We hope that it may soon find its way to the Cathedral.

† "Blake was the first man that brought ships to contemn castles, at Tunis, 1655."—Clarendon.

‡ *Ante*, Vol. I., pp. 118, 119.

"You may see his monument in our Cathedral, and that of "Gheriah" Watson in Westminster Abbey. The fourth, in top-boots and knee breeches, and with a long queue, was Andrew Ramsay.* I am not aware of what family he was, but we all know that the name of Ramsay has been distinguished in Scotland for generations by a poet, a painter, philosophers of note, while the Dean's reminiscences still lighten up all social gatherings of Scotchmen over the world. It was a Ramsay who carried the Kohinur diamond to the Queen, and when in Bombay wore it next his heart night and day; it gave a Governor to Bombay (our hero to wit) and a wife of great grace and accomplishment to another Governor whom we all know, while her sister, Lady Susan Georgiana Broun, survives her; and lastly, it gave to India in times of great difficulty (1847–56), the father of both these ladies, Lord Dalhousie, perhaps the greatest Viceroy of modern times.

Andrew Ramsay, from all we can gather, was at this time a wild, rollicking blade, and the life and soul of all convivial parties,—a man of a most excellent constitution, as you may still perceive in a kit-kat portrait taken of him eighteen years after the time we are speaking of, namely, when he was Governor in 1788. Jolly and rubicund of countenance, of dignified presence, in buff and scarlet, a noble presentment—this precious heirloom hangs in the house of our venerable citizen, Mr. Manakji Cursetji.†

These four men were discussing how, where and when they should spend the hot weather which was rapidly approaching, and the lot fell upon Vajrabai. The Admiral had seen enough of the sea, and wanted to see the land and ride a horse. It was in the Peshwah's territory, but the time was propitious, and any difficulty was soon removed by Colonel Dow, who was constituted Director-General of the expedition. Did not the great Madhavrao now hold sway in Poona, and he would soon make all square? But no time was to be lost. The sun is vertical in Bombay at midday on the 19th May, and two weeks after this —*any* day—"the deluge."

* Arrived in India, 1755.

† Presented by his heirs to Government.

But time is short—short in England and long in India—when men are waiting for a holiday; nevertheless, the eventful day of departure came round, and five palanquins disburdened themselves of their occupants on the sea-margin. The place is now known as the Customs Bandar; it was then, I trow, the Castle Pier, and you went down to it through the Wharf Gate, which you can see to this day. Dow had never seen an Admiral in a bandar-boat before, a craft of twenty tons burden fit to navigate the shallow waters of the Bhiwandi Creek, and gay with any amount of borrowed bunting. The confusion was great and the gesticulations wild. Ultimately the sahebs, their body servants, two cooks and a cook's "mate," and "John" were got on board the bandar boat, provisioned for two days, and on board a second craft, laying alongside, the *impedimenta* of palanquins, kicking, squealing and biting horses, syces, gora-wallas, peons in scarlet, forty hamals, twelve armed sepoys, and two havildars rigged out in new *kapra* for the occasion, and looking mighty fine in their blue and red turbans, four score persons in all, besides a sleuth-hound and a bull-terrier. At the last moment it was found that the *razäis** were forgotten; which error being amended, the Nakoda gave the *hukam:* anchor up, sails spread, penant with St. George and the Dragon streaming in the breeze, they set sail, leaving the bastions of Bombay Castle behind them. It was the 15th of April; every man and animal was excited, except the horses, which proceeded at once with their ears back to munch their gram, regardless of Elephanta or the islands adjacent.

The natives were much less accustomed to the sight of Europeans than in our day; so on either shore, Salsette or Karanja, as they found themselves by sail or oar, the people came down, as we read in Captain Cook's voyages, with offerings of milk and cocoa-nuts.

There was a block at Thana. No doubt Marco Polo had the same. Colonel Dow sends his native head servant with his salaams to his Excellency Ramaji Pant, the Governor, requesting a passport. The guns were open-mouthed, and had they attempted to proceed they would have been fired at doubtless

* Thick quilts, mattresses.

from one or other of those loop-holed and rugged fortalices which dot like warts the margin of the Thana Creek of to-day. In three hours the passport came. They then spread their big lateen sail to the breeze, which after flapping idly about, bellied out in the wind, and now with a strong current they go whizzing through the narrows, people coming down in crowds to have a peep at them over those battlements which have long since disappeared. On the afternoon of the second day the voyagers arrived at that now most thriving and energetic seaport of Bhiwandi, and were hospitably entertained in the house of a rich Moor-man. Everybody who has explored Thana Creeks knows the difficulty of their navigation, in tides, currents, shoals; in waiting for wind that never comes or comes at the wrong time. They had however passed the time tolerably on board, eaten and drank fairly well, had slept also a troubled sleep, though music, song and sentiment were carried far into the night, Ramsay giving them some new songs from the "Evergreen" that they had never heard before. Occasionally his two servants, who were proficients in the art, played disjointed fragments on the French horn, "first and second," whatever that may mean; but it was too dreadful, and they called to put a stop to it, the lascars meanwhile yelling and gesticulating, that they had got on a snag, which the Nakoda swore was as big as the Chaul Kadu, and it might have been any size, for it was pitch-dark at the time. Nobody had walked overboard, fallen down the hatchway or knocked his head against the mainmast, and though "John" was "as sick as a dog," we can aver the Admiral suffered no inconvenience. "See that ye fall not out by the way," and they had obeyed the injunction to the letter. Mr. Patterson, the Admiral's Secretary, a young Scotchman of inchoate habits, had thrown down his hand in disgust, there was neither trump nor picture-card in it; they played dummy afterwards, the young man meanwhile amusing himself with cutting out silhouette caricatures of his friends in black paper.

Next morning they arose rather exhausted than otherwise. The mosquitoes of the Bhiwandi creek bite hard, and they had a bad night of it; but the hot wells were at hand, and they did not despair; the gentlemen of the party, for there were no

ladies, betook themselves to their palkies, to do the fifteen miles overland. Servants on horseback was now the order of the day, and Patterson, of course, must needs mount his horse, without his *pagri*, in the blazing sun of April. The Moorman unfolded his own, one fresh and spotless from Dacca or Lahor, and gave him half of it. With the dust flying from his horse's heels he left the benefactor he was never to see again, who, waving a "peace be with you," proceeded to count his beads in silence and repeat the ninty-nine names of the Almighty.

The ragged regiment had not gone many miles on the road, when the syces were called into requisition to look after the property of their masters, and a riderless horse was seen flying over the country in the direction of Vada, on the frontier of the Jawar State. "John" was a great adept in horses, and had taken in hand an animal of great beauty and ferocity, that had come up from the Straits, called "Chilabhai," after its former owner, a Surat nobleman, and "Chilabhai" had shook him off in a sheet of water, which now gladdens the eye of the traveller a few miles from Bhiwandi.

"John" had given the brute opium to strengthen him for the journey, and at the same time before starting had fortified himself with a goodly supply of the *arak* of the country.

The immersion cooled him and sobered him down considerably. "John" had been "sworn in at Highgate," as the saying is, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, for reasons obvious to the reader, he now resolved to do the rest of the journey on his shanks, as he had often done before in Keppoch or the wilds of Breadalbane. He was tired, but it could not be helped; his salary was forty guineas, but he would have given twice the amount over to have been in "Bonnie Scotland" long before he reached his destination. They tiffed under the shadow of a great tamarind tree, on the margin of the Dugad Tank, and talked much of Johanna and Anjengo, and other subjects beyond our ken. They then passed Gomtaru fort on their left, and on their right Mahuli with a thousand men within its walls.

At length towards dusk, on the evening of the third day, the whole cavalcade, broken into segments, put in an appearance at the Hot Springs on the banks of the Tansa

River. They were all singing "Good night and joy be wi' ye a'," when "John" arrived wayworn and dilapidated, and had his feet bathed in the hot water made ready for him by Dame Nature. He was then called to dress his master's hair, which took him an hour's hard work, but no one could do this except himself, remarking with the license of the times that he was indeed a "towsie tyke."

They lived in houses constructed of the branches of trees, each house costing eighteen half-crowns, a delightful name for the rupee which they had in those days of Arcadian bliss. All our rupees were then half-crowns. We need not add, they had no rent nor taxes to pay. The *Mandwa* is a rude arborous residence and may be of rooms, big or even little, and perhaps in such a one Eve may have stowed away the sleeping Cain, wrapped in a plantain leaf in memory of garden of Eden days; and through their leafy interstices the harshness of the morning sun is beautifully tempered, its rays falling soft as from fretted window in Taj or other tomb, and may indeed be the origin and design of the tree-like arabesques in the august windows of Ahmadabad. "John" was greatly delighted with his dormitory, and, wrapping himself in his Scotch plaid of hodden grey, he littered his charpoy with the long grass with which the country abounds, and threw himself thereon, a veritable "Heather Jock," listening to the rustling of the withered leaves overhead in the night wind, or dreaming of Sally Percival * or other inamorata. An ambling scorpion which he discovered in the morning when he stepped out of bed tended somewhat to dissipate the illusion.

Though the party had very little of what we call European stores, they were not to be pitied. They did not come here expecting what Bailie Nicol Jarvie terms "the comforts of the Saut Market." They had fish, fowl, hare, mutton, and wild boar in abundance, though we have yet to learn that this last is a treat; and somewhat out of season, venison, hard and dry at a pinch, "and all provisions were remarkably cheap." They were bound to have a good cook, and they had the best man in Bombay for serving up a dinner. They had no whisky, that

* A famous Bombay dame of this period.

article being still confined to the Celtic race in Ireland and Scotland. But they had brandy, Madeira, and Shiraz, which none of them ever mistook for sherry.*

Here is the record of their doings: "The gentlemen drank the waters, dined, played at cards, and after dinner (1 o'clock) slept an hour or two, then in the afternoon they rode out on horseback and in the evening played cards again."

So wagged the world in those days, a hot siesta and a hot rubber as I take it. Strange to say none of the party were shikaris, though this was a centre of big and small game also. Neither tiger nor bison was killed, which makes me a believer in the veracity of this journal (of some portions of which I was rather sceptical)—all the more noticeable as Hové, who was in these parts in 1785, saw five tigers in one day, and tells us that the bison is the mortal enemy of the European, and runs him down by way of amusement.†

Runners brought them letters from Bombay, now and again, and by this means they received local and European news. It is difficult to imagine what was the reading, even the light literature of a Bombay man of the year 1770. With no Burns, Byron or Scott, there was little to fall back upon except *Tom Jones*, the *Rambler* or *Spectator*, unless indeed a new interest had been imparted to the *Sentimental Journey*, by Eliza, whose husband was now chief of Surat. Strange, isn't it, that "John" never alludes to this lady, though he may have seen her in Bombay and in London also? The party left for Bombay, in the end of May, no doubt travelling by moonlight, when the leafless trees in the Konkani jungles present a ghastly and, to the European, an extraordinary appearance as he jogs along, like so many tall witches and hobgoblins of sorts, hobnobbing to each other on the way. If McWhirter ever tries "The Three Witches" (Royal Academy, 1886) again, he ought to come to India. Though the Leper Tree‡ which used to grow near the

* Sir Walter Scott received from an Indian friend a present of Shiraz, On asking Sir John Malcolm's opinion of it, he discovered that his butler had used half the bin as sherry. Scott knew no difference in wines; he only knew whisky toddy.

† Bison were shot in this district until lately, but have now disappeared.

‡ Frontispiece in Miss Frere's *Deccan Days*.

mango plateau on the road to Matheran, and so graphically described by Sir George Birdwood * "stained as with blood, a ghastly murderous creature to meet by moonlight alone," has now disappeared, he may still find plenty of its congeners.

They had made a promise to pay their respects to the Governor of Thana on their return, which they fulfilled, when the Governor received them with due honour, and put them on their way to the Kanheri Caves. "John" was not an archæologist, and we are sorry to add that he availed himself of the opportunity which the interview afforded to fuddle and fritter away his time in a Portuguese drinking-shop, talking rubbish on the antiquity of the Hindu religion and the beauty of all religions in general. There we leave him.

So ends this peaceful invasion of our countrymen, and for the next ten years the Valley of the Tansa disappears from the page of history. Still as of yore in the gloaming, the hum of the cicala grated on the ear, and the owl hooted from the wood above the pagoda by night, and the partridge called to its mate in the early morning, and the crescent moon, month by month, like a fairy scimitar, shed its pale light on rock and tree. A great tower had been erected alongside the pagoda in James Forbes's time, on the crested battlement of which a mighty lamp or cresset blazed its light far and wide, during the dark half of the moon, to guide the weary pilgrims of many sorrows up this Valley of the Shadow of Death. War broke out and the lamp was extinguished.

When the English came again—it was in 1780—to the Tansa, it was to very different surroundings than their summer quarters offered them in 1770. Not now the quiet hand at whist, the refresher of Bombay punch, the music of the French horn, the afternoon siesta, the gilded sepoys, or the ride at sundown on gaily bedizened palfrey. That valley was now to see another sight, for amid the stour and confusion of battle, iron sleet of arrowy shower and the tramp of men and horses—a huge wave filling it from bank to brae of 20,000 Marathas came pouring down in tumultuous array. They had come by, to us unknown, passes in the Dekhani hills, to the relief of Bassein, which was

* *Bombay Saturday Review*, 1866.

then invested by General Goddard, and Hartley, determined they should not get there, was here to dispute their passage and offer gage of battle. With 2000 men he drove them, one after another, from positions in which they were strongly wedged and believed to be impregnable, and scattered them like the withered leaves and straws before the first blast of the monsoon. This was the battle of Dugad.

I suppose that it is still allowable for an Englishman to say that this was a great victory.* In military language the disgrace of Wargaum was retrieved, in political language Nana Fadnavis was brought to reason, and in that language which the meanest can understand, there was now the chance of life and property being secured, and a day's wages for a day's work. It is on events like this that, humanly speaking, the salvation of men and nations depend. From Mysore to Haidarabad, from Haidarabad to Poona, from Poona to Malwa, the fairest portions of India were liable to be made a desert in twenty-four hours, the whole country was falling into anarchy, and the lives and liberties of the people were becoming the prey of adventurers and charlatans. The children of India were still to wander in the wilderness for forty years before they reached the promised land. Sir Charles Malet,† however, was appointed in 1785 Resident at Poona, which was really the beginning of the end. This is not so long ago.

Bombay to Vajrabai can be done in one day. To Kalyan by an early train and the remainder of the journey, about twenty miles, by bullock-*gari* viâ Bhiwandi. I arrived at Vajrabai the night before Christmas, and slept in my bullock-*gari* because I could get no other accommodation. On similar excursions, a temple, a tomb, a desecrated mosque, the dressing-room of a *Hammam*, a Buddhist cave, a cart shed, or an Indian hill-side covered with brackens, offered me commodious lodging, but the people here were churlish and inhospitable like Nabal. Hové, the Polish traveller, was in these parts in 1785, and it is curious to note that the manners of the people here in this respect have

* "Hartley relates one of the most gallant feats recorded in the annals of the conquest of India in a few modest lines."—Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i., p. 23, 1885. See Grant Duff's *History*, ii., 126–129.

† Arrived in India 1770.

not changed one iota during the past hundred years. "On my arrival," he writes, "at the village I sent my interpreter to the patil or headman, to permit me to take shelter under one of the roofs which are purposely built for strangers, but that he positively refused. I then had recourse to the bottle, thinking that he scrupled about this, which he likewise rejected. I then repaired to my palankin in which I impatiently awaited the break of day."

Had I seen this extract before I set out, I should doubtless have made other arrangements. I had, however, made up my mind to rough it, and take the people as I found them, and had not, as on some other occasions, asked the Sarkar to smooth my way. I am bound to say, that on several occasions the Sarkar has gratuitously done a good deal for me, and this I mention by way of thanks to Collectors and others concerned. Raygarh specially, and on the top and at the foot of Bhimashankar, a *mandwa* was erected for my use, with guides also for that great ascent, which I was not permitted to accomplish. My feelings on abandoning this enterprise have been described by an eminent pen; we can afford only the following—

> "O thou beastly Bhimashankar,
> I shall never see thee more,
> Cateh me ever being monk or
> Keeper of your temple door!"

But we will now treat of the bullock-*gari*. A bullock-*gari* is bad and good. No other wheeled conveyance will take you over a rough-and-tumble country like this, and no other vehicle is so well fitted to do you a bodily injury. Two conditions, however, are necessary to the right use of a bullock-*gari*. You must be its only occupant and have the free use of your arms. It is a great thing to have elbow-room. Livingstone says, with grim humour, "If I am buried in Africa, I will have plenty of elbow-room." Arms are made to hold on by, but also for the protection of heart and stomach, but even "the dome of thought and palace of the soul" is but a poor piece of quivering mortality in a bullock-*gari* without these brachial buffers. Alone, and unaided by your arms, you would be soon broken to pieces, and fully furnished with these flapping appendages, the dearest

friend you have, if he were so foolish as to trust himself to your hospitality, might be pounded to death or fall a victim to an involuntary lunge or an elbow in the dark.

The marvel is how "the machine" holds together, for our readers know full well, that over and above the natural inequalities of the land itself, the soil is gathered here and there into great ridges or divisions to satisfy the rights of property, the exigencies of cultivation or revenue survey. You are either on the Hill of Evil Council, or in the Slough of Despond, and the boulder or watercourse must be dodged or faced, for there is no discharge in this warfare. On you must go. Occasionally the wheels get wedged in rut or stony crevice as in a mortise, and the brutes twist and strain like some strong swimmer in his agony. You are now in a perilous state, having descended by successive bumps the strata leading to a watercourse, your forewheels hanging over a shelf thereof. There is an ominous pause and dead silence, as if something were impending, suddenly broken by a loud crack of the whip, which may be the crack of doom as far as you are concerned, but the oxen interpret it aright by a diagonal movement, and holding on instinctively like grim death, you and your tabernacle are speedily hurled with a crash like thunder to the bottom. All is not lost. Your pipe, friend of youth and companion of age, is flying in fragments as black as the basalt on which it struck, and your glasses never more to be filled with "reaming swats that drank divinely." You may, however, now draw a long breath; you are still in the land of the living.

There is little to be seen on the way to Vajrabai. About the eighth mile-stone on the Vada highway you jerk into cross-country work, for semblance of a road there is none, as you make the best of your way up the Valley of the Tansa.

The only noteworthy objects are the hybrid trees, which are remarkable enough even in India. Grafting as a rule applies to trees of the same order, but this is not without exception. But what do our readers think of a *ficus* with a palm, which as a friend observes must be the centaur of the vegetable world? The first specimen met with I set down as a *lusus naturæ*, but farther on they became as thick as blackberries.

Take one of the pollard willows of Oxfordshire, or a tufted

elm from Richmond Hill, lop its head off twenty feet from the ground, and *join on* the upmost forty feet of a palmyra palm, and you have our friend of the Tansa Valley. Not weakly either, but strong and vigorous specimens of "the palm tree flourishing." We were told that these trees are not cultivated, and the line of contact is not visible to the naked eye. We throw out this nut to crack by some of our Bombay botanists, or others interested in Indian arboriculture.

One of these trees would have been a small fortune to the Forestry Exhibition which was held in Edinburgh in 1884.

We arrived at our destination at sundown, and strange to say, there was neither patil nor Ramusi in Vajrabai, the usual factors of an Indian village. The high priest of the temple was next appealed to, and he was down with fever. I did not try the bottle. Being now pitch-dark I gave the *hukam* to drive to the *maidan*,—all my attempts to find shelter for the night being fruitless. A few paces brought me to it, and I tucked myself in a kind of way for the night, the bullock-gari being a bed shorter than a man could stretch himself on, slept an intermittent sleep, being mostly awake, and at 3 A.M. discovered my legs dangling over the edge of the gari with a cold wind and mist blowing in from the estuary of the Tansa. It was from Supara, but I condemned Supara and Ptolemy, who had mapped it, to merited contempt and oblivion. There was little, I assure you, to remind me of Christmas, except the stall-fed oxen which you see in Raphael's picture of the Nativity, on which light and shadow played discursively from a fire of chips, which kept itself alive with difficulty in the foggy atmosphere of the morning. But it soon went out, and left me to the stars and a doubtful vision of the Southern Cross. "Hark, the herald angels sing," and, true as 1887 years ago, the day dawned, but the shadows did not flee away, for a mighty one projected itself over the ground on which I had passed the night, being nothing less than a soddened heap of dung, the accumulated filth of ages, loosely compressed together and yielding to the pressure of the foot, like the weedy covering of those quaking bogs at home, the resort of Willie-o'-the-Wisp, and other nocturnal evil spirits. I had not seen it on my arrival owing to the darkness. As soon as there was more daylight, I prosecuted my researches

with redoubled ardour, and my zeal and energy were rewarded. A few feet from my dormitory, I could have thrown a pebble into it—was a well, a veritable mother of dead dogs, and having just asked the question (like Hové, through my interpreter) whether there were no fixed residents in the village, for they were mostly strangers that put in an appearance, I was not in the least surprised at the answer, that they had, some years back, been swept off by cholera. The well was covered by a green scum (not always, we may observe, a test of impurity), and, like Spenser's cave, was the abode of everything nauseous and unclean. A bucketful of zymotic diseases; ague, cholera, croup, diarrhœa, dysentery, erysipelas, hydrophobia, influenza, measles, remittent fever whooping-cough,—we give them alphabetically for the benefit of the learned—might have been taken from a corner of it and never missed.

A cup of tea was speedily made ready, into which, by prevenient grace, I counted twenty drops of chlorodyne, with much deliberation, and as much accuracy, as the grey of the morning permitted me; a sample of something stronger was added without compunction, and I quaffed a mixture worthy of the "angel of the darker drink." I then cleared out of this den of pestilence, and strode down for a mile to "the river's brink," where I found the hot springs on the edge of the Tansa, a great river, which, though now partially dry—as is the habit of Indian rivers at this season of the year—in the full flood of the monsoon must be "as broad as the Thames at Westminster." I could see that the high banks stood up perpendicularly on the opposite side, the earth scooped out and swept away as you see where the Nile cleaves the selvage of the Libyan Desert. All beyond was dense jungle. I dipped my fingers into the heated marge of the spring, lapped a mouthful of the water, spat it out, and watched the foamy bubbles mounting from base to surface. Where crops might have waved, there was nothing but a wilderness of weeds, the bounty of Nature being thus thwarted by the unrighteous perversity of man. I then, still through weeds, made my way to the temple—black and sombre it was, and old enough to have sheltered Sivaji himself; saw the stone-built baths or troughs, brimful of tepid water; saw a naked lazar, standing up to the middle in the centre of one of them, a

spectacle for gods and men, when my eye caught, on an uncared-for and adjoining pool, a poor deserted tarn, sight of a water-lily blossom of deepest crimson, type of innocence and purity, fresh from its Maker's hands and rejoicing in the morning sun. There it lay, floating on the surface, its glory greater than Solomon's, yet not dim or tarnished by centuries of human apathy or neglect. Consider the lilies how they grow.*

I now emerged on a plateau, padded with swathes of long grass, as if the tide had passed over it—withered and doomed to destruction, to be trodden under foot of man and beast; and here and there, dotted over this park-like surface, there towered huge and venerable trees, as old as, if not older than, the temple itself. Can this be the "delectable" spot where our ancestors rusticated in 1770? God keep the man, I said to myself, who had no other summer quarters to come to than this. Lindsay, Ramsay, Dow, and Patterson, Scotchmen all of you, hard times these! Necessity, not choice, was the law in those days when men had to content themselves with such things as they had. We can well believe that the restlessness and love of change, which have become almost necessities of our existence, were unknown to these men, and that it was for the supposed benefit from the wells that they braved the heat and other discomforts. Our ancestors were not so ignorant as we might imagine. They knew as well as we do, that a Konkan village at the foot of a mountain was the last place in the world to seek for health in the months of April and May. So did every intelligent man, native and European, in that age and long before it.

> "The Mountayne men live longer many a yeare
> Than those in vale, in playne or marish soyle."

Sivaji knew this. For him the plains meant plunder; but his home, where he had his wives and his gods, was on the hills. His pleasure excursions were merely from one mountain to another. When the English Embassy sought him on Raygarh, they learned that he was worshipping Bhawani on Pratapgarh. He, however, held the fee simple of the Dekhan, and a good

* "The expanded flower of the lotus reposing on a calm mirror-like lake, is a fit emblem of Nirvana."—Monier Williams's *Buddhism*, 1889.

deal of the Konkan also: not Bombay—no, not Bombay, but otherwise he could go where his evil spirit led him. Wellington, when in Bombay, deep in the mysteries of lumbago and sulphur baths, did not linger long at Chauk in May, nor did Mackintosh at Khapawli, and they both breathed freer at Khandala.

It must be quite apparent to the reader that I am not going to "run" Vajrabai as a watering-place, neither am I prepared to support its abolition, except by the gradual progress of public opinion. There are now 5 or 10,000 pilgrims annually to it, and the sooner the imposture is seen through the better. We had once many holy wells in Scotland, and not so long ago. Allan Cunningham relates in 1826, that there were people then alive who recollected seeing votive offerings placed at holy wells by mothers for the recovery of sick children; and farther back there existed men who made a traffic out of this romantic superstition. The people in Scotland now put their money in banks. Some years ago (it was the bottle that effected this confession, but never mind—"*in vino veritas*") the then priest of Vajrabai admitted it was his business, and the more the merrier.

Vajrabai, "the Lady of the Thunderbolt" as the name imports, is not a useful divinity. We have abolished some minor divinities in Scotland that were much more serviceable. Here are the qualifications of Aiken Drum, for example—no "lubber fiend" was he:—

> "I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
> I'll kirn the kirn and I'll turn the bread,
> And the wildest filly that ever ran rade,
> I'se tame it, quo' Aiken Drum."

Yet, notwithstanding these proffers of servitude, the spirit was exorcised, though a more useful being than Aiken Drum it is difficult to imagine.

It is needless to remark that I was disappointed with Vajrabai. I had come expecting an Arcadia or Happy Valley of Rasselas, where the people lived secluded lives, in primæval innocence and simplicity, their every want supplied. Led away by the account of a vulgar author I had myself to blame.

"This was the pleasantest place I ever saw: fine large old

trees in abundance, and many rivulets running down from the mountains all around."

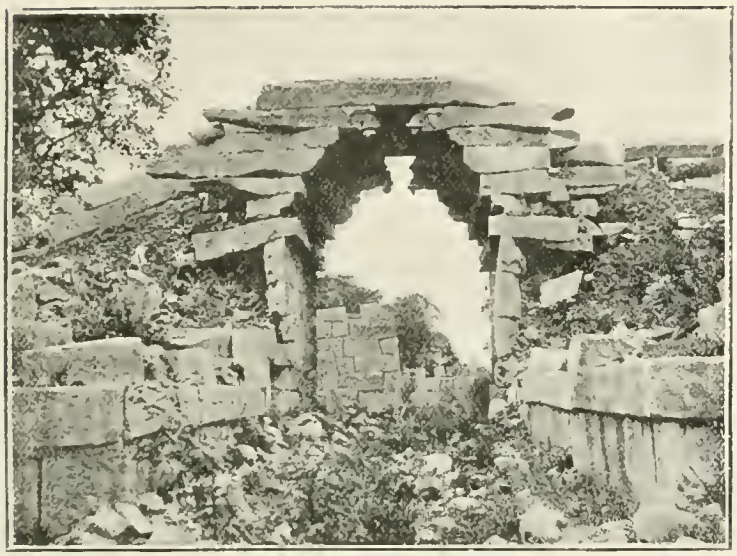
"I was greatly delighted and thought it a pleasant thing to live under the East India Company." Greatly delighted! Whoever saw rivulets running down the Konkani hills in May?

As Mackintosh in his wildness cursed Fryer at Kalyan, even so I sincerely wished that the author of these statements were anywhere:—boiled like Lord Soulis, in a heated caldron (of Vajrabai), or comprehended without stint in the unequivocal massacre of Glencoe.

I left Vajrabai with a malediction on my lips, but soon emerging from Duhad, all disagreeables were forgotten, when the familiar form of Bawamalang came in sight, awakening, as it always does, pleasant recollections of Matheran.

"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."





RUINED GATEWAY AT VIJAYANAGAR.

CHAPTER LVII.

Vijayanagar.

The kingdom of Vijayanagar—Besnagar, and Narsinga of mediæval travellers—modern Hampe—was the greatest in Southern India known to history, and occupied from sea to sea the limits of the Madras Presidency. It did not last long (A.D. 1336 to 1565). Its capital, of the same name, was of enormous extent, and vied with the greatest cities of antiquity—

> "the three,
> Babylon, Memphis, and Nineveh"—

a kind of Sevastopol, which drew down upon it the wrath of four great nations who waged war with it and not in vain. The city for a century had accumulated all the mythology, all the

letters and all the poetry of Southern India, until it came to be regarded as the bulwark of Hinduism against Mughal invasion from the north. Entrenched behind seven walls of enormous strength, it continued to defy domestic dissension and foreign aggression for ages, and the capital was never overrun until the Empire was destroyed. It was during this dominion that there took place one of the greatest events in the history of mankind. I mean the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama. When, on the 29th August, 1498, Da Gama sighted Mount d'Eli, a block of sandstone which rises 850 feet above sea-level,* and when the big lateen sails of his carracks were flapping idly in the wind, he little knew that it owed allegiance to Vijayanagar.

But it so came about: Vijayanagar was the first ally in India with any European Power since Alexander the Great, and that power was Portugal. The place lies 35 miles N.E. of Belary and about 400 miles south of Poona, and the traveller who visits it nowadays will not be disappointed.

The first sight of a great city leaves an impression never to be effaced. Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, Edinburgh from the Castle, Venice from the Basilica, and Cairo from the citadel, all differ from each other; but all are alike in this, that they need no photograph to assist the memory. Vijayanagar differs from them all in this, that, apart altogether from its architecture or history, the site is a geological wonder. When the traveller on the Haspet road reaches the brow of the hill which overlooks the city, or what remains of it, and gazes across the amphitheatre which lies before him he is lost in amazement, and looks, like stout Cortez, with a wild surmise—

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Far as the eye can reach for ten square miles there is nothing between earth and heaven but boulders: the earth is paved with them, the sky is pierced with them, and their granite particles

* Correa's *Three Voyages*, p. 145. Eli-mala, written by the Portuguese as "Monte d'Eli," is in Lat. 12° 2′ N. It was in the Kingdom of Eli or Hili mentioned by Marco Polo and Ibn Batuta:—Yule's *Marco Polo*, ii., 374; Ibn Batuta, iv., 81.—B.

glitter and scintillate in the morning sun—boulders here, there, everywhere. This is the "City of Boulders."

We have come to seek ruins, but here, I ween, are those of quite another kind—

> " . . . confusedly hurl'd,
> The ruins of an earlier world."

At some stage in this planet's history the earth here has been rent into fragments, and its crust broken and shattered into contorted blocks. This was the action of fire. Then came the action of water, when the waves of an ancient sea, probably for thousands of years, spent their fury in rounding and polishing the blocks so wild and weird before the last great upheaval. Not in ones or twos dropped from an iceberg, as at the foot of Goatfell or on the summit of Ben Nevis, not on a plain like Salisbury or Carnac in Brittany, but literally in thousands, of all sizes, from 5 to 5000 tons—heaps upon heaps, in one instance 250 feet in height. The site of Vijayanagar is thus the rocky bed of an ancient sea, and I daresay if we could look into it, we could see many such places at the bottom of the existing ocean.

The ruins of Vijayanagar cover ten square miles, and great hummocks of loose stones fill up much of the space. They are single blocks, piled on each other by Nature—irregular heaps. There is no gravel or *débris* between them, and in the *nalas* or glades which divide them, the roads or tracks,—some of them ancient bazaars,—wind their devious way: the traveller in bullock-*gari*, but oftener on foot, plods his weary way, turning the flank of huge boulders which ever and anon threaten to bar his progress.

One of these natural cairns is quite a study, and I might compare it to a cluster of Brobdingnagian soap-bubbles swaying in the wind, or a bunch of potatoes with their ganglionic roots, or, giving Imagination the rein and the bit in her teeth, to the viscera of some Titan, monstrous as fable e'er has feigned or fear conceived, congealed into stone; but these offer but a faint resemblance to the bizarre shape of such congeries of rocks. The boulders with which Nature has built these rockeries are of all sizes, most of them big, round or rounded oval, oblong, convex, all acute angles rubbed off, thus exhibiting their water-worn

descent. They have been kicked about here, tossed about there, by the giant forces of Nature in some of her paroxysms, and huddled in wild and fantastic confusion, or shot pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy out of Nature's big basket into this great "Free Coup" or "riddlings of creation," as Burns used to call his farm of Ellisland; or, with Virgil, scattered—

> "On sundry places where Deucalion hurled
> His mother's entrails on the desert world."



BOULDERS AT VIJAYANAGAR.

The boulders lie in all positions, perpendicular, horizontal, oblique, propped up, wedged between each other like the key-stone of an arch, aslant, toppling over; the leaning Tower of Pisa is a trifle to some of the superincumbent blocks beetling overhead. Others are poised in mid-air, so that you can see the light all round except at the one pin point of contact, balanced to a hair, and might turn out a rocking-stone if we could only get up to it. I am now speaking of an enormous boulder, the size of a house, and not of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms."

The outsides of the boulders in many cases are decorated with a carved fringe of lace-like pattern, spray-like foliage on the edges as it were: "something bonnie to look at." I went inside, and where had been deftly scooped out of the living rock—door, passage, and a suite of rooms or cells for some Troglodyte of the Tungabhadra.

The open spaces and ground floors, whether of hall, palace or temple, were crisp under our feet with bits of broken quartz and porphyry where it was not ploughed up and planted, like Herod's Theatre at Sebaste, or furzy with thistles or corn-flowers, as at the pediments of the Acropolis.

Narasimha's colossal monolithic statue is an atrocious object. Had it been the Vocal Memnon, however, I could not have been more eager to see it, and I was conducted to it by the guides, who strongly dissuaded me against it, for the place is surrounded by sugarcanes, and at this season flooded by water. The ground was oozy and swashy, the canes overtopped our heads; but we forced our way over the intersecting rivulets which, regardless of wet feet, we cleared by leaps and bounds, and, through a mass of the roughest vegetation, were in presence of the monster before we knew where we were. "Its teeth were like harrow teeth, and its een like chopin noggins," muttered the rustic of the Ettrick Shepherd at some hobgoblin of the North. We are out on a holiday, so here goes another quotation, correct or not, never mind:—

> "On his deep front majestic terror rode,
> Which swelled in conscious pride the infernal god,
> His mad'ning eye, whence streaming poison ran;
> Glar'd like a comet threatening woe to man.
> His mouth was like the whirlpool of the flood,
> Dark, yawning, deep, and filled with grumous blood."

What struck us most of all perhaps in our rambles were the majestic tamarind trees. Here and there one of enormous girth stood up like a giant. Some were hollowed out in the trunk and would have held a dinner-party. Hoary with a great antiquity, they may have sheltered from the heat of the noonday sun the serried hosts of Ram Raja when they mustered their forces to fight, and filed their way to the ill-fated field of Talikota.

It was in this place, which Newbold compares to the Wilderness of Sinai, that the Kings of Southern India sat down to build for themselves a city. No such site for a city had ever been chosen before. What tempted the first man is more than we can tell. Probably it was chosen for purposes of defence: a place full of rocky fastnesses, which the defenders could hold against all-comers and cause havoc to the ranks of an invading army; gloomy as Glencoe, and more suitable for the ghouls of Malebolge than a dwelling-place for the sons of men. When the genius of one man, however, determined upon the site, you may depend upon it that no time was lost in availing of its advantages—every nook, cranny, chink or corner, every coign of vantage, or knuckle for shrine, plateaux for palace or mahal, knoll for temple, valley or *nala* for garden or green pasture.

The place itself was a quarry. Nature had done half the work, they would do the other. They had only to hew the stones and set them up. But they did more. On the knobs and bosses of this great shield of Rama they constructed buildings which with infinite skill, taste and patience they decorated with sculptures which for boldness and expression have never been surpassed.* They ransacked the neighbouring mountains for marble, white, pink, blue or green, and black jasper; and from the clefts which had been made by the trail of Sita's garments the inhabitants looked out like the dwellers in Petra or Edom.

The first great necessity of a city is pure water, and Vijayanagar had it in abundance. A great artificial lake, miles in circumference, meets the eye of the traveller as he approaches the city, and the fortifications of the aqueduct in which the water flowed to the city are conspicuous until they are lost in the distance of the landscape. The Tahsildar tells us this tank never runs dry. A canal some miles up the Tungabhadra conducts the water of that river to it. Abdur Razzak tells us (1443) that on either side of every street water ran in conduits of hewn and polished stone. You may see some of them still in use, but most of them have fallen down: one at the Queen's Baths seems in perfect condition. The streets must have presented a pleasing picture in this dry and thirsty land, with water on each side,

* Fergusson.

not stagnant but purling and bubbling along, as in Damascus, which some of our readers may have seen, the gift of Abana and Pharpar. And, like Cairo and Damascus, Vijayanagar had its streets appropriated to certain trades and handicrafts. Each guild had its own locality—armourers, harness-makers, confectioners—and there was a great bazaar for flowers: fresh flowers every day, for we are told flowers were a necessity of the people's existence, and they could gather them at their doors. One of the greatest trades in Vijayanagar was in horses. The horse was not indigenous, and required to be imported from Persia and Arabia. They had 20,000 cavalry and required an incessant supply. Cæsar Frederick (1567) travelling hither joined a caravan of 300 horses. Krishna Deva (1508–42), like Charles II., was a great believer in horses. "The strength of insurrection in these shires consists in their horses." So when the Portuguese arrived Krishna had a dream that unless like Solomon he multiplied his horses his kingdom would come to an end; and like Solomon he had 40,000 horses.

The first alliance therefore with Portugal (1510), offensive and defensive, had for its basis a monopoly of the horse trade of Arabia and Persia to the kingdom of Vijayanagar. Ormuz then stood out as the port of debarkation. Though Bijapur and Vijayanagar are only separated by a distance of 200 miles, they offer some strange and startling contrasts. Their time, place and monuments were all different, the soil was different, and the religion of the men who built them was totally different.

The dominion of Vijayanagar was fast disappearing when Bijapur came to the front and established herself on her ruins. The one rose as the other fell. Bijapur was only an *arkilla* or citadel when the battle of Talikota took place. The walls of Bijapur were built out of the spoils of Vijayanagar, and her finest trophies in architecture were all constructed after the dominion of Vijayanagar had passed away. Bijapur is bare, barren and unfruitful, a waste howling wilderness, but the Tungabhadra, which sometimes flows into the temple's innermost recess, carries fertility on its bosom. The one was Muhammadan, the other Hindu. Bijapur contains a noble exhibition of Saracenic architecture which carries the mind to

Cordova, the tombs of the Mamluks at Cairo and the beauties of the Bosporus. Vijayanagar is an embodiment of Hinduism in stone and lime, and contains all the forms of Dravidian development: anything Muhammadan, we think, must have crept in and overlapped the earlier indigenous architecture after the conquest (1565). Within the walls of Bijapur, as far as we recollect, there is nothing but sand and rubbish, with scarcely a blade of vegetation; but here the monoliths often rest in mud: the deep rich loam, which constitutes the wealth of Western India, silts up the edges of her mighty dolmens and wraps her ruins in its embrace. The land even now between the walls is covered with a rich vegetation and green with rice and sugarcane. Like Pekin and the ancient cities of Assyria, the gardens occupied a great extent. Bijapur is six miles round the walls: Vijayanagar twenty.

The man who comes to Vijayanagar in search of antiquities and is disappointed must be a glutton, for there is sufficient here to satisfy the most voracious appetite—walls, roads, baths, aqueducts, mint, diwan-khana, arena, stables, bazaars, gateways, temples, palace, colossus and throne itself in greater profusion than even "where Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves." The sculptor's cunning hand has also been busy at work, not only on gorgons, chimeras, furies and their snakes, but the figures of men and horses on her entablatures. For *verve* and action some of them might have been chiselled in the Royal Academy. Had an ancient Egyptian been here in some far distant age he might have returned the compliment before the first stroke of the hammer had resounded from its storied blocks. For him the possibilities of hewing, hacking, shaping and moulding would have been infinite, and the great stones of Vijayanagar might have worthily laid the foundations of Solomon's Temple or the Cyclopean walls of Baalbek. A granite trough scooped out of a single block with mathematical precision, forty feet in length, or a monolithic colossus thirty-five feet in height, would have astonished even an ancient Phœnician.

There is nothing like a personal inspection to dissipate delusions, and a tramp of five miles in the sun (for the heat which radiates from the smooth and shining boulders is a caution), is

worth days in the India Office Library or weeks in the British Museum. One can see now that, for a city of such vast extent and with the resources of a nation at its back, fighting for very existence,—one can see now, I say, how easily she could put 100,000 men in the field. We have maligned old Ferishta by unworthy suspicions of the enormous forces he musters at Talikota, and Abdur Razzak's (1443) 1000 elephants, Varthema's (1503) 40,000 horse, Barbosa's (1514) 80,000 foot, and Faria de Souza's (1520) 12,000 water-carriers, which we had at one time relegated to the region of fable and romance, may for us be unhesitatingly placed among the indubitable facts of history.

The Tungabhadra is the boundary of the city on one side. It forces its sluggish waters between immense round smooth boulders. People fish here, and as a warning to fishers I note from the Tahsildar that every year a man loses his life—pulled in by the fish: a desperate tug on the slippery stones—his feet are taken from him and—he disappears.

The greatest works must be ascribed to the reign of Krishna Deva (1508–1542), but it is no part of our intention to write the history or archæology of Vijayanagar. Dr. Campbell has done its history effectually (*Bombay Gazetteer*, Kanara), and Mr. Rea, the Madras archæological surveyor, tells us that he is engaged on an extended account of its antiquities. We are content with the one, and await with pleasure the appearance of the other; for we are certain that every item, from the smallest shrine to the temple of Vithoba Swami, the gem of the whole collection, will receive its due meed of attention; and it is worthy of it. It was once a great city. Its King had his Viceroy in Seringapatam, and offered his sister in marriage to the Prince of Portugal. It was great in diamonds. Karnul on the Krishna river belonged to it, where the Kohinur was said to have been found ere it passed to Baber (1526). Its police were 12,000, and they were paid £150,000 a year out of a tax on brothels.

Vijayanagar, like Cairo or Kahira, means "City of Victory." It ought rather to be called "City of Despair," for its last days exhibited strange incidents of the reverses of fortune. When the combined forces of Bijapur, Bidar, Golkonda and

Ahmadnagar met Ram Raja, its last sovereign, and awoke for the first time at Talikota on the banks of the Krishna the echoes of European artillery, he was captured and executed on the spot. His head, carried to Nagar and smeared with red paint, was borne in triumph for ages afterwards on every anniversary of the battle, and its effigy was perpetuated in stone almost to our own day as the mouth of a common sewer in the walls of Bijapur, while the tomb of the elephant Ghulam Ali, which assisted at his capture, may still be seen at Ahmadnagar.

There is only one circumstance I can recall to its credit, and even it may be set down to its own purposes of selfish aggrandisement. It exhibited toleration in an age when toleration was unknown: it built a mosque and placed a copy of the *Qoran* on a rich desk before the throne, and it once had a Christian for its prime minister. Nicolo Conti (1520) compared it to Milan, but Abdur Razzak, the ambassador of the King of Persia, who had seen many strange Eastern cities, writes: "Eye has not seen nor ear heard of any place resembling it on the whole earth"— with which judgment we are disposed to agree, albeit none of us have seen the globe in its entirety. Ferishta relates that in the year 1366 Muhammad Shah Bahmani of Gulbarga gave a draft payable at sight on the King of Vijayanagar to a band of musicians. The man who presented the *hundi* was put on an ass, with his face to the tail, and led out of the city amid the jeers of the multitude: whereupon Muhammad swore a great oath, and Ferishta puts a sentence into his mouth worthy of Tacitus: "Praise be to God, I would not let a light word of me be recorded in history." So he went to war and slew 100,000 men and said he would slay twice as many until his draft was paid to the musicians. So much for a dishonoured bill and its consequences to the King of Vijayanagar.

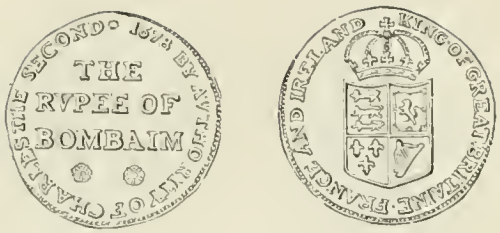
Vijayanagar had no Ferishta, and her chronicles written on palm-leaves have descended to oblivion.* Of history, properly speaking, she has nothing except the dry bones which some Indian Carlyle may yet clothe with the flesh and blood of authenticity. Any records that have come down to us are

* Mr. Eastwick is said to have borrowed the historical papers of the Anegundi family.—B.

those of plunder and cruelty, harrying her neighbours and heaping up the spoils of war. There is no chivalry to rouse the patriot, or devotion to consecrate the martyr's grave. Her doom was written in letters of fire long before her swift dromedaries carried the tidings from the banks of the Krishna that all was lost. She had her day, and, from all we can learn, it was a day when debauchery reigned supreme. This was their love, and their religion was the worship of fierce and implacable gods drinking the blood of their mangled victims. Her cup was full to the brim. War, famine, and pestilence are great calamities, invasion and rebellion are great calamities; but the greatest of all is when a cancer eats into a nation's vitals, when she forfeits, by her own acts, her right to existence and is the maker of her own doom. She has left not one book, not one invention, not one example of a high and holy life, not one deed of charity to cheer, to bless or guide mankind. The jackal howls at midnight from her seven walls of granite: impregnable they seemed to be, but they have turned out no better than spiders' webs, spun in a night—perished in a day. A deep awe rests on her deserted and grass-grown streets and their long colonnades—those bazaars where once was exposed the wealth of nations.

Pompeii was less impressive, Canopus less forlorn as a spectacle of fallen greatness than the silence, the solitude and the desolation that fell upon me as I lay under the shadow of a great rock in this weary land of Vijayanagar.*

* Colonel Cherry, from Belary, May 6th, 1890, tells me that none of the people from Belary to Hampe and Haspet, or thereabouts, will enlist in the British Army.



BOMBAY RUPEE.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Our Coins.

India does not owe everything to England. She had bills of exchange before the Saxon set foot in Britain, and coined money, both gold and silver, when the Scot was content to barter his wares for the flint arrowheads with which he knocked down the dun deer. The earliest issue of currency notes recorded in India is that by Muhammad bin Tughlaq (1321–52), him of Daulatabad notoriety.

It is indubitable that China had bank-notes before the banks of Venice or Amsterdam were established, and India may have had them also, just as their copper cash circulated in Madras and Bombay long after the date of our arrival.

The rupee is not an ancient coin. We read with childish simplicity in the sacred books of the Hindus quoted by Vans Kennedy that the gods settled their accounts a great many thousands of years ago by the payment of hard rupees.

But this is a mere figure of speech. The rupee and the gold-mohar * are both Muslim coins and were first coined by Sher

* For the benefit of the sentimental reader we give John Leyden's lines on the Indian gold-mohar taken from *Remains of John Leyden*, 1819:—

"For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true;
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,
And all for thee, vile yellow slave."

Shah (1542), the conqueror of Delhi. It is a fact that in Bombay in 1697 the rupee did not exist. Then coins were pagodas, shahis, and xeraphins, of the value of 9*s.*, 4*s.*, and 1*s.* 6*d.* respectively in English money. The pagoda is the Portuguese name for a Hindu gold coin, so called from a pyramidal temple sometimes depicted on one side of it. Hence the story of the extinct "pagoda tree." The coin is the size of an ordinary shirt-stud, and is sometimes called a *hun*, which is the old Karnatic word for gold, and may also be the root of the word *hundi*, i.e. an Indian inland bill of exchange. The pagoda is of greater antiquity than the rupee or the gold-mohar, but the copper coin now current—the quarter-anna piece, *alias* the *paisa*—has established its claims to primogeniture and hereditary descent as far back as the Laws of Manu, where it appears as the *karsha*, which the philologists tell us is the same word as the *cash* of China, a word introduced by us into England from that country. *Rupiya* means silver, and *mohar* a seal, and no doubt it was often put to this use. The rupee is not so venerable as the English shilling, but the gold-mohar carries us centuries beyond that day in 1816 when for the first time the English sovereign came forth resplendent with St. George and the Dragon.

When the British came to India they did not attempt to impose their currency on the natives.* They found the rupee, and the rupee is still the current coin of the realm. There were rupees of every State or of every sovereign who had gone before us, of various weights, sweated, clipped, and debased. The reorganisation of the coinage was the work of Lord Cornwallis and John Shore. The degraded coins were called in, and the intrinsic value paid to the owners for them; and in 1795 it was decreed that no contract should be valid unless the payment was made in *Sicca* † rupees. This lasted until 1835, when the East India Company rupee was ordered to take its place, and it is now the current coin.

The Sicca rupee was about eight per cent. heavier than the new Company's, and hereby hangs a tale, not without precedent as we shall see. Shah Alam, Mughal Emperor (1759–86), had

* *Ante*, Vol. I., pp. 74, 75.

† *Sikká*, a coining die—hence "fresh coined," not worn.—B.

coined at Murshidabad, in the nineteenth year of his reign, rupees which were great favourites with the money-changers. The Bengal Government in 1793 coined their Sicca rupees in Calcutta, though they bore the inscription in Persian, "coined at Murshidabad in the nineteenth year of Shah Alam, his fortunate reign." Tughlaq had done the same, abolished the use of his own name on the pieces and coined them in the name of the Fatimite Khalifs of Egypt—just as we see nowadays millions of dollars thrown off on the Continent of Europe with the image and superscription of Maria Theresa—a coin which delighteth all dwellers between the Nile and Zanzibar, and the coasts north and south of that region, now so full of interest. You will find it more difficult than you imagine to find a Sicca rupee, as they have been out of circulation in British territory during the last fifty years. Here and there a solitary specimen might have been met with in the floating mass a few years ago, sorely the worse for wear, the edges clipped off to bring it to the weight of the rupee now current; so that this fact, and the other we have mentioned, to wit, the white lie engraven on its surface, made of it a hard nut for the coin collector to crack. His Excellency the Governor is paid the modern equivalent of the salary fixed in Sicca rupees.

We do not touch bimetallism, and we note what the late Mr. Fawcett says below, on the double standard.* On the introduction now of a gold currency into India—a vexed question—

* "For instance, let it be supposed that the value of silver is reduced five per cent. in consequence of the discovery of some rich silver mines. Let it also be assumed that nothing has occurred to affect the value of gold; consequently the value of silver estimated in gold will be depreciated five per cent., or, in other words, an ounce of gold will exchange for five per cent. more silver than it did previously. Now a double standard implies that any person who has a payment to make can use his own discretion as to whether he shall make the payment in gold or silver. If, therefore, the case we have supposed should arise, and the value of silver should be depreciated five per cent., it is manifest that every person who has a debt to discharge would take advantage of this depreciation, and all payments would be made in silver instead of in gold. The result would manifestly be that the amount to be paid would be reduced five per cent., and the amount to be received would consequently in every case be diminished by a similar amount. It is evident that this unfortunate and mischievous disturbance in the terms of monetary contracts would be avoided if gold was the only standard of value."—Fawcett's *Political Economy*.

on which we have found those who know most speak the least, we shall follow their wise example, and adopt *sub silentio* as our motto, even though no credit redoundeth to us for the same. When Sir Richard Temple visited the Mint, in the absence of the Mint Master, one of the staff showed him over the institution. "How is it," said Sir Richard, "so little silver is imported just now?" "I belong to the mechanical department, your Excellency," was the reply. Yes, in a sense, we all, except great political economists, belong to the mechanical department.

Though the weight of the rupee which we are daily handling may not vary, its purchasing power varies from day to day. This rupee has a very different purchasing power from that which it had when you and I came to India. Nine rupees and a half would then have purchased an English sovereign. It now (November, 1884) takes twelve and a half to do the same. In other words, *quoad* the purchasing power of gold, one thousand rupees were equal in 1864 to several hundreds more in 1884. Its purchasing power of labour, or of the fruits of labour, or of the manufactures which are made by labour out of the earth's raw products, we have all found out to our cost, and these products of labour, by their increase and diminution, measure the value of your rupee more than your rupee measures the value of them.

An exception was formerly taken to the rupee coin as a work of art. It was said by those who ought to know that the surface of the field is wavy, as if the die on descending had oscillated on the matrix, giving a twisted appearance to the reverse. Any one may satisfy himself as to this inequality, by an inspection of the coinage of 1862. But we are glad to see that this defect has been removed since the coinage of 1880.

Since the year 1835, when the Company's or present rupee was first coined, rupees to the value of two hundred millions sterling have been coined in India. What has become of them? Nay, what has become of all the bullion imports, not only since 1835, but as far back as our era extends, when the soul of Pliny was vexed at the drain of silver made by India on the Roman Empire. The burden of this financial refrain runs through the whole recorded history of India. Barygaza gives place to Kalyan, Kalyan to Thana, Thana to Surat, and Surat to Bombay; and still the weighty stream comes on—"without o'erflowing full"

—and very little of it seems to leave the country. "It is the gold and silver of the world," says Bernier in 1655, "conveyed to Hindustan which is there swallowed up as in an abyss;" and a few years later Fryer says that it is "hoarded" by king and people, and "hidden for eternity." One would have thought that, after 1865, India would have said, "Hold, enough!" Ploughshares, cart-wheel tires, bedsteads, state carriages were then seen of solid silver, and steamer after steamer brought a continuous influx of the precious metal to our shores. But no, the drain continues, and may go on to the end of time, and for this reason. The theory is McCulloch's, and deserves more than a passing consideration. He assumes that the stock of gold and silver, coined and uncoined, in India is £400,000,000. Is this an out-of-the-way estimate? No, we think not, and he says this being the case we require an annual import of four millions sterling in value of the precious metals to keep the stock of bullion where it is. His calculation is founded on the supposition that there is a loss of one per cent. annually on the stock which we hold of the precious metals, by reason of tear and wear, or what is lost or dropped in rivers beyond recovery, destroyed by fires or inundations, or buried, in other words, "hidden for eternity." Tear and wear mean a good deal in India over and above what obtains in other countries, when we think of the millions of bangles, ear and nose-rings, that are worn night and day by the natives of this country. What is deposited in banks in other countries is put on the person in this country.

One word on the gold mines of India; no item of revenue derived from a single gold mine in India, as far as we know, exists in the accounts of any of the Mughal Emperors. Dr. Fryer, who was among our first arrivals here in 1674, and was a man of science, expressly tells us that gold is not a product of this country. Gold was no doubt worked in India, as gold and silver were worked in Scotland before the Union, and gave subsistence to a number of poor people. So also in Sutherland the other day: mere dilettantism sometimes also, as when an Earl of Hopetoun on his marriage put a ring on the finger of his bride made out of gold found on the Hopetoun estate. Baber—not the Emperor, but Baber the civil servant—is satisfactory

enough when he tells us of the diggings for gold fifty years ago in the Wynaad. Nobody believed in the gold mines of Australia before they were discovered. But herein, as a friend remarks, lies the difference. Australia was new when India was old. Her earth was well walked over and riddled by countless generations before we came to it.

Why did you not tell us this before, says the reader? We did so in a kind of way, but the sovereignty of man lies hid in knowledge, and we still know very little of what may be in the bowels of the earth. For some reasons it is to be regretted that a great gold mine was not discovered in India. It would have quickened the dry bones of exchange and been a godsend to remitters. But gold and silver mines do not necessarily add to the real wealth of a country. They have made some nations and unmade others. Adam Smith has some imperishable words on the condition of two of them in his day. "Spain and Portugal," he says, "which possess the mines, are, after Poland, the two most beggarly nations in Europe."

The coins of the extinct dynasties of India have no attraction for us, not even of Bijapur or Persepolis, nor even those of the Mint of Raygarh since we have come to know Sivaji so well; and a sequin taken from the hair of Chand Bibi, the noble queen herself, even though we were assured it was made from gold brought from Africa by the caravans of Darfur and Kordofan, could not tempt us for more than its intrinsic value. The coins that are best to have are most difficult to keep. Even Lord Lawrence, who "held the gorgeous East in fee," on his death did not leave a single ring or jewel that could be given away to a friend as a parting memorial. Your life would scarcely be worth a year's purchase in some quarters if it were known you were the possessor of a 200 gold-mohur piece of Shahjahan. The Spanish proverb was "my money rolls and is not Moorish:" but, round or square, it would soon roll away from you; and the cry of fire and thieves would be perpetually in your ear. So would it be with that great gold piece of the Baktrian Eukratides, 2593 grains in weight, another bulky exponent of empire in the East. It is this that makes the possession and retention of coins in the East a matter of extreme difficulty.

Men are so tossed about with their household gods that it is a marvel if any relic sticks by them till the finish. Our museums have found out this dearly to their cost. The wretches who get hold of such valuables lose little time in consigning them to the melting-pot. Still with the chance of all these dire contingencies, there are some coins for which we have a sneaking regard, and we are not above temptation: a gold-mohar of Nurmahal coined at Ahmadabad, on that one day when the fortunes of Occidental India were placed at her disposal, with this bright inscription, "By order of king Jahangir gold has acquired a hundred degrees of excellence on receiving the name of Nurjahan;" or a set of her Zodiac rupees in silver coined at Ahmadabad, or, still better, the gold ones coined at Agra, would not find our eyes closed against the Light of the World; or a tetradrachm of Alexander the Great picked up on the banks of the Indus, the Macedonian heroic head rounded with lion skin or tusk of elephant. But mind these coins must all be genuine; nay, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. The story goes that Sir Bartle Frere, when Commissioner in Sind, picked up a big gold coin of Alexander which was considered almost unique. He sent it to a friend in England, and great was the joy thereat. Could he get another? He sent for Bar Abbas. This sapient son of the soil stroked his beard, and with shoeless feet salaamed down to the ground. Could he get another? "Perhaps, O lord and master, but it will take some time." The arrant scoundrel had manufactured it, and was about to move off to make another.

The forgery of an antique is a greater crime than the forgery of a current coin. For an antique you may secure a hundred times its intrinsic value. The man who forges an antique is a liar of the first magnitude, for he not only swindles dead men out of their just rights, and usurps the prerogative of Governments which have passed away time out of mind and are without the power to prosecute, but after deceiving his own generation he passes on his impudent fabrications to the next, and perpetuates his imposture to generations yet unborn.

Carlyle says that every lie has sentence of death passed on it at its birth; and yet this must be an exception, or it is "gey lang in coming," as he would have said himself. For how is it

that the forger tracks our steps to the bazaars of Multan, to Coptic monasteries on the Nile, to remote villages on the shores of the Persian Gulf, yea even stands guard, ready to pounce upon us with his lying wares covered with verdigris at the door of the Holy Sepulchre?

From all we can learn Birmingham is the fountain-head of this corruption, but dozens of *quasi* antique gold-mohars are the work of the Indian *sonawala*, and are manufactured at our own doors, some of them Akbar's, which would have made his hair turn grey in a single night, and others of presentment so exact that they would, if possible, deceive the very experts of the British Museum.

The value of the rupee chops about wonderfully, but it is the same with the shilling, the franc, nay even the almighty dollar, and when people began to project the results of the discoveries in Australia, King Gold himself grew pale, though he has well-nigh recovered his countenance again. And if our rupee is attenuated and sickly when converted into English money, Silver can conscientiously say, "It wasn't I that did it." Demonetised in Germany, melted down in France, and made dirt-cheap in California, persecuted in one nation, and made to fly to another, silver has had a hard time of it. It is only by looking back some decades that one can see the transformation scenes in the financial kaleidoscope, in all of which the rupee has borne a most conspicuous part. The logic of events is inexorable and makes mincemeat of all our opinions, even the wisest of them; so that the wisdom of yesterday becomes the foolishness of to-day, and what we utter to-day may become a foolishness to-morrow. It will be admitted for example that the wisest of our economists a dozen years ago held that the average price of silver was 60⅞ pence, and would revolve round this as a pivot. To-day (22nd November, 1884) it is 49⅞, so we must now make a new point of departure. Then as to our cotton trade, who would have dreamed that our annual export in 1846 of 100,000 should have grown into a million bales?

Take also the wheat trade, a new thing in the world's history. In 1850 John Connon, representing the wisest opinions of his day in this city, in addressing the Viceroy stated that the cereals of India could never become an extensive or profitable article of

export.* Lord Dalhousie had just uttered a prophecy that with a network of railways India could supply all the wants of England at twenty shillings a sack.† The Suez Canal has come to his aid and the prophecy is fulfilled. But no prophet could tell us in 1861, when the name of Council drafts was unknown as a factor in exchange, that they should crop up to an annual sum of fifteen millions sterling; and when at an important meeting in 1865 we were told by a high authority that banking was in its infancy, we were not prepared for the fact that sixteen banks with a paid-up capital of fifteen millions sterling should be in liquidation in this city in 1867.

These are some of the chaotic elements through which the rupee has been ploughing its way during the last fifty years: and this without taking into account periods of war and famine. It is in such times that money creeps into secret hiding-places, securities become less sure, and the pillars of the earth seem to tremble. In Pitt's time the Three per Cents went down to 48, and before Waterloo to 54½: and during the Mutiny our Indian Four per Cents fell to 69.

In 1848 the Irish famine and the Corn Laws together raised the price of wheat to 100s. per quarter; and we all remember in 1876, during our East Indian famine, how the most ancient heirlooms in gold and silver were sent to the Bombay Mint to be converted into rupees. All that a man hath will he give for his life.

Thrice in this century has the Indian coinage been the subject of debate, and great changes were suggested for its reconstruction—in 1812, in 1827, and again in 1869, when decimal coinage was the rage. But battered and decayed by time and Council drafts, it still holds on its career, and will no doubt continue to do so until the end of time, or such time as the Colossus of the North may please to appoint for the reception of the kopecs and roubles of that dread sovereign. Meantime we may take heart of grace and rejoice. The end of all things is not at hand, and the world is not yet Cossack or Republican.

The rupee is still the medium of exchange, and constitutes the

* *Chamber of Commerce Report.*

† Fawcett's *Political Economy.*

legal money in which all payments are made in this realm. Every rupee loan which the Government of India contracts, and every currency note which it issues, are all promises to pay the owner thereof in silver rupees. The Viceroy down to the lowest menial are paid in rupees, the revenues of India are received in the same coin, and again disbursed broadcast over the land in the same bright and shining pieces after being weighed, like the shekels of Abraham, in current money of the merchant.



CHAPTER LIX.

Orme the Historian.

Orme's *History* (1764–1778), which the writer of *Among my Books* recalled to our memories lately, though now nearly dead, except to the student, was a popular book in its day. Besides its being a work of great ability and research, there were other reasons for this. Most of the men he writes of were alive. Plassey and Wandiwash were, like Alma and Inkerman to us, fresh in the memory.



ROBERT ORME, F.A.S., THE HISTORIAN.
25 Dec., 1728—13 Jan., 1801.

India, though old, was then a new country, like Stanley's *Africa* nowadays. Its history was a region of cloudland, hazy and indistinct. Akbar and Aurangzeb, mighty shadows stalking in the jungle—Sivaji a spectre. Besides, there was the interest that comes to nations when they

are grappling with the unknown future, for then England and France were fairly matched; nobody could tell which would win—indeed the odds were sometimes against us for the possession of this great country.

Each of the three Presidencies may claim an interest in Orme. He was nine years in Calcutta, seven years in Madras, and born in the then Bombay Presidency; he was the son of a Bombay surgeon; he belongs entirely to the eighteenth century, and his *History*, upon which his reputation rests, embraces only the seventeen years, 1745 to 1763. That period he has made all his own, and no man shall ever usurp dominion over it now or hereafter, for it forms the backbone of all investigation on the subject. But they were years of supreme interest to us, as well as to those who lived in them, for the Divinity was shaping our ends amid much rough hewing, and the question was solved once for all whether we or our rivals were to be the masters of India. When Orme passed away in 1801, Napoleon in Egypt was trying hard to revive that question; but it was already in the limbo of forgotten things, and could not be made to live again, Tipu notwithstanding. The book I suppose had its day. Macaulay does not damn it with faint praise, for he says it is well written, though tedious; but he waded through it, and built out of its materials a good deal of his *Essay upon Clive*—history in court dress instead of broadcloth. Such great masters as Robertson the historian, Sir William Jones and Dr. Johnson, if we can suppose him much interested in anything Indian, had already given it due commendation. Colonel Newcome "read it," the Great Frederick also—though the statement apparently escaped the vigilance of Carlyle, for Frederick is reported "to have said after reading Orme that, had he the command of troops who acted like the sepoys on that occasion (Haidar Ali's affair) he could conquer all Europe."* Sir Joshua Reynolds was not above taking a hint from Orme in folds and drapery. Like James Forbes he was perpetually dilating on the friezes of the Parthenon, finding Greek ideals in the women of India. In one of his tracts he says there is many a Venus de Medici, but not one Apollo Belvidere in India.

* Brigg's *Letters*, 1828.

For the time Orme treats of he had the greatest advantages, for he was in India during the most of it:—"events he had seen" is, I think, the phrase Robertson uses. He was an occasional correspondent of Hastings; was the friend of Clive; was asked by Bussy to his château in France, which he accepted; was asked to Edinburgh by Robertson, which he was not able to accept, to the great disappointment of all concerned; and it counts for something that he was a friend of Boswell. He was not only in India, but at a most eventful era when great interests were trembling in the balance; but not only so, it was he himself who put some of the machinery in motion that evolved such mighty consequences: for there can be no doubt that he it was who planned the expedition which avenged the capture of Calcutta by Siraj-ad Daulah and the atrocities of the Black Hole, and as little doubt that he set Clive at the head of it. He did for Clive what Harris did for Arthur Wellesley—gave him a great and manifest opportunity of distinguishing himself.

Without other sources of information than his *History* supplies, it is impossible to judge as to what manner of man Orme was. I have doubts whether you could tell whether the author of the three volumes had ever been in India. The book is without a single reference of authority or note of any kind, without a single classical allusion, never refers to any parallel case in either ancient or modern history, never betrays any knowledge of current events in Europe, except to notice a declaration of war between France and Great Britain. And yet, strange to say, when we examine his life in such sources as are available to us, we find all our ideas completely reversed. Of his authorities 231 volumes of MS. bound in vellum and 35 volumes of maps and plans were presented on his death to the East India Company. He read the classics, Latin in the original, and Greek in French and English translations, and when he was over forty studied Greek so that he might perfect himself in the language. He made himself conversant with French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese, so that he could consult freely the authorities in these languages. He notes that he read Virgil "with attention," Livy "attentively," and a host of Latin authors. Herodotus, Xenophon and

Thucydides * were also well known to him—indeed he has been styled the "Indian Thucydides."

Though not a scrap of poetry adorns his pages, he read the poets largely, and aimed himself to scale the slopes of Parnassus; and finally, when you are about to consign Orme *in partibus*, you find to your satisfaction that he was a religious man and a devout Christian. One of the most wonderful characteristics of Orme is his abnegation of self. I am not aware that historical writing furnishes another instance of an author describing events of which he was sometimes a spectator, and in one case the main originator, and in which he bore an acknowledged part, so industriously hiding himself, keeping himself in the background: a modesty so great that one is apt to think a little of the personal would have, at times, added zest and interest to the narrative. But he scorns the *ego* as altogether beneath the dignity of history, and hides himself in the garden which he has constructed as if he had done some great wickedness. Take the VIth Book, in which he rises to the height of his great argument, and which Robertson the historian so justly eulogised. The period is early in 1756: Calcutta has been taken from us, and the Black Hole tragedy consummated, and England and Englishmen in Bengal at a very poor pass. It was the force which was sent from Madras under Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive which turned the tide. Who sent that force? You say the Madras Council. Yes, but the Madras Council were altogether of another way of thinking until Orme showed them the road and the way to walk in it. Here is how he puts it, and I defy any man to know that it was Orme if he has nothing else than what Orme's *History* affords—

"But the arguments were opposed by one of the members of Council who, having resided nine years in the Company's service in Calcutta, knew the strength and insolence of the Moorish Government in Bengal, believed that nothing but vigorous hostilities would induce the Nabob to make peace or reparation,"

* Thucydides was not so reticent in his *History* about himself. He tells us how he had the plague, and of his gold mines in Thrace. "Thucydides, son of Oloros, the historian of this war, who was at Thasos requesting him to come to their aid."—*Thucydides*.

and his counsel prevailed. He built the bridge and left other men to carve his name upon it. He ignores also the fact that it was he himself who nominated Clive as the head of the Expedition. It will be seen that Orme's intimacy with Clive was cemented by his nomination to so distinguished a post. An act like this creates a new bond and strengthens an old one. Orme did much for Clive and knew him well. He had gone home with him in the same ship in 1753. That means a good deal more than it does now. He had even held the pen for him in London (1764), and that means more intimacy. But a coolness arose between them, and I do not wonder at it, for Orme's ways were not Clive's ways. There was that damning question of "the red letter" and Umichand: the one black spot in Clive's career, and Orme was not the man to fall down and worship Clive, though he had come to be regarded as nearly the greatest man in England. With Orme duty and honour were far above Clive and the East India Company, though Clive was its greatest servant and he its paid official. Clive came home finally in 1769 and their friendship was at an end. And in Orme's second volume, published in 1778, are recorded in one pregnant sentence these words, which are his Alpha and Omega on the Umichand business:—"The two crores of rupees Umichand expected ought to have been paid to him, and he left to enjoy them in oblivion and contempt."

There had been ripples on the surface at an early stage of their intimacy. In the first edition of the first volume (1764) is recorded under date 30th August, 1748, the attack on Pondicherry, and that Clive distinguished himself, and that we had to retreat with the loss of 1065 Europeans. The particulars of this disaster as given by Orme had to be eliminated by him in the second edition and constitute the single note of his history which we had forgotten in our sweeping assertion. Orme admits the account was erroneous. No doubt it was Clive put him right; but there must have been angry words before. Orme added some pages at the end of the volume to furnish what appears to us a compulsory rectification of the narrative. Again he writes to a friend in 1793:—"I told Lord Clive that had I been on his Council when he entered Murshidabad, I should have moved to look out for and punish the

Jamadars who held up the lights to mock the wretched sufferers in the Black Hole." So different it is to make history and write history.

You may be sure a man like this, who did not scruple to declare his opinions on Clive, the friend of his youth and manhood, held the even balance of his judgment on lesser men. He kept back nothing nor set down aught in malice. He looked upon history as a mirror of the age in which you were to see each face exactly, neither flattered nor distorted. He does not spare the Englishmen and the English ships which deserted Calcutta in her great day of need. It was all the same: Frenchman, Englishman, Hindu or Muslim. He praises Bussy when he is worthy of praise, and condemns Lally when he is worthy (which he generally is) of condemnation. What an India there would have been for the Hindu had Lally been victorious: yet he sheds a tear when he hears he has been led to the block by his own countrymen. Of another French officer he says, "He was a gallant and worthy man." He is not blind to Colonel Heron's barbarities at Nelikota, although he is an Englishman. He is superior to all local and vulgar prejudices of Presidency against Presidency. Bombay in 1756 is "still possessed by their ancient spirit of caution," and in 1760, when occasion demands, "these exertions did honour to the Bombay Presidency."

If any man presumed on having Orme as his friend, he must do the right and shame the devil. If Orme is not a great, he is an honest historian. No man will ever be able to describe an Indian fort, and the means taken to circumvent and capture it, as he has done, for the reason that this method of warfare has utterly passed away. It was in full swing in his time. He lived in the times he describes; he had been in many forts; he had the oral and written narratives of the soldiers engaged in the sieges, and above all a pen so descriptive as to bring vividly before the mind's eye every outwork, bastion, redoubt and cavalier, parapet, curtain and covered way, ditch and bridge, sap, mine and countermine. India in these times and in all previous times could not exist without forts. Every image of solidity and endurance, as in Palestine of old, was borrowed, from the strength of hills and the rock of ages. Some of these forts had held in awe the surrounding country for centuries.

The "inexpugnable" Daulatabad or Deogir takes you back to the *Periplus;* Giria the Gibraltar of the East; Gingee, with several knobs buttressed to heaven, the huge stones of which had been piled together by those old giants the kings of Vijayanagar; and Chittapet with a gateway capable of containing on its terraces 500 men drawn up under arms. Dekhan and Karnatic, the country was thickly clothed with them, and on a clear day from a high hill you could see with the naked eye a hundred fortified places. Sometimes the fate of siege or war depended on a mere trifle. A pet dog, unobserved in the dark, accompanies a storming party—yelps, and everything is lost; a bullock slides into a gutter in a narrow lane, stops those behind, the advance knows it not—slaughter and ruin. Again, unless an officer had placed a fire-fly on his compass, his party would have fallen into the jaws of the enemy. The Duke at Assaye gauges the existence of a ford from the smoke of a hut. Fancy the fate of a battle hingeing on the bark of a dog, a spavined bullock, a fire-fly, or the smoke from a fire of dried leaves.

The simplest form of an Indian fort was a rock enclosed by a square stout wall and a parapet with loopholes to fire through. A watercourse serves the English instead of a trench. They mount the breach, are driven back, rush to the gate, fire up to drive the defenders from the ramparts, recoil, when one resolute Englishman, mounted on the shoulders of a sepoy, gets hold of some of the carved work of the gateway, hauls himself up and clambers to the top, while those below hand him the colours of his company, which he plants upon the parapet amid loud hurrahs. He is followed by twenty others; some engage the enemy, others drop down inside the rampart and open the gate, and in they burst and on they rush, at the push of the bayonet, clattering up the stony stairs amid a storm of hail and coals of fire which scour the passages, and a remnant reaches the *Balakilla* and Waikonda is taken.

Daulatabad was taken in a different manner (1758). Bussy asked the Governor if he might be allowed to "eat the air" and see the magnificent view from the summit which many of us have done. The Killadar asked him to dinner, and Bussy came with 300 Europeans. He came, he saw, he conquered; but he did not dine. The dinner was served in the hall of the Killadar's

house in the upper fort. With true French politeness Bussy told the Governor that he himself must be excused sitting down to dinner, and that he the Governor must consider himself a prisoner. Thus the baked meats furnished the funeral feast of Daulatabad. It was all a farce of French play, as treachery had already done its work.

About the India of his day Orme merely gives you the information available at the time. Could he do more? A smile of incredulity comes over us when we read that Aurangabad has a population of a million and a half, and is, next to Dehli, the most populous and wealthy city of the Empire. The difficulty of knowing about places in the Dekhan and Southern Maratha country was much greater in the latter half of the eighteenth than in that of the seventeenth century, for the country was ploughed by intestine and foreign armies, and communication by travellers almost impossible. Take Bijapur, for example, so well known to most of us. "Nor do we know of any person living who has been in Bijapur."* Where do you think Orme places Raygarh? Midway between Poona and Junnar, instead of its proper place fifty miles south-west of Poona. D'Anville and the geographers of Europe a hundred years ago were in such a hopeless maze about Angrias territory on the opposite side of Bombay Harbour that Orme lays down on his map two rivers, the Nagothna and Pen (which have no existence), the former flowing into the Indian Ocean.

The following is from Boswell:—

"I told Dr. Johnson that I had been informed by Mr. Orme that many parts of the East Indies were better mapped than the Highlands of Scotland."

Johnson said "that a country may be mapped, it must be travelled over."

"Nay," said I, meaning to laugh with him at one of his prejudices, "can't you say it is not worth mapping?"

Mr. Eastwick† mentions that General Carnac, who died at Bangalore a very old man, about 1801, was "Clive's second-in-command at Plassey." Orme's index, copious beyond all

* *Oriental Fragments*, 1805, p. 292.
† *Murray's Guide*, 1857.

precedent (120 pages), does not contain the name. Clive's second-in-command was Coote, the hero of Wandiwash, such a hero as might have fought at Otterburn, for he did not bewail his dead enemy, but he asked Lally, his living one, to dinner after he had beaten him at Pondicherry (1751), and heaved a sigh over the captive and woe-begone Grenadiers of Lorraine.

My great quarrel with Mr. Orme is that he does not believe in the daughter of Aurangzeb falling in love with Sivaji. Dow (1768–72) had published the statement.* Burke and Johnson discredited Dow's History *in toto*, and Orme from an impartial translation from the Persian, made by a neutral party, convinced them both of its authenticity. Yet, nevertheless, though Dow knew Persian and he didn't, Orme is sceptical on this romantic episode, and wishes us to believe that this lady could not fall in love with Sivaji for the following preposterous reason. "His figure," says he, "though very compact, is not elegant, and his physiognomy though significant is not beautiful." "Of an excellent proportion," says Escailot to Sir Thomas Browne, (Surat, 24th January, 1664). Of how many men could this be said? Orme himself, if we may judge from his bust by Nollekens; and yet he was a victim of the tender passion, and his love was reciprocated, but whether by nut-brown maid or fair-haired daughter of the North is unknown. This is how he sings of Chloe "from a terrace in Madras (1757)":—

> "Stay, silver moon, nor hasten down the skies:
> I seek the bower where lovely Chloe lies."

—a new aspect in which to consider the hard-headed Orme!

Here are some of Orme's wise saws on the Hindustan of his days, which may interest the juvenile diplomatist:—

The Indians, never influenced by a principle of gratitude themselves, do not expect it in others.

It is a maxim of every Prince in India, let his wealth be ever so great, to keep his army in long arrears for fear they should desert.

Excess of courage, however desperately or absurdly employed, seldom fails to interest those who are spectators of it, and often

* *History of Hindustan*, iii., p. 368; and *ante*, vol. i., pp. 336, 349.

obliges them to participate of the danger, even against the convictions of their reason.

The people of Hindustan are generally so much oppressed that, if they do not rejoice, they rarely regret the loss of any of their rulers.

In despotic States the sovereign is always the last to learn what it concerns him most to know.

The Princes of Hindustan never join the standard which doubts of success.

There is no Prince in Hindustan who does not try every means in his power to avoid the payment of money.

There is no country in which the slightest mischances and success of war weigh so much in the opinion of both friends and enemies as in Hindustan.

And here is "a notable," Anno 1753. "Whosoever has seen a body of ten thousand horse advancing on the full gallop all together will acknowledge with the Mareschals Villars and Saxe, that their appearance is tremendous, be their discipline or courage what it may." Those were the Mysoreans, Marathas and French defeated by Major Lawrence.

One would like to know when there was an instance of this in recent times.



CHAPTER LX.

The Red Sea.

I never yet met a person who liked the Red Sea. Everybody says, "The more I see it the less I like it," or homeward bound, "I hope I shall never see the Red Sea again except on the map." When you go home you are glad to get quit of it, and when you come out to India you are glad to get quit of it. Red Sea heat is proverbial:—

> "Excess of heat is but a fable,
> We know the torrid zone is now found habitable."

So says Mr. Cowley, who had never tried it. Given a sea extending far and wide, as smooth as sheets of plate-glass, a sun shining on it with unmitigated fervour, a sky like a molten looking-glass, a burial every alternate day, and a languid frame: I don't know any more miserable outlook for a sick man. Tell me not of "Arabia's crimson sands," or of the "Araby maid to fly with the Christian knight." Pharaoh did not like the Red Sea, and I am told that if there is one place in the world more than another a ghost dislikes, it is the Red Sea. Sir Charles Napier knew this proverb, that it was a good place to lay a ghost. Strange then, is it not, that everybody has such a strong desire to see it? The first view of the Mediterranean is an elixir, whether your proclivities are sacred or profane, and the miseries of Marseilles are forgotten in a first glance of its blue waters.

To see the Red Sea is, however, a modern accomplishment. The Mediterranean is old, but the Red Sea is old *and* new—new in this respect, that in the first decade of this century the number of Europeans who had seen it, and could give an intelligent account of it, might be counted on your fingers.

Lord Clive never saw the Red Sea, nor Warren Hastings, nor Lord Cornwallis, nor Sir William Jones, nor Sir James Mackintosh, nor Bishop Heber, not even Macaulay. Hence when such daring spirits as Niebuhr and Bruce in the last century, and Burckhardt and Burton in this, spread their sail on it and wrote a book, all the world wondered. Sir Bartle Frere (1833) was the first civil servant who braved a buggalow and Bab-el-Mandeb;* and Lord Clare (1831), the first Bombay Governor who was audacious enough to come out this way under steam. He it was to whom Lord Byron (1807) addressed those beautiful lines in *The Hours of Idleness*, beginning "Friend of my youth," and which seem without speck or imperfection of any kind.

So you see we have changed all this, and people, instead of talking of such mediocre subjects as Table Mountain and the Island of Johanna, expatiate now on the Straits of Jubal or Mount Sinai. It is well also to remember that we are not the only happy recipients of such associations. There are other men beyond the seas, and thousands of them come by the Red Sea, who never see India at all, or, if they do, regard it as a mere half-way house. For them Bab-el-Mandeb, instead of being the Gate of Tears, is Bab-el-Kahira or the Gate of Victory. I shall never forget the spectacle of a vessel of the Orient Line slowly emerging from the Canal, noiseless as a huge phantom ship, its vast bulk covered in every part by hundreds of passengers, dense as mites on a cheese. There was to be seen the gay lady shading her face from the setting sun, which still shed a red glow on the Arabian hills, and the poor waif hustled for bread to the world's other end. But from stem to stern, from deck to cross-trees, from spar and spanker boom, every eye, whether from under battered wide-awake or satin beaver, from him who lays down his Darwin to the infant of days with its Shorter Catechism on its knee—every eye was strained to catch a first glimpse of the Red Sea. No knotty question, you may

* Mountstuart Elphinstone left Bombay in the "Palinurus," sailing-ship, November 15th, 1827, *viâ* Mocha and Kosir. The "Hugh Lindsay," Commander Wilson, was the first steamer which went from Bombay to Suez. Left Bombay March 20th, 1830; arrived at Suez April 22nd, 1830.

depend on it, ever disturbed them as to whether the crossing took place at Suez or Kantara: for the Exodus—wherever it took place—to many of us is still the grandest event in ancient history, if you are to measure an event by the influence it has had on the destinies of man. Sinai and Horeb are not to be snuffed out by a philosophical treatise.

ET CETERA.

The greatest depth of the Red Sea is 1054 fathoms; this is nearly opposite Suakim. The "Chiltern" picked up the broken end of the Red Sea cable in 1875, from a depth of a thousand fathoms. Lockyer, the well known astronomer, on a clear and perfectly still day, saw the top of an ascending column of smoke from an approaching steamer at a distance of forty miles with a telescope. The well known Jabal Nakhus or Bell Mountain lies four miles from the beach on the western shore of the Gulf of Suez. You will see the name on the map not far from Tor. Its discovery is due to Lieut. Wellsted, of the Indian Navy (1838). It is a rock 400 feet high, and when sand is rolled down on its sloping surface it produces sounds like an Æolian harp, which increase to that of the fingers on a moist glass. Finally, as the sand reaches the base the reverberation is like distant thunder startling into flight the camels of the traveller. Hugh Miller and Sir David Brewster laboured hard to explain the phenomenon, and Sir John Herschel declared it "utterly inexplicable." He could weigh Jupiter, but the "Bell Mountain" he could not solve. Palmer's collection of birds from the Sinai Peninsula was exhibited in London (1882), and it was curious to note how almost every one partook of the dusky colour of the desert. The same remark holds good with regard to the hawks on the Red Sea, some fine specimens of which often settle on the ships' rigging during the night, and are easily caught in the grey dawn.

RED SEA SHIPS.

I made a vigorous search in the Bulaq Museum (May 1887) for the models of ancient Egyptian ships, seen by me some

quarter of a century ago, but failed to discover them. I had stated that they were modelled like our own buggalows, and threw some light on the obscure origin of Indian navigation. I failed in discovering them—they were of silver, and may have been M. Mariette's personal property: but the statement made by Laborde (1839) makes their existence of less consequence. Here it is:—

"The spectacle of the Red Sea ships reminded me strongly of the vessels (models) found in the Egyptian tombs, and particularly of two in a perfect state of preservation discovered during the excavations which were carried on under my directions for five months at the foot of the Pyramids."

SCARES.

Dr. Buist (1854) tells us that Jabal Tir, the "Mountain of Birds," was still smoking as it had been since 1774 when described by Bruce, and that a violent eruption of short continuance in one of the Zugar Islands took place in 1846, which was fortunately seen from different points of view by steamers passing in different directions. When the Red Sea volcanoes, ages ago, were belching fire in full activity, they must have been a fine sight; that is, provided the spectator had the chance of survival. Look at a large chart of the Red Sea, and observe how intricate and narrow the channel is,—in places like a canal. Even the most fortunate and efficient commanders have occasionally a scare on the Red Sea, and it will be so to the end of time.

I suppose a man is not an idiot when he mistakes a mirage for an island, or, in a midnight fog or dust haze at "dead slow" as he paces the bridge, descries almost under his bows what he supposes are the spurs of some Jabal. Stop the ship; and so he does, but not before he runs into a herd of *dows* *

* Till sixty years ago this word was written *Dow*; Krapf (1844) writes *Daw* (Arabic *dao*). How the initial *d* came to be aspirated would be hard to say. The use of the word comes from the Red Sea, and in India is often interchanged with *bagala*, (vulgo *buggala*, *buggalow*), also used in the Red Sea (*baqalá*). See Edye's technical description in *Journal Royal Asiatic Society*, i., ii.; and Coulomb's *Slave Catching*. —B.

hustled together, the yells of the crews being the first thing that explains his position. They show no light, and are right in the track of this ocean steamer. Is it to be wondered at that the lateen sails, swaying across each other, bulk big athwart the gloom, and appear to the captain's eye in the dense haze as so many jagged pinnacles? Yes, these are the things that make men's hair grow grey. Read Palgrave's story of the green sea in tons dashing over the deck, and you will realise what a wreck is on the coast of Arabia, and to what dangers the shipmaster is exposed. The shores of the Red Sea are eloquent of all this. Many a skeleton of gallant ship dots her sea margin, silent monitors bleached by the waves—a funnel here, a boiler there on weary headland or treacherous shoal, where skippers, not a few, have eaten the bread of bitterness and drunk the water of affliction. Not without reason did the Ancient Mariner dread these parts, and Antiquity has written on them with its iron pen such names as *Bab-el-Tarid*, the Banished Man's Gate, and *Garda-fui*, the Cape of Burial. The Guide Book facetiously observes, "There are no good hotels at Perim."

OLD SKIPPERS.

Captain Alexander Hamilton (1688–1723) tried hard to open up a trade with Suez. His book has been a perfect mine to writers on this period, as he was a man full of Scotch shrewdness, and what we owe to him has been generally acknowledged. One man, a Captain Cope, who might stand cousin-german to him of Prestonpans, published what he called a *New History of the East Indies* (1754), and in the most impudent manner incorporated entire chapters from Hamilton (1727) as if they were his own, even down to his imprisonment in Surat and cruises in the Bombay Harbour during the siege (1689), without a single word of acknowledgment. Put your own name on the title-page of Livingstone's *Travels* and publish it to the world, and you have its counterpart. The student of Bombay Bibliography is hereby warned accordingly.

I am sorry I cannot go back to Captain M'Cluer, 1775 to 1795, as I should have liked to have known the man, familiar in Bombay in these times as the Dhangari Killa or the Modi-

Khana, for I then should have been able to tell his birthplace without asking him, and this is what is wanted to enable his natural heirs to claim a bulky sum of money which exists.* The will he left by some people is considered very eccentric. The successful claimants will not think so. Captain John M'Cluer (for the benefit of all concerned we give his name in full) constructed the first chart of Bombay Harbour, stamped his name on "M'Cluer's Inlet" in the Pelew Islands, and according to good authorities on hydrography ranks as a discoverer second only to Captain Cook. Lost at sea: so "none o'er his low bed may weep." Then there is Lewis of the "Iberia" (P. and O. 1884) immortalised in Thackeray's famous ballad "The White Squall:"—

> "And look'd at Captain Lewis,
> Who calmly stood and blew his
> Cigar in all the bustle,
> And scorn'd the tempest's tussle;
> And when a wreck we thought her,
> And doom'd ourselves to slaughter,
> How gaylily he fought her,
> And through the hubbub brought her,
> And as the tempest caught her,
> Cried, 'George, some brandy and water!'"

But the man to whom the Red Sea owes most is Moresby. Before his time the Red Sea was without form and void. He cultivated it, trained it into subjection and habits of obedience, and brought it under the dominion of the map maker. The Red Sea frolicked before, but it was never to do so again, for he fixed, on Mercator's Projection, the bounds of its habitation. No man after his time could say that he did not know the "Twelve Apostles," or was guiltless if he touched the Mokha Shoal five miles from land. A gentleman in every act, as became one bred in the Indian Navy, of fresh complexion, somewhat of apple-red in his cheek from fresh breezes and sea air, I can still see him as he stood (1850). He at this time looked a man of fifty years of age, in buttoned surtout blue and gold, cap in hand. He was then Commander of the P. and O.,

* August 1888; see *ante*, p. 153.

and the late Sir Henry Morland informed us that he believed his death took place about—say circa 1863.

We must on no account forget Captain Hyde, whether as "George," "Lord Clarendon," or the "Magnificent," all kindly names of brotherly love. His memento exists in the *Bombay Punch* of the troublous year 1865, where you will see also that he sung the "Maid of Athens."

Perrins (1887) shot across my path like a meteor and disappeared. "My name is Perrins, and I had the honour to bring out Lord and Lady Dufferin to India, since which during the past two years I have been in Australian waters." This was my first and last of Perrins, for he perished three weeks afterwards, on board the "Tasmania." Alas! alas!

STEAM IN INFANCY.

Here is a Bombay opinion of steam navigation in the Red Sea, when we were in a state of transition. It is taken from the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, 1833, a paper edited by Dr. Wilson. "We will shortly state what has been thus settled, that Cananore can never be the starting-place for steamers from the western coast of India; that steamers even cannot go in the S.W. monsoon. First, because they could not go themselves. Second, no one would go in them at that peculiar, unpleasant season of storm, plague, and quarantine. That 600-ton steamers will never do for us unless we could find Fortunatus's cap, or get a scrub at Aladdin's lamp, or a sight of Golkonda's mine as it once was. They would do great execution, no doubt, on the sea, and tear furiously up to Suez, but for the Bombay Committee to patronise them would be as bad as sending a griffin to shoot partridges with a jingall, or buckling on the brow of some young cadet the helmet of Otranto." A letter in the Bombay Chamber's *Report* of 1839 advises travellers to avoid the "English Society" which Egypt affords. Why this should be so we know not. Egypt was by no means perfect in those days, but we can aver that she was a Flora compared with the Virago she has since become: for Port Said, which is now growing into a civilised community, had not then the semblance of existence. And our own people too! Why this invidious distinction?

COLOUR.

The Red Sea can be all sorts of colours, a perfect chameleon; and like the chameleon he is very black when he is angry. Thus I have seen him a dark and stormy water before daylight under the frowning limestone cliffs of the Sinai Peninsula. I daresay on the morning of the Exodus he looked the same. At Suez his normal colour is indigo blue, by way of contrast to the yellow sands grained out of Qolzum and Arsinoe. At Aden under duststorm and lurid cloud "*asfar howa*" as the Arabs call the cholera—"yellow wind," he copies the dirty water on the streets. At Tor it was seen by Ehrenberg on several occasions in 1823, as red as blood caused by floating algæ. For this, see *Edin. Phil. Journal*, vol. x., 1831. O thou evil Red Sea, I love thee not; I do not love thee, thou fell sea, and the reason I can tell very well. A knock at my cabin door: it is in the small hours. I stagger up the companion like a drunken man, when lo and behold, a scene meets my eye in the silence of midnight. The Red Sea is *white* all along as if Nature had donned her winding-sheet, tumbling its white waves, from whose broken crests a fitful wind drives the spray in phosphorescent fire—a weird and ghastly sight worthy of Milton or Dante. My blood curdles in sympathy. The phenomenon of the milky sea has been repeatedly described. But yet another: Abu Zeyd, an ancient mariner, A.D. 920, quoted by Renaud, *Cette mer en effet est brumeuse et sujette à des exhalaisons désagréables. On ne trouve rien de bon à fond de l'eau ni à sa surface.* No doubt after long tacks of dead calm, some parts of it become stagnant, and emit a putrid and offensive odour from floating masses of seaweed exposed to the sun, or other causes.

SUNSETS.

After rain and in cloudy weather the sunsets in the Red Sea are marvellous. The deck of a steamer crowded with 150 passengers is sometimes hushed into mutest admiration—we had almost said, adoration—at the wonderful creations in cloudland, of gold and of *green* and of blue. The rudest are overawed—you might hear a pin fall. It is a new heaven and a new

earth, but an earth etherealised, built up out of the fragments of dreams, solemn temples and gorgeous pinnacles, with rivers laving silent shores, fretted with the gold of these Islands of the Blest, and no galley with oars or gallant ships pass thereby.

THE ARAB.

The Arab, pure and simple, is a splendid type of humanity. Grandeur of mien seems to exist in the race. Our readers have only to go to our horse bazaar —such men—such horses are to be seen for a thousand miles from Oman to Mograbeya. Do you mind the Darbar given by Sir Bartle Frere in the Town Hall to the Imam of Maskat when the denizens of the desert strode across the floor in sandalled majesty with a dignity that kings might envy? Where were your Holkars then?* There is another side of the Arab character, and which does not go without saying. When Sir Richard Burton was in Bombay (1876) people observed a large hollow in his cheek and wondered how it came to pass. It fell about in this wise. At 2 a.m. of the 19th April, 1855, Burton, Speke, and Stroyan, being then at Berbera, were attacked by 150 Somalis. Stroyan was murdered, Speke wounded in several places, and Burton wounded by a spear which passed through his cheek dividing the palate. Ample vengeance was exacted. This is merely a sample of the wild Arab. It is his nature so to do.

TWO HEROES.

Two men breathed their last,—one in 1882 at the head, and the other in 1887 at the foot, of the Red Sea. Suez and Aden, entrance and exit, each has its guardian spirit beckoning the men of this and other generations to new enterprise in the cause of chivalry and philanthropy.

Of Palmer,

> "In Greece a Greek,
> In Tyre a true Phœnician, in the waste
> Of marbled Tadmor, an Arabian Shekh
> All would have thought him."

* "1802. Mr. Elphinstone told me that his (Holkar's) appearance was mean, and he compared him to a Hindustani Syce or groom."—Elphinstone's *Life*, vol. i., p. 232.

Both in succession held the chair of Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and clad in the panoply of Oriental learning, each in his own way went forth to Arabia and flung down the gauntlet to the False Prophet like some valiant crusader in the brave days of old.

But steel is harder than brain, and force and fraud may undo all the cunning of the schools. You may silence the tongue you cannot confute, so the Nasarani was hurled from a precipice a few miles from the Wells of Moses: you can almost see the spot from the steamer's deck, his mangled remains picked up piecemeal, or what could be found of them, and laid reverently in St. Paul's Cathedral. Thus died Edward Henry Palmer at the age of forty-two, the Shekh Abdullah.

Ion Keith Falconer died at the age of thirty-one at Aden, at his post, and here the voice of criticism is hushed, for he—

> "A younger brother has reached the city of the Saintly,
> The new Jerusalem."

An earl's son by birth, he was—by instinct and education, which developed into enthusiasm for one, strange to say, he had never seen but only read about—a veritable pupil and disciple of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, for his whole character was moulded on the framework of that distinguished man, justifying the ways of God to men in this, that the good that men do shall live after them. *Quæ amissa salva.*

The sword in these Egyptian lands may undo what the sword has done, but not even arbitrary power or superstition can wipe away from the page of history the memory of these bold and reliant spirits. Two splendid fellows. Genius, learning, luxury (at least for one of them), home, friends, country, life itself, offered up without a whine of regret, and with only one murmur of recrimination when Palmer cursed his murderers. You tell me that if certain things had been done these men need not have lost their lives. If certain things were done there would be an end of all courage, and of all heroism, and endurance, and we should be left with the faith that falters, and the heart that quails, in this age of ours, and in this year which Bacon in his day called—*Octogesimus octavus annus mirabilis.*

CHAPTER LXI.

Longevity in India.

"Age is a plain and palpable quality that admits of no dispute," says Adam Smith. Other men may dispute about our age, but when we get old there can be no dispute about the fact. If you live you are bound to get old, for the secret of perpetual youth remains to be discovered.

Old people are not without attractions. They are landmarks —links also which bind together successive generations. There are families in India, for example the Normans, whilom of Calcutta, which nearly bridge the whole period of the English occupation. *Place aux dames.* When the Prince of Wales was at Benares, in 1875, at his own request he was taken to see Mrs. Kennedy. That lady was born in 1787 and died at ninety-seven years of age, leaving 180 descendants. Moreover, she had seen Lord Lake before he left India in 1807. Then "the Duke:" he also went to see old people in Calcutta in 1801, and visited Mrs. Jenkinson, the progenitrix of the Liverpool family of nobles and the last survivor of the Black Hole. The Duke himself becomes famous, so he has his turn, and Mrs. Hough, who had danced with him in Bombay in 1803, becomes an object of attraction (born 1785, died 1873), so that successive Viceroys as they pass that way in the sixties and seventies are introduced. Some, perhaps all, of these ladies were born in the country and never left it. Hill-stations were a novelty in Mrs. Kennedy's times: she was taken very ill at one of them and would never go back again.

The age of ladies is a ticklish subject, so we pass on to Heber, who was entertained "right royally" at Sikrol near Benares by Brooke, the father of the Bengal Civil Service, fifty-six years in the country. Warden sat down to write his book on "Land

Tenures:" this was in India in 1814, and he had joined the Bombay Civil Service in 1769. Great is the delight of the traveller in India to meet with such patriarchs: nor is the feeling confined to Europeans in India. Aurangzeb at ninety or Nizam-ul-Mulk at one hundred and four had but to show himself, when there was a burst of enthusiasm. Maria Graham (1809) stumbles upon a General Macpherson, who had fought on the losing side at Culloden, keeping watch and ward on a lonely little fort on an inlet of the Indian Ocean—Sion—long an outpost of British supremacy, which, in these latter days, has been extended to Quetta, a thousand miles from Macpherson's hold. And Andrew Wilson (*Abode of Snow*, 1875) thus speaks with awe:—"I met at Srinagar (Kashmir), Colonel Gardner, a soldier of fortune, ninety years of age. There was something appalling to hear this ancient warrior discourse of almost prehistoric times, Ranjit Singh, Shah Shujah, and Dost Muhammad." Or later still (1875) Sir James Caird records his meeting with Mr. Drummond, a tea-planter of the North-West, "fifty years in India, now seventy-eight, in good health and likes the country." Then there was General Dick at Dehra Dun, who had fought under Lord Lake in 1805. He died in 1875 (ninety).*

But whether in India or Europe, old Indians, specially if they have "done" anything, are much sought after. De Boigne died in 1830 at eighty. Tod (*Annals of Rajasthan*) paid him a visit at Chambery. He had an old Indian servant who had been with him thirty years. The memory of India was then to him that of a long hot day. To the conqueror of the Rajputs the field of Mairta "appears all as a dream," or with Scott "like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field."

Then there was Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, the grandfather of Oscar, who entertained the Oriental Congress the other year. He died at the age of eighty, but when a young man he

* 1892, May 7. J. H. Bridgman died in North-West Province, aged 93. In 1833 he was granted 60,000 acres of land on the borders of Nepal, which he has rescued from jungle and wild beasts. Survived almost all his sons and grandsons. Been several times home. Rode on horseback until a year or two ago. A friend saw him twenty years ago. He was then dressed in a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, the *mode* when he arrived in India. He was rich and pleased when Sir Auckland Colvin came from a distance to see him.

fought with the French at Cuddalur (1783). He was then a sergeant, wounded and taken prisoner, and kindly treated by the English commandant Wangenheim. Many years after this the General attended the levée of Bernadotte, when he entered Hanover in triumph as a conqueror. "You have served in India?" said the King. "Yes, at Cuddalur." "Have you any recollection of a wounded sergeant you took under your protection?" With difficulty Wangenheim remembered and said he did, and would like to hear of his welfare. "That young sergeant was the person who has now the honour to address you," said the King, "and I am happy at this public opportunity to acknowledge the obligation."

Lord Elphinstone, successively Governor of Madras and Bombay, died in 1860 at the age of fifty-two. In 1885 James Faed was summoned to Balmoral to exhibit his picture of Lord Elphinstone. Her Majesty, who has a wonderful memory, suggested that the eyes were too far apart. The artist had been working from busts, photos, and the hints of friends. The photos showed the eyes close to each other, but as such a feature is considered by artists fatal to beauty, and as Lord Elphinstone was considered a very fine-looking man, Faed concluded the eyes were further apart than appeared in the photos. But the photos and her Majesty's memory were correct, and all honour to her Majesty that she had not forgotten the features that had impressed her in her early youth.

An accidental meeting which took place in Bombay in February 1886 is worth recording and would be a fine subject for a painter. Sir Henry Ramsay,* fifty years in India, with six months' furlough; General Phayre, of Baroda-conspiracy memory—Mini also, where a bullet passed through his body—forty-six years with six months' furlough; and a third who had never been home, laboring all his thirty-eight years for the good of others—Bowen, he of the falcon eye—

> "His eye e'en turn'd on empty space
> Beam'd keen with honour."

Noble triumvirate!

* Born 1816, entered the Indian Army 1834, served in the Panjab campaign 1848–49, was for many years Commissioner of Kumaun, and retired April 1892.—B.

Of the men who have spent consecutively the longest number of years in India a few names must suffice: J. Lawrence and Elphinstone (thirty-one), Colebrooke (thirty-two), Whitlock (thirty-six), Marshman and Metcalfe (thirty-seven), Jonathan Duncan (thirty-nine), Bowen (forty), Claude Martin (forty-two), Schwartz and Ochterlony (forty-eight), Cheape (fifty), Kiernander and Mark Cubbon (sixty).

Of service in India, Ramsay counts fifty-eight, Palmer fifty-three, Casement forty-seven, Phayre and Sleeman forty-six, Carey forty-two, Dr. John Wilson forty-four, Munro forty, Sir Walter Elliot thirty-nine, Briggs thirty-three, Warren Hastings thirty-three. Marston, who saved the life of Sir Charles Napier in Sind, forty-six, still lives.

Of men who have served in India some have lived to a great age. Three mighty men of war tower far above their fellows, one from each of the three kingdoms: Combermere (ninety-two), Tweeddale (ninety), Gough (ninety). But there is quite a host of the grand old men of India, slightly under this age, in arms, in arts, in letters and philanthropy.* Sir George Russell Clark (eighty-nine), Kiernander and Rennell (eighty-eight), Warren Hastings, Pollock, and Briggs (eighty-six), Amherst, Harris, Cheape, and Sir Walter Elliot (eighty-four), Wellesley, Wellington, and Teignmouth (eighty-three), Ellenborough, David Baird, Strathnairn, and Marsden (eighty-two), M. Elphinstone (eighty), De Boigne and Bishop Wilson (eighty).

Then follow the septuagenarians: Sir T. Hislop (seventy-nine), Sir Philip Francis, Ranald Martin, and James Fergusson (seventy-eight), Impey, Charles Grant, Mark Cubbon, and Molesworth (seventy-seven), Jonathan Scott and Charles Forbes (seventy-six), Generals Stuart and Medows (seventy-five), Clyde (seventy-four), Carey, Orme, and the Marquis of Hastings (seventy-three), Harry Smith, John Lawrence, and Dr. Duff (seventy-two), Silk Buckingham, Schwartz, Harding, Sir C. J. Napier, Colebrooke, and Dr. J. Wilson (seventy-one), James Forbes, Palmer, and Bowen (seventy). These last

* Brian Houghton Hodgson, D.C.L., born February, 1800, came out to India in 1819; brought to light the Sanskrit Buddhist literature of Nepal; wrote many papers on Natural History, languages of aboriginal tribes, Buddhist theories, etc.; retired in 1843, and is still alive (October 1892).—B.

reached the span of the Psalmist's three score years and ten. But some people did not live long in David's time. No monarch after David except Solomon and Manasseh ever exceeded sixty. Our Indian septuagenarians were "mere boys" compared with "the first three" Nestors we have named.

Strange, is it not, that the profession of the soldier, with which we should be disposed to associate everything inimical to human life, should be the most prolific in examples of longevity? But every mail brings us the news of Indian officers, men who have survived to as great an age as any we have named; and among a host of others, Magdala and Sir Henry Rawlinson, born in 1810, and General Alexander Cunningham, born in 1814, still flourish at home in a green old age.

The story goes that when Sir Walter Scott was in London he called on Allan Cunningham, and on asking him what he was going to do with his boys, Allan said, "I ask that question often at my own heart and I cannot answer it." Scott spoke to Lord Melville, Mr. John Loch, and others,* and we now know the result in the Indian career of three of them. This was the way friends helped each other in the olden time.

When Adam Smith wrote a hundred years ago he complained of the little interest the "nabob" of his time had in India. He says that "it was perfectly indifferent to him the day after he left it whether the whole country was swallowed up by an earthquake." But in the nineteenth century the men who have taken the deepest interest in India are those who have lived longest in it. Witness such lives as John Shore, Charles Grant, Mountstuart Elphinstone, or Dr. Duff. Did their zeal for India evaporate with the last sight of the Hugli or the Western Ghats? I trow not. There are those also who have fallen in the strife and not unwillingly at the post of duty—men who consecrated themselves to India and left their bones in it as witnesses for the ages to come. Carey, Coote, Cornwallis, Duncan, Durand, Elgin, Heber, and Havelock, Neill, Nicholson, Mayo, Jones and Kiernander, Henry Lawrence, Munro, Ochterlony, Sale, Schwartz, and the two Wilsons—

> "Their bones are scattered far and wide,
> O'er mount and stream and sea.

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ix., 246, and *Journal*, ii., 184.

In a list of the most distinguished Europeans who have acted a part in India since the Cape passage was discovered, of one hundred and thirteen names taken at random, forty-six died in India or adjacent lands and seas. Of several no man will ever know their resting-place. The Conollys, Coke, Troubridge, all we know of them is "they were and they are not." Some of their bodies have undergone strange migrations. Xavier, from Nipon to Goa, is now ensepulchred in silver and he is canonised among the saints; Albuquerque and Vasco da Gama to Portugal. The tomb of the former at Goa was long worshipped by the natives as that of a man who judged them righteously. Da Gama's cenotaph at Cochin is like the grave of Moses on Mount Nebo. You may seek for it but will not find it. Jacquemont was exhumed a few years ago, and a handful of bones and ashes (all that was left of him) taken to France;* Coote's body to Hampshire; and Lord Mayo's to Ireland; Mark Cubbon's from Suez to England; Claude Martin's remains were dug up by the mutineers in 1857; Skinner was buried in the church he had himself built in Dehli; Judson and John Peter Grant died at sea; Elgin sleeps well under an oak tree in the cemetery of Dharmsala, in Kangra. A strange request was made by the Marquis of Hastings on his death-bed (Malta 1827)—that his right hand should be cut off and kept until the death of the Marchioness, which was done, when it was put into her coffin and buried with her.



BODY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AT GOA.

Here we retrograde—it is a step from the cradle to the grave.

* *Ante*, Vol. I., pp. 183, 203.

and *vice versâ*. There are among the one hundred and thirteen names, fifty-three English, thirty-one Scotch, eleven Irish, seven French, three American, three Portuguese, two Swedish, one German, one Dutch, and one Spanish. These one hundred and thirteen are a selection, as we said, of the most distinguished Europeans in the history of modern India. So much for their nationality.

We now come to another question: What proportion of married men are in this one hundred and thirteen? The bachelors are, and have been, a strong force in India. Many after having held out have ultimately yielded to the overwhelming fascinations of the fair sex. Here are several who were altogether impervious: Amherst, Clyde, Coote, Macaulay, Schwartz, the two Elphinstones, Jonathan Duncan, Metcalfe, James Fergusson, and Ochterlony. Nobody expects such wanderers as Waghorn or Coryat, or Jacquemont or Leyden, or Henry Martyn or Sir Alexander Burnes, or Pottinger, a saint like Xavier, or a singer like Camoens to be married men. These men go a warfare on their own charges. You may add also Bowen,* who was not a misogamist, though Schwartz maintained that celibacy was an essential of the missionary. Judson, however, paid no attention to this, and was married three times, and so was Carey. Judson's wives were all authoresses.

We have named over twenty unmarried men, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the remainder were married. Who can tell, for example, whether James Macrae, Governor of Madras, was a married man? The public knew not that Orme was married until he died. But making allowance for such uncertainties, the Benedicts are greatly in excess on our list. Of the fifty names of men over seventy years of age forty-five of them were married. The longest-lived, therefore, are the married men, to which the bachelors of to-day will retort that they married because they were long-lived, and were not long-lived because they were married. "Under which king, Bezonian?"

Many are the reflections on the lives of Indian heroes on old age. "I am getting old," is the burden of many a sigh and refrain, even with Charles Napier, who kept his hard and well-

* *Ante*, Vol. I., p. 256.

seasoned frame in excellent condition far beyond the limits assigned to most men. But as Holmes says: "A cat can't be always a kitten."

Hear Munro:—"When I rise I feel as if I had the staggers." "I soon will not know the difference between a breckan and a dokan" (*anglicè*, fern and dock-leaf): and again, "I shall be *vue* when I leave India." Deafness increases. The General in Afghanistan who was asked by the Captain why his field-pieces had been removed during the night and replied: "Yes, as I have always said, it's a good thing to wear flannel next the skin,"—is a ludicrous example. And, sooth to say, men are reminded of their age sooner than they like. Outram at fifty-four is "Auld Jamie" among the 78th Highlanders, and about the same time Colin Campbell, Commander-in-Chief ("Khabardar" himself being then sixty-five), left him at the Alambagh with the words: "Take care of yourself, for mind, James, you are no chicken."

And then there is the memory. As the last stage approaches the meanest trifles outlive the greatest actions of their lives. That the Duke had the itch in Bombay and that he wiped it out with baths of sulphuric acid he never forgot, as also the smoke of the hut at Assaye which taught him where there was a ford, and the inevitable boar-hunt. There must be a wild fascination about a boar-hunt, as it also haunted Elphinstone to his dying day.

I conclude that men get old in India in the estimation of their fellows at an earlier date than in England. Seniority is the grave of emulation, said Henry Lawrence, and the inevitable fifty-five sends us to the Asia Minors. A crowd of young men are perpetually dinning it into our ears, until we begin to believe it: "You are the oldest man in the station. Go home and hear Gladstone talk for two hours, who is twenty years your senior, and you will be satisfied with yourself at all events." The youngest-looking *old* man that ever appeared in India was certainly Charles James Mathews on the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875. Until you saw his face you had only before you a man in the gay exuberance of youth, and he was humorous to the last. As he stepped on board he kept jingling in his hand a lot of two-anna pieces which he had received as change. "What shall I do with them?" His eye now brightening: "Happy

thought, I shall pass them off as three-penny bits!" Happy the man who at seventy-two can indulge in light pleasantry and not neglect the weightier duties of his age.

An Englishman who has lived for thirty or forty years in India is a kind of miracle—accidents on flood and field, sleeping with open doors, poison, miasma and wild beasts, accidents from horse-flesh and rickety houses, sleeping pointsmen or drowsy engineers, swollen rivers, sunstroke, sudden alternations of temperature, cholera and fever, not to speak of battle, murder, or sudden death.

England pays a heavy tribute to India in her young men. There is a big grist from the mills which grind exceedingly sure, and sometimes not at all slow. "Lord spare the green and take the ripe." But the green do not spare themselves. Henry Martyn (thirty-two), Jacquemont (thirty-one), Pottinger (thirty-two), Stoliczka (thirty-six), Basevi (thirty-eight), Cameron in the Sudan, or him of whom Warren Hastings wrote:—

> "An earlier death was Eliot's doom,
> I saw his opening virtues bloom;"

or Leyden (thirty-six), whom Malcolm bewailed—

> "Where sleep the brave on Java's strand,
> Thy ardent spirit, Leyden, fled."

The Queen's enemies never "spare the green." Burnes (thirty-six), the Conollys about the same age, Nicholson (thirty-six): a legion of the mighty dead. Emily Eden, a spinster of uncertain age, on a visit to an Indian cemetery noted that the tombs were mostly of children or young people. Writing to her sister she adds archly enough: "You need not therefore be at all anxious on our account!"

The clergy, as a rule, in India have been long-lived: this is no doubt owing to their temperate habits and peaceful vocation. Jacobi, R. C. Archbishop of Agra, arrived in India 1841. Jubilee celebrated Feb. 1891. However, the entire series of the Bishops of Calcutta since the establishment of the Episcopate have died in India, always excepting the present incumbent, whom God preserve: Middleton (fifty-four), Heber (forty-three), Turner (fifty?), Wilson (eighty), Cotton (fifty-three), Milman (sixty). All were married (of Milman I am uncertain).

Some of the missionaries have lived goodly lives, and exceed the bishops: Carey (seventy-three), Keirnander (eighty-eight), Judson (sixty-two), Marshman (fifty-nine), Schwartz (seventy-one), Duff (seventy-two), Wilson (seventy-one), Bowen (seventy); to which list many names could be added.

A great many men perish from overwork. Xavier (forty-six), and Waghorn (forty-nine), are extreme cases. What about Dalhousie (forty-eight), Elgin (fifty-two), Canning (fifty), and James Wilson (fifty-five), the ablest financier India ever had: he certainly died from overwork and coming to India too late in life? "You cannot transplant an oak at fifty," quoth Burke. Archbishop Porter (sixty-two), "too late, too late!" "My mother," said he to me, "was born in Kirkcudbright," and sure I am that the mantle of St. Cuthbert never fell on a more loving or genial disciple.

There have been what we call untimely ends. People who observe coincidences have been struck with the strange fatality of the leaders of the Ambala Conference (1869)—Mayo, Durand, Donald McLeod and Sher Ali himself. Three Military Secretaries of the Viceroys all died in battle or carnage within a short time of each other; Colley at Majuba, Earle on the Nile, and Gordon at Khartum—all in Africa.

Distinguished Irishmen in India are few, but they are in the highest realms of fame. Wellington, Wellesley, Coote, Charles Napier, Wheeler, Gough, Mayo, and the two Lawrences may be claimed as Irishmen.

In this roll of distinguished men we have said there are thirty-one Scotsmen. A further analysis brings out the fact that only two or three belong to the eighteenth century. For Scotsmen, therefore, in the eighteenth century the prospect was dull enough in India. A story is told of a Scotsman passing the old Secretariat in Calcutta about sunset. He coughed out, "I say Grant," when about a dozen heads appeared simultaneously at the windows to reconnoitre the speaker. I don't think this story belongs to the eighteenth century: it evidently harks back only to 1805–16, when Charles Grant was elected thrice chairman of the East India Company.

Somebody is always first, and the English nation, by prescription and proximity, were first to establish themselves in

India. The truth is the faces of the Scots were in early days turned to the West and not to the East Indies. Paterson, that eminent Scotsman who founded the Bank of England, led them to Darien, and even when Burns sang, "Will ye go to the Indies, lassie?" he was not thinking of Hindustan but rather of the Oronoco, or even Virginia, to which he was on the eve of embarking to herd cattle in the prairies of the West.

Not until the last year of the century did Sir David Baird appear, but it was "persecution dragged him into fame." Great Scot! With the dawn of a new century another era began. Elphinstone, Mackintosh, and Munro, three Scotsmen, shaven and temperate, who did not smoke, and who read their Bibles daily. Malcolm followed them. After a long lull, for India's extremity was Scotland's opportunity, the cry arose, "The Campbells are coming," and Dalhousie beheld Clyde, sword in hand; and emerging from the heat of a great conflagration Elgin, Hope Grant, Neill, Outram, Rose and Magdala* came forth as it were out of the fire, seven times purified. It was Scotland's turn now. What she missed in the eighteenth century she fully made up in the nineteenth, for no one will deny that she has had her fair share of honour and glory and the highest paid offices of the State. It was the order of Providence that Sir William Jones should come before Mackintosh, Warren Hastings before Dalhousie, Lake before Clyde, Carey and Henry Martyn before Duff and Wilson. But for one Governor-General who was a Scotsman in the eighteenth century you will have five filling that exalted office in the nineteenth; for one Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army who was a Scotsman you will have five. And in the long bead-roll of the Governors of Bombay and Madras it is the same story with this difference, seven in our century to one in the last. Stands Scotland where it did? I should think so, and much better than it did. St. Andrew is the cry—

> "Still as of yore, Queen of the North!
> Still canst thou send thy children forth."

* Sir Robert C. Napier, born in Ceylon (1810); died January 12th, 1890. "I have always felt that my name belonged to Scotland."—Speech on receiving freedom of the City of Edinburgh, September 16th, 1868.



MOUNT GIRNAR IN KATHIAWAR.

CHAPTER LXII.

Cannibal and Ogre.

"This is a ghastly subject," said Mrs. (now Lady) Burton to Dr. Vandyke Carter as they sat down under a cloud of cigarette smoke to discuss leprosy. I could see that she began with a smiling face and maintained it to the end.

This also is a subject so gruesome that it requires absolutely to be relieved by some diversion. Even Xavier one day asked a "praying insect" to sing a canticle; and Bowen, his successor in these latter days in the Konkan, once extracted a joke out of suicide. "Made myself such a fool that I cannot live," was found scrawled on a scrap of paper. "If all the people in the world who have made fools of themselves were to go and do likewise there would be few people left." Even with subjects that are not dreadful the mind chafes under the strain. Take

Palestine, for example. Probably it is the dream of your life: four weeks of sacred scenes—a kind of sacrament which binds earth to heaven. Well I remember one day—we had got as far as Cœle-Syria, with our human nature still about us—my exhausted companion throwing himself on the ground with a "Well, now let us have a good Scotch story." So it is with these cannibals a kind of Dante's *Inferno,* where the darkness is very visible: but we must try and rummage some skeletons out of the cupboard, for it is good to be merry and wise.

There are two kinds of cannibals—those who eat their enemies, and those who eat their friends.

"Why do you not kill your dogs instead of your elderly relatives?" "Dog catch otter," was the reply of a utilitarian Patagonian.

"Mind, I'm to have the first slice," a great novelist makes the sailor ejaculate, as he sees the lot which had been cast has fallen upon him. And there is a touch of grim humour in Sidney Smith's answer to "What shall we do with Ireland?" "Let her eat her children, and then you will have the philosopher's stone of Political Economy. You will increase the food-supply and diminish the number of mouths that prey on the capital stock."

Then there is a story of Herodotus that "Darius sent for a certain race of Indians who eat their fathers." We Indians can swallow a good deal, but are inclined to make faces at this *pièce de résistance:* so we repeat the ditty:—

> "Herodotus, Herodotus,
> You could not spell, you ancient cuss;
> The priests of Egypt gammon'd you,
> Which was not very hard to do.
> But don't you think you'll gammon us,
> Herodotus, Herodotus!"

Possibly far down in the substratum of our social history cannibalism existed,—

> "For not the Christian, nor the Jew alone,
> The Persian or the Turk acknowledge this.
> This mystery to the wild Indian known,
> And to the cannibal and Tartar, is"—

universal? No, not universal: that would have soon ended in the vision of Campbell's Last Man: the last of the human race as Adam saw its prime. If it did not exist, how has the idea worked itself into all languages? Are these forms the nodules of an extinct world, or are we to regard them as mere imagery, poets' licence or extravaganza, the bellowings of revenge, of boastful indignation, rather than idioms which have filtered through the ages long after the reality has disappeared? I dare not touch the *Ramayana*, but I am sure it is there in abundance, reality or a dream. Homer also; Achilles exclaims in his fury that he would like to eat the flesh of his enemies. David also in the Psalms. The Scotch version, by an Englishman—

> 'When as mine enemies and foes,
> Most wicked persons all,
> To eat my flesh against me rose,
> They stumbled and did fall."

"I'll chaw them up," says some old Napier or Chamberlain on Afghan hill or Indian plain.

"You have killed me with kindness. You have done everything except bury me," says U. S. Grant as he leaves our station. This, and a doting mother to her child, "I could eat you up," bring us to quite the opposite pole of cannibalism.

Tyrrell Leith was great on this and kindred subjects: our discussions, alas! brought to a close by his early death. No more shall we drive before Etesian winds, or glide quietly into some creek of Heptanesia and listen to the flapping of the great lateen sail—

> "Now thy brow is cold,
> I see thee in the days of old."

There is no doubt that the land we live in—Western India—has had an evil reputation, and that for a very long time. If you spread your dredging net wide enough to catch the *Mardicura* or man-eater on the shores of the Caspian, and the assassins (Hashishin) of Alamut, you will secure some fine gregarious specimens for your Chamber of Horrors. None of them fortunately come up alive: they are all as extinct as the dodo or the megatherium.

England is the St. George that has slain the great dragon of

infanticide which among the Jadhejas ravaged Kachh and Kathiawar and made them a scene for the massacre of the innocents, and that Cyclopean monster of self-immolation which laid waste Rajputana in the days of Akbar—*Jauhar*—which you can get men now only to speak of with bated breath.

The Thags are nearly as extinct as the ghouls of the *Arabian Nights*. Thousands of victims in Malwa and far beyond, of that accursed gang—

> "Who buried them deep,
> Their bones to sleep,
> That mortal man might never them see,"

within the area we have described, have come and gone,—the greatest organisations which have ever existed for the destruction of human life.

The history of cannibalism in India is like that of snakes in Ireland:—"There are no snakes in Ireland." Herodotus began it (B.C. 446). We take up a paper and find it at Jajhpur, Katak (*Pioneer*, April 1890). As we have said before, sometimes they eat their friends, sometimes their relations, sometimes their enemies. When they do the one they never do the other. They eat, however, and seem thankful. Sometimes they fatten them up and sometimes they make them lean, or wait until they are attenuated and life is not worth living for. It is this last Herodotus affects, and he is very circumstantial. The fasting man on the thirtieth day would have been of no use to them. The victim must be ill, but not too ill. Then, says he, their flesh would be spoiled for them. The picture is not attractive, not nearly so much as in the other method. (*Arabian Nights*): "I ate little that I might not grow fat, and every one of my companions who became fat they ate, until I and that man remained, for I was lean and he was ill." There is a rich vein of sentimentality about this. Yes, that man was ill and I was lean, so we had much to be thankful for. This was clearly not a case of "laugh and grow fat." The etiquette was that the men ate men (*mardicura*), the women women. Nobody could eat the other sex. It was a compliment to the other sex that the one would not eat the other. In all this there was great refinement, and cannibalism was deprived of its repulsive features, coaxed into chivalry, if not made one of the Fine Arts.

After Herodotus, the cannibal in India is by no means a blank, for, not to speak of Ktesias, Aristotle, Ælian, Pliny, Philostratus, all have their say on him. "*On parle de cette bête*," says D'Anville, who had studied the subject (*Éclaircissements*, 1753). But what we wish to impress on the reader is the fact that, among Europeans, Herodotus was the first to paint India black with cannibalism. He did not know India as he knew Egypt. He is an oracle on Egypt, for he had been there himself: but we all know India better than Herodotus. All that he has put together he has gathered by hearsay. He was never nearer to India than Babylon on the Euphrates, and even the India which he knew only from skippers or traders down the Gulf, or pilgrims to the black stone of Mecca, was a limited India—Sind (Hind), Kachh or Gujarat. Of the peninsula of India he knew nothing. His statements on our subject we entirely discredit, and other writers we have named have simply followed in his track.

The next notice we produce is from James Forbes (*Oriental Memoirs*), and, curious enough, the part of India he deals with is that from which, among others, Herodotus may be supposed to have drawn his information. "On leaving Bharoch, I arrived at Debca," he quotes Jean Thevenot. "The inhabitants formerly anthropophagi, and it is not many years since man's flesh was there sold in the markets." We give it in the original: "Les habitants de cet bourg étoient autrefois de ceux qu'on nommoit Merdicoura ou Antropofages, mangeurs d'hommes, et il n'y a pas grand nombre d'années qu'on y vendoit encore de la chair humaine au marche" (*Les Voyages de M. de Thevenot aux Indes Orientales*, 1666).

Dabka, as the name is spelled nowadays, is a village of 2000 souls, 20 miles distant from Baroda on the Mahi, and not unknown to sportsmen. D'Anville, in commenting on this passage, to which he seems to give implicit belief, tells us that Thevenot is a veracious traveller. *Sans doute*. But may not he and Herodotus have been imposed upon? The only shambles like enough to a butcher's stalls, which have been seen in that quarter from time immemorial, is when a dozen carcasses of black buck and nilgai are suspended from the trees—delight of the shikari, and the luck of the roaring camp.

A third statement closes the body of evidence on this subject. In the year 1822 two young men, by name Lieutenant Prendergast and Captain Low of the Madras Army, wandering near the sources of the Narmada, came to a place of the name of Amarakanthak, inhabited by Gonds called Bandarwars, and they have left on record the following extraordinary statement:—"We learned after much trouble that they killed and ate the delicate, aged or dying of their relations." *

Here is Herodotus *redivivus*. But not content they add this delicious morsel: "In other things a simple race, they do it as an act acceptable to Kali, a mercy to their relations and a blessing to the whole race." All who knew Dr. Wilson will share his misgivings where he says on this startling revelation (*Caste*, 1877):—"This matter deserves to be inquired into," which we are now doing in a kind of way, and have looked into Hunter's *Gazetteer* in vain for confirmation of the assertion of these two gentlemen.

From all these stories one would infer that cannibalism in India was a national institution, and, like *sati*, was sanctioned by the laws of the State or tribe among which the custom was said to prevail: but the real truth seems to be that cannibalism never existed in India. The basis and groundwork of all the speculations and assertions of the ancients and moderns lie in one word, and that word is—famine. They have not been able to distinguish between men driven to an act and men volunteering an act.

India has been no more guilty of cannibalism than Jerusalem, Samaria, or Saragossa, the beleaguered cities, the castaway sailors on their floating rafts, or the pilgrims in the sandy desert—

> "When Mecca mourns her missing caravan,
> And Cairo sickens with the long delay,"

driven to the last resource of human woe.

India has always been a land of famines. What has been recorded we know: what has not been recorded we do not know. But the further back we grope the blacker the picture

* Alexander's *East India Magazine*, 1831, p. 140.

until our steps are barred by the blackness of darkness itself in the Durga Devi famine of twelve years (1396–1407). That was an event beyond which the history of famines does not take us, when the ground for miles around such ancient cities as Gaur Mandu, Kanauj, Kalyan was whitened with the bones of the dead, and when Kali rode forth on her pale horse, triumphant, with a necklace of human skulls, and Hades followed after. I have no doubt that it was the memory of some such event that whiled away the pen of Herodotus by the waters of Babylon, and the tradition of Durga Devi itself that met Thevenot on his march to Ahmadabad in the apocryphal human shambles of Dabka.

Go to the famine of 1769–70, when a third of the population of Bengal was destroyed. Go to Nasik and Nagar (1802, *Bombay Gazetteer*), Baroda and the Konkan (1812), Kathiawar (1813). Read Basil Hall and Carnac, Orissa (1866–67), read Hunter and the records of our latest famine (1876–77), and you will not require to consult Herodotus or Thevenot for examples of this most appalling human frenzy. Not indigenous, nor of instinct, nor of artifice, nor willingly, nor of malice prepense, but poor humanity in its last agony and struggle for existence, throwing its arms wildly about in a whirlwind of despair. Did any Peshwah ever raise his little finger to alleviate or prevent such a catastrophe? The rulers of this land, and in those times, only knew one thing, and that was how to take care of themselves.

We now proceed to the Aghori, who have the credit of being partly cannibals. *Ghora* means terrible (Whitworth), and the word "ogre" may be derived from it* (Andrew Wilson). They are in every respect the ghouls of the *Arabian Nights*, "are said to haunt burial-grounds and other sequestered spots, to feed upon dead human bodies, and to kill and devour any human creature who has the misfortune to fall in their way" (Lane). A few isolated statements of travellers, some, indeed most of them, unsupported by any evidence whatever, have appealed to the wild and weird imagination of men in all ages. Such is the fascination of the mysterious and the horrible.

* Quite as likely related to *ugra*, "the terrible," a name of Rudra.—B.

You remember the story of Sidi Numan—the Shekh and his beautiful bride; and how he noticed she was such a small eater, rice—one pickle at a time with her bodkin—picked like a bird; how he was a sound sleeper. But one night by chance he awoke and missed his beautiful Amin from his side; how he started up and rushed to the *jaluses*, peering through which he was just in time to catch a glimpse of "the woman in white" vanishing across the maidan, her muslin veil flying in the wind; how he opened the lattice, stepped out into the cold moonlight, and followed her unobserved, and how over the garden wall of the cemetery he noticed, to his horror, that she was sitting on the edge of a new-made grave with an old hag who was cutting off pieces of a corpse, &c. But we must not forget the moral. Next morning he charged her with the crime, when she converted him into a dog and sent him howling out of the room.

Fable, superstition and extravagance. It does not require such monsters to exist, for the genius of the poet in all ages and countries will soon create them. Even Burns had barely passed the limits of Tarbolton when he sees his legions—

> "Skim the moors and dizzy crags
> Wi' wicked speed,
> And in kirkyards renew their leagues
> Oure howkit dead."

The Katkaris of Matheran do not eat their dead, but they dig them up a fortnight after burial and burn them to ashes amid a wild orgy of drink and lamentation. Our great authority on the Aghori is Tod, "the worthy and genial Colonel James Tod" of Dr. Wilson. Tod died at the early age of fifty-three. He was settling some business with his London banker when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. This was in 1835. He had been eighteen years in Rajputana, made the acquaintance of Williams, the Resident of Baroda, and from him heard of the Aghori. Williams only knew of the facts here stated as they were given to him by hearsay, and Tod knew nothing of his own knowledge.

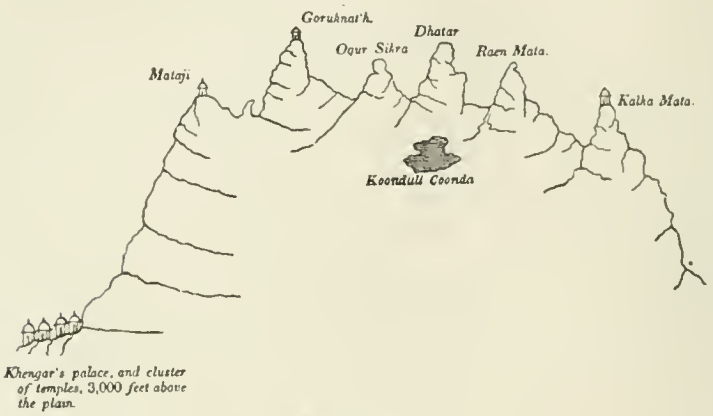
Williams—*loquitur*—"One of the Deora Chiefs told me that a very short time since, when conveying the body of his brother

to be burnt, one of these monsters crossed the path of the funeral procession and begged to have the corpse, saying that it would make excellent *chatni!*" He does not say whether the Chief gave the corpse, drove away the Aghori or gave him *bakhshish*. Again: "One of these devils came, I think, in 1808 to Baroda, and actually ate the arm of a dead child." And then comes the story of the Brahman boy who was stoned to be converted into food, and afterwards rescued half-dead—which has been well harped upon. We have no doubt that the first case was to extort money, and that the second was an incident of some big famine. A man writing in 1835 of what another man told him in 1822 took place in 1808, might easily give the wrong date (which may have been 1812, a year of famine). However, the curious reader may consult Tod's book (*Travels in Western India*, 1835). These details made a deep and abiding impression on him, as we shall see, and awakened a keen interest in travellers who succeeded him in this region. Tod, however, had the good fortune to meet with an Aghori on Girnar: and the picture of this naked ascetic haunted him to his dying day. It followed him to Rome, and the impression it made on him was so great that in England he could never get quit of it. "No scene," he says, "produced such sentiments as I experienced on the summit of the seven-peaked Girnar, the Aghori heaving forth the outpouring of the spirit before the shrine of Gorakha, in the presence of a solitary Frank, on the precipitous side of Devakota, with the ocean lit up by the last rays of the setting sun."

The next instance (*Anglo-Ind. Dict.*, 1885): "An Aghori was lately convicted of offering an indignity to a human corpse, he having disinterred the body of a child and eaten a portion of it; another was found with the hand and foot of a child only partially stripped of the flesh." As these seem the most circumstantial cases, it is a pity Mr. Whitworth has given neither date nor place, which we think must be obtainable. They are probably the "damned spots" in the famine of 1876, and we are confirmed in this conviction by the *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol vi., though it refers to another occurrence:—"A small party of Aghori lately established themselves on a neighbouring hill (Ujjain) and committed

depredations by snatching half-consumed bodies from the funeral pyre."

Then follows a statement which lets in a stream of glorious sunlight on the whole business:—"In the end the Mahraja's (Sindia's) officer, by *ensuring a regular supply of food*, put a stop to these depredations," which shows that they were driven to the *dernier ressort* by lack of food.



GIRNAR PEAKS.*

The region to which the reader will now accompany us is that of Kachh and Kathiawar, the fertile parent of so many prodigies. Girnar, near Junagadh, from time immemorial has been the abode of the Aghori, and Tod resolved to visit the seven-peaked mountain. It is in truth a wild and desolate region—wilder and weirder by the gloomy associations with which it is invested: "Antars vast and deserts idle. Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven." It is a stiff climb of over 3000 feet, but he did it and went over the Jain temples. The peak of Kalka, which the Aghori are said to haunt, is separated from the point which Tod visited by a

* The sketch in the cut is from Tod's *Travels*, and roughly represents the summits of Girnar. The Jaina temples are at an elevation of about 2700 feet; the first summit, that of Amba Mataji, is about 600 feet above them; the second, of Gorakhanath, reaches a height of about 3450 feet; the third, of Dattatraya or Neminatha, is nearly as high; the Oghad and Renuka peaks are lower, and Kalka or Kalika Mata is the farthest.—B.

deep valley—the Valley of the Shadow of Death—and I am not surprised that neither Tod (1822), Dr. Wilson (1835), Dr. Burgess (1869), Andrew Wilson (1875), Dr. Campbell (1888), nor Dr. Codrington (1890), paid it a visit. There are limits to human endurance. Tod fevered and his feet failed him; Dr. Wilson was too anxious to get down to the stone of Asoka: he never even mentions the Aghori, leaving them to his more imaginative son, who was never very good about the legs; Dr. Codrington,—the subject completely escaped his mind when on Girnar; and Burgess, stout hill climber as he is, reached the Dattatraya peak, about 400 feet above the Kamandala Kunda, near sunset, too late to go farther, and has left on record the ominous local proverb:—"If three set out two may be expected to return." For us therefore the Aghori and Kalka are the vultures on their eyrie or veritable Tower of Silence on which the foot of European apparently has never trod—an uncanny spot when so many men have refrained from paying it a visit. He who furnishes us with an account of the unexplored Kalka will deserve honourable mention.

If any reader has had the patience, and we may add the courage, to accompany us through the revolting details we have placed before him, he will come to the only conclusion open to us: that the cannibal and the Aghori are creations of acute famine, and that in the primary sense of the words or their accepted meanings they have never existed, nor do exist in India.

I am confirmed in this belief in the Aghori that among their abominable practices neither Dr. Wilson (*Caste*, 1877) nor Dr. Sherring (*Hindu Tribes and Castes*, 1877) ranks that of "body-snatching." Every case of either Aghori or supposed cannibalism can be, as I take it, traced to one cause, and one cause only—except such as are founded on fable and imposture. Why is it to-day that the one authority, both from his learning and experience, who is entitled to speak on this subject—why is it that he is now able to write: "I believe no Aghori are now to be found in Girnar. I have heard of only one during the last ten years"? Because the British Government, over and above the lives of its servants, spent ten millions sterling in mitigating the horrors of the last great famine of 1876: and no

more noble or unselfish object could ever awaken the energies of a nation.

When the destinies of India are wound up she may borrow, and not irreverently, the words of the greatest and best: "When I was hungry ye gave me meat, when I was athirst ye gave me drink." It was the first care of Him, the Saviour Himself, to feed the hungry and cast out devils when He dwelt among the oleanders of Galilee. He also had the same outcasts to deal with, loathsome ascetics dwelling among the tombs, naked, cutting themselves with stones, exceeding fierce, and howling day and night; and not only cured them, but sent them forth to the world with His divine message of peace and good-will to men before He had given His great commission to either disciple or apostle.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Anglo-Indian Ghosts.

We are not going to argue whether there are ghosts or not, for there are ghosts indubitably to people who believe in them.

What amount of tyranny they exercised on our forefathers will never be known; and, if known, would not be believed. You have only to read carefully Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* to get an inkling of what was believed and what he, a common-sense man, believed himself.

Bombay was indeed once full of astrology and divination, and witches were publicly whipped at our Cathedral door, but a good deal of the fabric of this old superstition came down with the ramparts. When they fell, great was the fall thereof.

The ghosts themselves lingered indeed long after this, but they were mere attenuated shadows—if ghosts have shadows—and not those astute and pretentious beings they were in Hornby's time, when astrology could alter the day of the East India Company's sale, dictate to a Governor the time of his departure, or direct a General's action in the field.

The business of the ghost proper in former times seems to have been, among other things, to convey news of a person's decease to his friends in England.

Having come into existence before the movements of the heavenly bodies were known, the ghosts proceeded on the old lines, that the earth was a flat surface which the sun lightened up simultaneously.

The ghosts in this respect were out of their reckoning, for we now know that nine o'clock here is not nine o'clock in England; but so anxious was the *wraith* to communicate the news that not only was this forgotten, but, as we shall see farther on, the ghost was sometimes in such a hurry running off with the news before the breath left the individual, that occasionally the

patient cheated both ghost and doctor by surviving many years afterwards.

The utility of these ghostly exhibitions has been altogether superseded by the introduction of the electric telegraph. Fed and nourished by the nervous excitement about friends in far-off countries, from whom they were separated by stormy oceans and arid deserts, the devotees of this religion—for it was a religion—gave up their belief as soon as it was found possible to communicate with individuals instantaneously on the other side of the world. The truth is, the electric telegraph has flashed this class of spirits out of existence. And in corroboration of this statement we venture to say that since the introduction of the system in 1865, not one case of the kind represented by our illustrations has been put on record or appeared in the public prints.*

The first message that reached Bombay from Europe was in March 1865. It declared that peace had been proclaimed between the North and South States of America. The word "peace," borne on angel's wings to the shepherds of Bethlehem, and bequeathed to mankind by the Saviour himself, was the first word that was flashed from Europe to India.†

Now for our illustrations.

The earnestness, sincerity, and simplicity with which Lord Brougham details the story of an Indian ghost disarm criticism. One can almost see the twitching of his nose, for it had a cartilaginous movement of its own, as in one of those great orations of his where he carried everything before him by storm. For you there is left nothing but absolute belief.

Ghost or no ghost, Brougham saw it. That Brougham's most intimate friend was a fellow-student in Edinburgh; that they

* "*Phantasms of the Living*, 1886, No. 190. Mrs. L., a most vivid and intelligent narrator, tells how, on September 21st, 1874, when in India, she had a dream which made her say next day of her friend in England, 'Mrs. Reed is dead.' A sister with her on the same day sat down and wrote to a lady in the West of England 'telling her exactly what I had said,' and asking particulars. The letter was at once answered, and was followed by news of the death in England on the 21st (it really took place near that date). But where is the letter, and where is the answer?"—A. Taylor Innes, *In the Nineteenth Century*, August, 1887.

† No doubt some wicked person will say that this telegram produced anything but peace and good-will to men within our city.

discussed great questions on the immortality of the soul; that they finally resolved to sign a bond that the one who died first should come back and solve the doubts of his living brother; that a bond to this effect was written out and signed with their own blood; that they parted company never to meet again on earth, his friend to an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, Brougham to work out that marvellous career with which we are all so familiar; that several years afterwards Brougham, travelling in Norway, arrived at an inn towards midnight, cold, hungry, and exhausted; that he had just been in a hot bath, when, looking at the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, he saw sitting in it his friend, about whom he had not previously been thinking; that the face looked calmly at him; that he stumbled out of his bath—how he did so he could not tell—and fell on the floor, when the apparition disappeared; that this was on the 19th December, 1799, on which date he made the record; that on his arrival in Edinburgh, some months after, he found that his friend in India had died on the very day on which he had seen his presentment; and that sixty years afterwards Brougham records that all this is true and of verity. All these details are given in his autobiography.

We only add that Brougham believed in the immortality of the soul on higher ground than that furnished by this narration.

The interest of the next story is increased by a conversation with the ghost, for with this exception and another most important one, the narrative of Henry Salt's ghost runs in almost parallel lines with the foregoing. Salt had been twice in Bombay, once in 1805, and again in 1810 for several months, visiting all sorts of places, principally in our Buddhist Terra Sancta, climbing up into the eyries among the caves of Kanheri, and diving down into the depths of the subterranean Jogeshwari. He too had a friend, Halls, who ultimately became his biographer. They had their doubts, and they resolved to settle them in exactly the same manner, and a bond was signed.* The year is

* "It is hereby mutually promised by the undersigned that in the case of the death of either of the parties the spirit of the deceased one shall, if permitted, visit the survivor, and relate what he may be able to impart of his situation.

(Sd.) "J. J. Halls; Henry Salt."

"We have actually heard and read of persons profane enough to make

1819; Halls is in England, Salt, Consul-General in Egypt. It is Halls that now speaks:—

"I fancied that I was lying awake in my bed-room. It was broad daylight. A figure glided into the room and withdrew the curtains, and Salt stood before me. He took my hand in his, which felt cold and lifeless, and looked earnestly in my face. His countenance was calm and appeared deadly pale, but had an unearthly look about it. 'Salt, you are not among the living,' said I. He shook his head. 'I have come according to promise.' 'How is it with you?' 'Better than might have been expected.' And the vision disappeared."

Here, too, the date, the 5th of May, was noted, when it was found that Salt had been dangerously ill. He was in fact "better than might have been expected," and lived eight years afterwards.*

Our next is a tale of the Indian Mutiny and is related by Andrew Lang, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It happened to a lady, a distant relative of the writer, to waken one morning in Edinburgh, and, as she thought, she saw her father standing by her bed-side. He was dressed in full uniform as a General in the East India Company's army, and seemed to her to press his hand on his side, with a look of pain, and then to disappear. The lady mentioned what she supposed she had seen to the clergyman with whom she was residing. He took a note of the date of the occurrence, which happened in a time, as was supposed, of profound peace. The next news from India brought tidings of the Mutiny, and that the lady's father had gone out in full uniform to address his native troops and had been shot down by them.

In Calcutta a ghost walked into the Chamber where Warren Hastings and his Council were sitting, as Tom Killigrew did with Charles II. It (that is, the ghost) wore a stove-pipe hat, and, though it immediately vanished into thin air, it was remembered months after, when Calcutta was full of such hats,

engagements about appearing after death. The determination to attempt it is against the economy of God; and if in any instance the spectre has seemed to fulfil the engagement, there can be no dependence on it."—John Foster.

* Goldsmid, C. S., died in 1855 at Cairo (tablet in Byculla Church), aged forty-two; was set down as having an evil spirit which wasted his life. He paid the station (Dharwar, I think) off at a dinner party, to the great amusement of himself and everybody except the guests.

that this must have been an *avant-courrier* that dauntless stood and high, clothed in the head-gear of the next generation, long ere the first of the black hats had arrived from Europe. With what vagaries do ghosts disport themselves!

But we must now come nearer our own Presidency. And here the *ego* creeps in, sleeping on the high ground yclept Rauza, above Elura, in one of those spacious and beautiful Musalman tombs which must have cost a lakh of rupees.

I was awoke at midnight by a dull thud or deadened knock, at apparently fixed intervals, as of some avenging spirit, possibly that of him who slept under me, who had business to do, and nevertheless was in no great hurry to do it. The moon stole through the delicate arabesque tracery in the windows, casting its wondrous ashy light on the marble sarcophagus on which I lay and in flaky sheets on the pavement all around. Who art thou? Determined to find out, I strode forward, and opening cautiously the ponderous gate I emerged from the tomb quite the reverse of the condition of the demoniacs in the New Testament. The mystery was solved. The great spiked door had a lock and chain, the links of which, swaying to and fro, dangled in the wind and produced the unearthly concussion. This was very near being a ghost.

Western India is full of places suitable for ghosts. Need I name them? Ahmadabad, Bijapur, and many a ruined fort, grim, hoar, and full of legends of crime and blood.

Surat ought to be a good place for ghosts in the dark half of the moon. No thin or shadowy sprites or fays could find a fit resting-place among her Brobdingnagian tombs. Mr. Bellasis, C.S., 1869, gives a good account of these tombs. His father was long in Bombay, and about the beginning of this century it was his habit to drive from his house in Breach Candy to the Fort in a bullock-*gari*. Geo. Hutchins Bellasis, author of *Views of St. Helena*, 1815, was apparently a brother: Price says of him, "son of the late General Bellasis of the Bombay Artillery, and grandson of the historian of Dorsetshire."—Price's *Memorials*, 1839.

> "Hop, Mop, and Drap so clear,
> Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were
> To Mab their sovereign dear,
> Her special maids of honour."

All such small fry of fairy mythology the reader may safely consign to the sunny and grassy slopes of Matheran, for they could not hold their own with the strong and lusty spirits of antiquity we might meet with in Surat. John Spencer as he stood stern and immaculate before the rising fate and fortunes of Clive. Vaux, with the traitor's brand on his lips (of course), a spirit from the depths of Swally. Coryat in pilgrim's garb drinking the "bluid red wine;" Bigarah twirling his moustachios; Sivaji something like "a kingly crown" had on.

And then the Tapti, rolling down in full flood, cruel as death, insatiate as the grave, like the weird pandemonium of the Jacobite ballad—

"Where Whigs poured in like Nith in spate"—

must be full to the brim of brownies, banshees, and water kelpies under equally uncouth names.

Even in broad daylight, with the sun shining brightly, and the sound of the pigeons echoing their mournful croon, up those big trees that cast their mighty shadows over Hope's bungalow, our drowsy intelligence would suffer no eclipse if the ghosts of Eliza Draper and Commodore James* (no Daniel come to judgment) should appear tripping up the stairs with an eighteenth century curtsey from the shades of the past.

"Notably gay, a lady gay was she,
For, oh, her mantle was made of silk, and it hung right daintily."

We will now speak of the Dapuri † ghost, and for an account of this apparition we are indebted to Sir Bartle Frere. I don't like the place much myself. An old decaying mansion, its unfed sides and widowed raggedness stare you in the face. A broken flowerpot, and in it the last rose of summer. A river black, silent, and sluggish, flowing imperceptibly amid green

* Commodore James's granddaughter married in August, 1824, Jules Armand Marie, Prince de Polignac, Minister of Charles X. See Vol. I., pp. 118, 420 f.

† Dapuri, built by Captain Ford, an assistant of Sir Barry Close, Resident at Poona in 1812, who afterwards took service with the Peshwah and commanded a brigade, and who materially contributed to our success at Khirki. It cost him a lakh and Rs. 10,000. It was bought by Sir John Malcolm for Government for Rs. 10,000; and in 1864, during the mania, sold to Dr. Diver for 3½ lakhs. Afterwards a brewery here.

slime, in which the coil of a loathsome water snake as thick as your wrist deftly disappears at the sound of your footsteps on the gravel. This seems just the place at midnight for unearthly creatures to roam in, and where, if you did not hear the rustling of silk or the clanking of chains, you could soon invent these sounds by the sheer force of listening for them, and the power of your own imagination.

The ghost that appeared here, and it may still do so, is stated to be that of Mountstuart Elphinstone,* and by its protean shapes and defiance of the rules of Pythagoras it does wonderful homage to the versatility of this great man's character.

Mounty puts in an appearance as a dog, cat, goat, or jackal.

This is a distinct manifestation of genius, for the capacity of this spirit seems boundless and can assume any form it pleases.

The jackal seems awkward, as he might be run down by the very Poona Hunt of which he was a member, with the cry of "Do ye ken John Peel in the morning?"

Sir Bartle merely heard of it by accident, but for many years and during successive administrations the sentries on duty had passed on the word from one to another that when the ghost appeared the sentry for the night was to present arms. This apparition is purely a creation of the native mind.

Of Colonel Wallace's ghost at Sirur we speak with respect, as the Colonel is much revered for his long and eminent services in the Dekhan. This is rather a peculiar ghost, a kind of stormy petrel in its way, that fights shy of a good time coming, and gets restless and uneasy on the eve of impending famine or pestilence or indeed any great calamity.

It is then that, like the sea, it cannot be quiet, and the natives gather themselves together and do *puja* at his tomb to propitiate the ghost, and so avert the plagues that are likely to fall on man or beast. The Poona Horse are not oblivious of the existence of this ghost, by reason of their long residence in

* Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, died at Dapuri, July 9th, 1838 (*ante*, Vol. I., p. 189, Vol. II., pp. 53, 111); and the fact suggests to us that it must be his ghost. Proof is unavailable, however, on this shadowy subject, nor does it very much matter whose ghost it is.

that vicinity.* It is idle for us to say that this worship at his tomb is gross superstition. We all know that it is so. At the same time, this custom only obtains with those who have been kind and considerate to the natives. Sir Thomas Munro at Madras and Albuquerque on the Malabar Coast are instances—not forgetting the marble statue of the Marquis of Cornwallis in our own city, which often receives a votive offering of flowers.

Some years ago a most persistent ghost made its appearance at the Mint and near the ramparts of the Bombay Castle. The sentries on duty got quite accustomed to it, but a new man said with an oath, "If I see that ghost I shall shoot myself." And shoot himself he did, and there was an inquest on the body.†

But we must now bring this worthless and unprofitable investigation to a close. Bombay is not a good place for ghosts. There is too much activity, too many people, and too great an amount of gas and electric light. Ghosts can only thrive on a substratum of solitude and darkness, and require credence in their manufacture, and can never flourish in an age when men disbelieve everything, and this includes a good deal that people ought to believe. In the place where we are just now ghosts could not exist. There is no cover for them, otherwise we should not object to meet with, for example, that of Governor Duncan, the reality itself in 1805, depicted by Colonel Welsh, being that of a wee, wee man in white-silk stockings, coloured breeches, and brown coat, his hair dressed and powdered after the fashion of 1780. This would make a capital ghost. Or what do you think of old Wedderburn at the Financial Bureau, Forjett in the Detective Department of the Police, Henry Martyn in the Cathedral, or the voice of the great Arthur himself crying in the wilderness of Wanawri?

You may call these spirits from the vasty deep, but the question is, will they come?

* "This ghost disappeared with the advent of the American Missionaries. Poona Horse have been stationed here since 1817."—General La Touche, August 29th, 1888.

† In Malcolm's time a grand Darbar was held by Sindia; some thousands had assembled under a *shamiana*. During an interval in the proceedings a crow flew in at one side over the heads of the people, and out at the other. All eyes were turned on Sindia for an explanation of this piece of bad luck. Sindia, "You need not look at me; it cannot refer to me as my fortunes are already at the lowest ebb."

CHAPTER LXIV.

Conclusion.

Why do men, after a long residence in a foreign country, set such store on their place of abode? The answer is:

*Patria est ubicunque bene est.**

The more we know of the past of India, the more we shall value the present; we cannot estimate aright the present unless we know the conditions under which men lived and died before us. Bombay, and many other cities, have flourished and continue to do so, while the mighty ruins which now lie broadcast over the plains of India, more in extent than all those of Egypt and Assyria put together, attest the unfailing issue—for it has no exception—of all misgovernment, and that there is nothing permanent unless it is founded on Right and Justice.

Spain discovered America, and Egypt built the Pyramids. The nineteenth century is now drawing to a close; and when the twentieth century has dawned on the world, if only true to herself, India, we venture to anticipate, will have a very different story to tell than either of these nations.

She is now, in the sublime language of Milton, "rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

The traveller from Matheran, or Mahabaleshwar, emerging in the darkness from these bosky retreats, sometimes discovers light breaking around him, which he mistakes for the dawn of day. A murky sky has been suddenly transfused into one of slatey grey, and anon waves of bluish light flash from the eastern horizon on his troubled vision. The owl ceases to hoot, and there is a chirrup in the jungle.

* Cicero, *Tusc. Dis.*, v. 37, 108.

But again darkness settles down on the landscape, and the curtain of night wraps him in her gloomy mantle. The false dawn precedeth, and could not exist but for, the true one—and the true light cometh. So nothing doubting, he sits down on some "coign of vantage," with the morning mists and rolling clouds of an undiscovered country before him—

> "To watch the morning ray,
> Purpling the Orient till it breaks away,
> And burns and blazes into glorious day."

The time in which we live seems to bridge two vast eras, and we stand midway between the old and the new. We have witnessed the end of one era, and are now the spectators of another, the era of steamers, railways, and telegraphs, and have seen what no generation has seen before, nor will ever see again.

It is at such a time that one sits down to remember that Bombay has a history before the opening of the Suez Canal, and I have written to little purpose if these essays fail in conveying to the reader an exhibition of moral strength and a tenacity of purpose unexampled in the History of Colonisation.

The spectacle of this lone and isolated community, battling for existence for a hundred years, and upholding the banner and the honour of England, is a noble one, and not devoid of moral grandeur. Strange to say, it attracted little or no attention at home.

In the *Diary* of John Evelyn, one of the most accomplished men of his day, and who was in the thick of politics, 1660 to 1705, that is, during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., and which embraces every notable event of his time, there is no mention of Bombay, and yet this was the time during which were laid the foundations of our dominion in Western India.

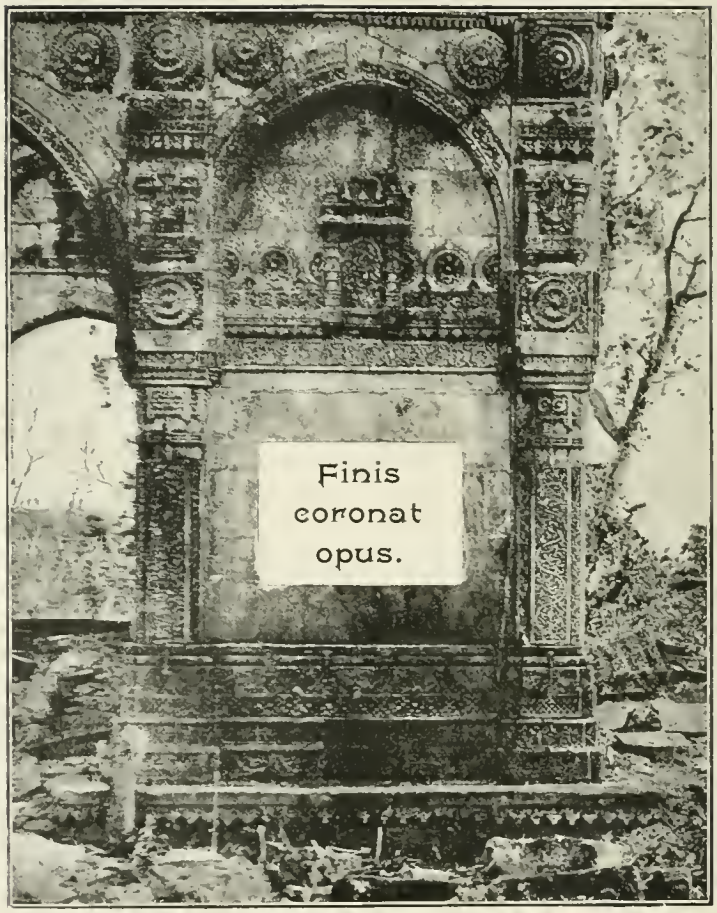
One word more. The writer has kept steadily before him the condition of the people. Are the subject-peoples better or worse off than they were under the former native governments of Western India? A question of much import, and of more import to the native populations of these countries, than it is

even to the ruling class. The answer which is contained in these papers is this, that the Governments we supplanted in Western India were unequal to the task of guaranteeing life and property to their subjects; that they were out of the pathway of human progress, and did not assist in any way the onward march of civilisation. This is not an English view of the subject, but is and must be the view of every man who can distinguish right from wrong, or the difference between a good government and a bad government. It thus resolves itself into a matter of fact, not a matter of conjecture. The writer has no interested motive to serve in these essays. He is not a servant of the Government of India.

According to the verdict of History it was perfectly open to him in view of the facts to write either one way or the other.

The facts left no other course open to him than to denounce these Governments as the enemies of mankind.

What destiny is reserved for this great community of Bombay, God only knows. Population and opulence have increased, and may increase with giant strides, but we can scarcely imagine a time when the story of its early history will cease to interest, or its example be without effect upon future generations.


Finis
coronat
opus.

APPENDIX.

GOVERNORS OF BOMBAY.

The following list may be found useful to the readers of these volumes for reference as to the Governors who held rule at different dates. It is taken from a Bombay Government official letter of 20th November, 1877, and brought up to date.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
1	The Honourable Sir Abraham Shipman.	Appointed "General and Governor" on the 19th March, 1662, was prevented from landing in Bombay by the Portuguese, and died on the Island of Anjidiva (N. Lat. 14° 45'; E. Long. 74° 10') in October, 1664.		The first four Governors held Bombay for the Crown. The island was handed over to the Company on the 23rd September, 1668. For the next nineteen years (1668–1687), except for occasional visits and during three years (1672–1675) of Governor Aungier's rule, the Governors of Bombay spent almost the whole of their time in Surat, of whose factory they were Presidents. During this time Bombay was administered by an officer styled Depnty Governor. The transfer, in 1687, of the headquarters of the Company's power to Bombay, to a great extent did away with the need of a Deputy Governor. But, in spite of the change, the title continued for many years to be borne by the second Member of Council. It would seem to have fallen into disuse some time between 1720 and 1738.
2	Mr. Humfrey Cooke*	Secretary to Sir Abraham Shipman, succeeded him in command, came to Bombay as Governor in February, 1665. He remained in power till the 5th November, 1666.		
3	The Honourable Sir Gervase Lucas.	5th Nov., 1666.	Died 21st May, 1667.	

* Appointed Governor while in India.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
4	Captain Henry Garey.*	22nd May, 1667.	23rd Sept., 1668.	Deputy Governor; officiated as Governor.
5	The Honourable Sir George Oxinden.*	23rd Sept. 1668.	...	Except during January 1669, Sir George Oxinden spent all his time in Surat, where he died on the 14th July, 1669.
6	The Honourable Gerald Aungier.*	11th July, 1669.	...	Mr. Aungier spent the greater part of 1673, 1674 and 1675, in Bombay. He died in Surat on the 30th June, 1677.
7	The Honourable Thomas Rolte.*	30th June, 1677.	27th Oct., 1681.	
8	The Honourable Sir John Child, Bart.*	27th Oct., 1681.	...	Child was Governor General with his head-quarters in Bombay, where he moved from Surat on the 2nd May, 1687, and where he died on the 4th February, 1690. In the year 1683, Bombay was the scene of a revolt against the Company's authority. The head of the rebellion was Captain Richard Keigwin, the third Member of Council. Placing the Deputy Governor under arrest, Keigwin ruled Bombay in the King's name from the 27th December, 1683, to the 19th November, 1684, when, on promise of pardon, he handed over the Island to Admiral Sir Thomas Grantham.
9	The Honourable Bartholomew Harris.*	4th Feb., 1690.	...	Died in Surat on the 10th May, 1694.
10	The Honourable Daniel Annesley.*	10th May. 1694.	17th May, 1694.	Deputy Governor; officiated as Governor.
11	The Honourable Sir John Gayer.	17th May. 1694.	Nov., 1704.	Under Gayer, Waite and Aislabie—that is from 1694 to 1715 — Bombay Governors held the title of General. During the last three years
12	The Honourable Sir Nicholas Waite.*	Nov., 1701.	Sept., 1708.	

* Appointed Governors while in India.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
13	The Honourable William Aislabie.*	Sept., 1708.	1715.	(1701–1704) of his nominal command, Gayer was in confinement in Surat.
14	The Honourable Stephen Strutt.*	1715.	1716.	Deputy Governor: officiated as Governor.
15	The Honourable Charles Boone.	1716.	1720.	
16	The Honourable William Phipps.	1720.	1728.	
17	The Honourable Robert Cowan.	1728.	1731.	Mr. Cowan was dismissed the service of Government.
18	The Honourable John Horne.*	22nd Sept., 1731.	7th April, 1739.	
19	The Honourable Stephen Law.	7th April, 1739.	15th Nov., 1742.†	Returned to England.
20	The Honourable John Geekie.*	15th Nov., 1742.	26th Nov., 1742.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
21	The Honourable William Wake.	26th Nov., 1742.	17th Nov., 1750.†	
22	The Honourable Richard Bourchier.*	17th Nov., 1750.	28th Feb., 1760.†	
23	The Honourable Charles Crommelin.*	28th Feb., 1760.	27th Jan., 1767.†	
24	The Honourable Thomas Hodges.*	27th Jan., 1767.	...	Died 23rd February, 1771.
25	The Honourable William Hornby.*	26th Feb., 1771.	1st Jan., 1784.†	
26	The Honourable Rawson Hart Boddam.*	1st Jan., 1781.	9th Jan., 1788.†	
27	The Honourable Andrew Ramsay.*	9th Jan., 1788.	6th Sept., 1788.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
28	The Honourable Major-General Sir William Medows, K.B.	6th Sept., 1788.	21st Jan., 1790.	Landed 6th September, 1788

* Appointed Governors while in India. † Embarked for England on same dates.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
29	The Honourable Major-General Sir Robert Abercromby, K.B.	21st Jan., 1790.	...	Proceeded to Madras on duty in August, 1793, and thence joined the Council of the Governor-General as Commander-in-Chief in India on the 28th October, 1793.
30	The Honourable George Dick.*	1st Nov., 1793.	3rd Sept., 1795.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
31	The Honourable John Griffith.*	3rd Sept., 1795.	27th Dec., 1795.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
32	The Honourable Jonathan Duncan.*	27th Dec., 1795.	...	Died in Bombay on the 11th August, 1811.
33	The Honourable George Brown.*	11th Aug., 1811.	12th Aug., 1812.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
34	The Right Honourable Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.	12th Aug., 1812.	1st Nov., 1819.	Landed 12th August, 1812.
35	The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone.*	1st Nov., 1819.	1st Nov., 1827.	Died 20th Nov., 1859.
36	Major-General the Honourable Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S.	1st Nov., 1827.	1st Dec., 1830.	Died 30th May, 1833.
37	Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir Thomas Sidney Beckwith, K.C.B.	1st Dec., 1830.	..	Died on the 15th January, 1831.
38	The Honourable John Romer.*	17th Jan., 1831.	21st Mar., 1831.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
39	The Right Honourable John Earl of Clare.	21st Mar., 1831.	17th Mar., 1835.†	Landed in Bombay 20th Mar., 1831.
40	The Right Honourable Sir Robert Grant, G.C.H.	17th Mar., 1835.	...	Died at Dapuri, near Poona, on the 9th July, 1838.
41	The Honourable James Farish.*	11th July, 1838.	31st May, 1839.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.

* Appointed Governors while in India. † Embarked for England on same dates.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
42	The Honourable Sir James Rivett-Carnac, Bart.*	31st May, 1839.	27th April, 1841.†	
43	Sir William Hay Macnaghton, Bart.	...	...	Was appointed Governor of Bombay by the Honourable the Court of Directors on the 4th August, 1841. Was assassinated in Cabul on the 25th December, 1841.
44	The Honourable George William Anderson.*	28th April, 1841.	9th June, 1842.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
45	The Honourable Sir George Arthur, Bart., K.C.H.	9th June, 1842.	5th Aug., 1846.†	Landed 8th June, 1842.
46	The Honourable Lestock Robert Reid.*	6th Aug., 1846.	23rd Jan., 1847.	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
47	The Honourable Sir George Russell Clerk.	23rd Jan., 1847.	1st May, 1848.	Left for England 6th May, 1848.
48	The Right Honourable Lucius Bentinck, Viscount Falkland.	1st May, 1848.	26th Dec., 1853.	Landed 28th April, 1848; left 29th December, 1853. Died 1871.
49	The Right Honourable John Lord Elphinstone, G.C.B., G.C.H.	26th Dec., 1853.	11th May, 1860.	Landed 25th December, 1853; embarked for England 13th May, 1860. Died 1860.
50	The Honourable Sir George Russell Clerk, K.C.B.	11th May, 1860.	24th April, 1862.	Died July 1889, aged 89.
51	The Right Honourable Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.S.I.	24th April, 1862.	6th Mar., 1867.	Died 29th May, 1881.
52	The Right Honourable Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey FitzGerald, G.C.S.I.	6th Mar., 1867.	6th May, 1872.†	Landed 26th February, 1867. Died June 28th, 1885.

* Appointed Governors while in India † Embarked for England on same dates.

No.	Name.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over Charge.	Remarks.
53	The Honourable Sir Philip Edmond Wodehouse, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.	6th May, 1872.	30th April, 1877.†	Landed 1st May, 1873. Died 1887, aged 76.
54	The Honourable Sir Richard Temple, Bart., K.C.S.I.*	30th April, 1877.	13th Mar., 1880.†	Arrived in Bombay 26th April, 1877.
55	The Honourable Sir James Fergusson.	28th April, 1880.	27th Mar., 1885.†	
56	The Right Honourable Lord Reay.	27th Mar. 1885.	Mar., 1890.†	
57	The Right Honourable Lord Harris.	Mar., 1890.	...	

* Appointed Governor while in India.
† Embarked for England on same date.

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